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THE HARM THAT GOOD MEN DO

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a philosopher named Jeremy Bentham, who was universally recognized to be a very wicked man. I remember to this day the first time that I came across his name when I was a boy. It was in a statement by the Rev. Sydney Smith to the effect that Bentham thought people ought to make soup of their dead grandmothers. This practice appeared to me as undesirable from a culinary as from a moral point of view, and I, therefore, conceived a bad opinion of Bentham. Long afterwards, I discovered that the statement was one of those reckless lies in which respectable people are wont to indulge in the interests of virtue. I also discovered what was the really serious charge against him. It was no less than this: that he defined a "good" man as a man who does good. This definition, as the reader will perceive at once if he is right-minded, is subversive of all true morality. How much more exalted is the attitude of Kant, who lays it down that a kind action is not virtuous if it springs from affection for the beneficiary, but only if it is inspired by the moral law, which is, of course, just as likely to inspire unkind actions. We know that the exercise of virtue should be its own reward, and it seems to follow that the enduring of it on the part of the patient should be its own punishment. Kant, therefore, is a more sublime moralist than Bentham, and has the suffrages of all those who tell us that they love virtue for its own sake.

It is true that Bentham fulfilled his own definition of a good man: he did much good. The forty middle years of the nineteenth century in England were years of incredibly rapid progress, materially, intellectually, and morally. At the beginning of the period comes the Reform Act, which made Parliament representative of the middle-class, not, as theretofore, of the aristocracy. This Act was the most difficult of the steps towards democracy in England, and was quickly followed by other important reforms, such as the abolition of slavery in Jamaica. At the beginning of the period the penalty for petty theft

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was death by hanging; very soon the death penalty was confined to those who were guilty of murder or high treason. The Corn Laws, which made food so dear as to cause atrocious poverty, were abolished in 1846. Compulsory education was introduced in 1870. It is the fashion to decry the Victorians, but I wish our age had half as good a record as theirs. This, however, is beside the point. My point is that a very large proportion of the progress during those years must be attributed to the influence of Bentham. There can be no doubt that nine-tenths of the people living in England in the latter part of last century were happier than they would have been if he had never lived. So shallow was his philosophy that he would have regarded this as a vindication of his activities. We, in our more enlightened age, can see that such a view is preposterous; but it may fortify us to review the grounds for rejecting a grovelling utilitarianism such as that of Bentham.

II

We all know what we mean by a "good" man. The ideally good man does not drink or smoke, avoids bad language, converses in the presence of men only exactly as he would if there were ladies present, attends Church regularly, and holds the correct opinions on all subjects. He has a wholesome horror of wrongdoing, and realizes that it is our painful duty to castigate Sin. He has a still greater horror of wrong thinking, and considers it the business of the authorities to safeguard the young against those who question the wisdom of the views generally accepted by middle-aged successful citizens. Apart from his professional duties, at which he is assiduous, he spends much time in good works: he may encourage patriotism and military training; he may promote industry, sobriety, and virtue among wage-earners and their children by seeing to it that failures in these respects receive due punishment; he may be a trustee of a university and prevent an ill-judged respect for learning from allowing the employment of professors with subversive ideas. Above all, of course, his "morals," in the narrow sense, must be irreproachable.

It may be doubted whether a "good" man, in the above sense, does, on the average, any more good than a "bad" man. I mean by a "bad" man the contrary of what we have been describing. A "bad" man is one who is known to smoke and to drink occasionally, and even to say a bad word when some one treads on his toe. His conversation is not always such as could be printed, and he sometimes spends fine Sundays out-of-doors instead of at church. Some of his opinions are subversive; for instance, he may think that if you desire peace you should prepare for peace, not for war. Towards wrong-doing he takes a scientific attitude, such as he would take towards his motor car if it misbehaved: he argues that sermons and prison will no more cure vice than mend a broken tire. In the matter of wrong thinking he is even more perverse. He maintains that what is called "wrong thinking" is simply thinking, and what is called "right thinking" is repeating words like a parrot; this gives him a sympathy with all sorts of undesirable cranks. His activities outside his working hours may consist merely in enjoyment, or, worse still, in stirring up discontent with preventable evils which do not interfere with the comfort of the men in power. And it is even possible that in the matter of "morals" he may not conceal his lapses as carefully as a truly virtuous man would do, defending himself by the perverse contention that it is better to be honest than to pretend to set a good example. A man who fails in any or several of these respects will be thought ill of by the average respectable citizen, and will not be allowed to hold any position conferring authority, such as that of a judge, a magistrate, or a schoolmaster. Such positions are open only to "good" men.

This whole state of affairs is more or less modern. It existed in England during the brief reign of the Puritans in the time of Cromwell, and by them it was transplanted to America. It did not reappear in force in England till after the French Revolution, when it was thought to be a good method of combating Jacobinism (*i.e.*, what we should now call Bolshevism). The life of Wordsworth illustrates the change. In his youth he sympathized with the French Revolution, went to France, wrote good poetry, and had a natural daughter. At this period he was a "bad" man. Then he became "good," abandoned his daughter, adopted correct principles, and wrote bad poetry. Coleridge went through a similar change: when he was wicked he wrote "Kubla Khan," and when he was good he wrote theology.

It is difficult to think of any instance of a poet who was "good" at the times when he was writing good poetry. Dante was deported for subversive propaganda; Shakespeare, to judge by the sonnets, would not have been allowed by American immigration officers to land in New York. It is of the essence of a "good" man that he supports the Government; therefore, Milton was good during the reign of Cromwell, and bad before and after; but it was before and after that he wrote his poetry—in fact most of it was written after he had narrowly escaped hanging as a Bolshevik. Donne was virtuous after he became Dean of St. Paul's, but all his poems were written before that time, and on account of them his appointment caused a scandal. Swinburne was wicked in his youth, when he wrote *Songs Before Sunrise* in praise of those who fought for freedom; he was virtuous in his old age, when he wrote savage attacks on the Boers for defending their liberty against wanton aggression. It is needless to multiply examples; enough has been said to suggest that the standards of virtue now prevalent are incompatible with the production of good poetry.

In other directions the same thing is true. We all know that Galileo and Darwin were bad men; Spinoza was thought dreadfully wicked until a hundred years after his death; Descartes went abroad for fear of persecution. Almost all the renaissance artists were bad men. To come to humbler matters, those who object to preventable mortality are necessarily wicked. I live in a part of London which is partly very rich, partly very poor; the infant death-rate is abnormally high, and the rich, by corruption and intimidation, control the local government. They use their power to cut down the expenditure on infant welfare and public health and to engage a medical officer at less than the standard rate on condition that he gives only half his time to the work. No one can win the respect of the important local people unless he considers that good dinners for the rich are more important than life for the children of the poor. The corresponding thing is true in every part of the world with which I am acquainted. This suggests that we may simplify our account of what constitutes a good man: a good man is one whose opinions and activities are pleasing to the holders of power.

III

It has been painful to have to dwell upon the bad men who, in the past, have unfortunately achieved eminence. Let us turn to the more agreeable contemplation of the virtuous.

A typically virtuous man was George III. When Pitt wanted him to emancipate the Catholics (who at that time were not allowed to vote), he would not agree, on the ground that to do so would be contrary to his coronation oath. He righteously refused to be misled by the argument that it would do good to emancipate them; the question, for him, was not whether it would do good, but whether it was "right" in the abstract. His interference in politics was largely responsible for the regime which caused

America to claim independence; but his interference was always dictated by the most lofty motives. The same may be said of the ex-Kaiser, a deeply religious man, sincerely convinced, until his fall, that God was on his side, and (so far as I know) wholly free from personal vices. Yet it would be hard to name any man of our time who has done more to cause human misery.

Among politicians "good" men are by no means uncommon. It is not my place to comment on public men in America, but in England we have a very notable example. The present Prime Minister has repeatedly assured us that he is a good man, and I see no reason to doubt his word. He smokes a pipe whenever he is in public—which, in a democratic country, is almost more virtuous than not smoking at all. "You know my record," he says, when appealing to opponents to trust to his honor. Up to the present this record consists in a number of platitudinous discourses on brotherly love, and a book whose central theme is that England is great because the soil of Worcestershire is red and the hay smells good when they cart it home on summer evenings. (In England, owing to the aristocratic traditions, successful manufacturers generally wish to be taken for country gentlemen.) The "virtue" to which Mr. Baldwin aspires is of the type celebrated in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," smelling of country parsonages and the boots of yokels. It drapes his policy as the roses at cottage windows distract the romantic eye from the unsanitary interior. It impresses not only supporters, but also Labor leaders, whose equally "virtuous" temperament, nurtured in Scotch manse and fishing village, chimes in harmony with our simple and guileless Prime Minister. True-hearted Englishwomen write to the Liberal Press to invest Mr. Baldwin's head with a halo of "great white light," and to urge their countrymen to rise and stand in silence at the name of the national hero—a suggestion to which, I am sorry to say, at least one Member of Parliament has demurred on the trivial ground that it would obstruct parliamentary business. Perhaps our Labor leaders, without ceasing to be genteel, might adopt this method of delaying the anti-Trade Union legislation by which our noble-hearted Prime Minister is proposing to chain down the common people more firmly than ever to long hours in dark mines and dangerous workshops, at starvation wages and with a curtailed legal right of protest.

Mr. Baldwin's well-advertised virtue has been very useful to him in helping the coal owners in the dispute which is still raging in the coal industry. There was a sharp warning of the approaching crisis last year; the respite purchased by the coal subsidy was spent by the Prime Minister in soft words and hard preparations. The Trade Union leaders, while they admired, did not flatter by imitation: their words were hard, their preparations soft or non-existent. When their bluff was called, nothing remained—except the courage and calm common sense of the rank and file, who would have won a great victory but for their leaders' "virtue" and belief in the "virtue" of Mr. Baldwin. The rank and file, of course, are not virtuous: they try to *practice* universal brotherhood and mutual good will. To the relief of all right-minded people, this subversive attempt was defeated by the leaders, who trusted Mr. Baldwin because he is a good man: the General Strike ended with nothing settled, and our modern Cincinnatus returned to the plow—viz.: good dinners and a comfortable country house. At every meal he could thank Heaven that hunger and the misery of starving children were bringing the miners nearer to the point of surrender, and that the coal owners' dividends would be secure whatever else might suffer. But perhaps, after all, this is a miscalculation. No cabinet policy for a hundred years has done so much to promote Bolshevism in England.

Another way in which good men can

be useful is by getting themselves murdered. Germany acquired the province of Shantung in China by having the good fortune to have two missionaries murdered there. The Archduke who was murdered at Serajevo was, I believe, a good man; and how grateful we ought to be to him! If he had not died as he did, we might not have had the war, and then the world would not have been made safe for democracy, nor would militarism have been overthrown, nor should we be now enjoying military despotisms in Spain, Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Russia, with the imminent prospect of France to follow suit.

To speak seriously: the standards of "goodness" which are generally recognized by public opinion are not those which are calculated to make the world a happier place. This is due to a variety of causes, of which the chief is tradition, and the next most powerful is the unjust power of dominant classes. Primitive morality seems to have developed out of the notion of taboo; that is to say, it was originally purely superstitious, and forbade certain perfectly harmless acts (such as eating out of the Chief's dish) on the supposed ground that they produced disaster by magical means. In this way there came to be prohibitions, which continued to have authority over people's feelings when the supposed reasons for them were forgotten. A considerable part of current morals is still of this sort: certain kinds of conduct produce emotions of horror, quite regardless of the question whether they have bad effects or not. In many cases the conduct which inspires horror is in fact harmful; if this were not the case, the need for a revision of our moral standards would be more generally recognized. Murder, for example, can obviously not be tolerated in a civilized society; yet the origin of the prohibition of murder is purely superstitious. It was thought that the murdered man's blood (or, later, his ghost) demanded vengeance, and might punish not only the guilty man, but any one who showed him kindness. The superstitious character of the prohibition of murder is shown by the fact that it was possible to be purified from blood-guiltiness by certain ritual ceremonies, which were apparently designed, originally, to disguise the murderer so that the ghost would not recognize him. This, at least, is the theory of Sir J. G. Frazer. When we speak of repentance as "washing out" guilt we are using a metaphor derived from the fact that long ago actual washing was used to remove blood-stains. Such notions as "guilt" and "sin" have an emotional background connected with this source in remote antiquity. Even in the case of murder a rational ethic will view the matter differently: it will be concerned with prevention and cure, as in the case of illness, rather than with guilt, punishment, and expiation.

Our current ethic is a curious mixture of superstition and rationalism. Murder is an ancient crime, and we view it through a mist of age-long horror. Forgery is a modern crime, and we view it rationally. We punish forgers, but we do not feel them strange beings set apart, as we do murderers. And we still think in social practice, whatever we may hold in theory, that virtue consists in not doing rather than in doing. The man who abstains from certain acts labelled "sin" is a good man, even though he never does anything to further the welfare of others. This, of course, is not the attitude inculcated in the Gospels: "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a positive precept. But in all Christian communities the man who obeys this precept is persecuted, suffering at least poverty, usually imprisonment, and sometimes death. The world is full of injustice, and those who profit by injustice are in a position to administer rewards and punishments. The rewards go to those who invent ingenious justifications for inequality, the punishments to those who try to remedy it. I do not know of any country where a man who has a genuine love for his neighbor can long avoid obloquy. In Paris, just before the outbreak of the war, Jean

Jaurès, the best citizen of France, was murdered; the murderer was acquitted, on the ground that he had performed a public service. This case was peculiarly dramatic, but the same sort of thing happens everywhere.

Those who defend traditional morality will sometimes admit that it is not perfect, but contend that any criticism will make all morality crumble. This will not be the case if the criticism is based upon something positive and constructive, but only if it is conducted with a view to nothing more than momentary pleasure. To return to Bentham: he advocated, as the basis of morals, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." A man who acts upon this principle will have a much more arduous life than a man who merely obeys conventional precepts. He will necessarily make himself the champion of the oppressed, and so incur the enmity of the great. He will proclaim facts which the powers that be wish to conceal; he will deny falsehoods designed to alienate sympathy from those who need it. Such a mode of life does not lead to a collapse of genuine morality. Official morality has always been oppressive and negative: it has said "thou shalt not," and has not troubled to investigate the effect of activities not forbidden by the code. Against this kind of morality all the great mystics and religious teachers have protested in vain: their followers ignored their most explicit pronouncements. It seems unlikely, therefore, that any large-scale improvement will come through their methods.

More is to be hoped, I think, from the progress of reason and science. Gradually men will come to realize that a world whose institutions are based upon hatred and injustice is not the one most likely to produce happiness. The late war taught this lesson to a few, and would have taught it to many more if it had ended in a draw. We need a morality based upon love of life, upon pleasure in growth and positive achievement, not upon repression and prohibition. A man should be regarded as "good" if he is happy, expansive, generous, and glad when others are happy; if so, a few peccadillos should be regarded as of little importance. But a man who acquires a fortune by cruelty and exploitation should be regarded as at present we regard what is called an "immoral" man; and he should be so regarded even if he goes to church regularly and gives a portion of his ill-gotten gains to public objects. To bring this about, it is only necessary to instil a rational attitude towards ethical questions, instead of the mixture of superstition and oppression which still passes muster as "virtue" among important personages. The power of reason is thought small in these days, but I remain an unrepentant rationalist. Reason may be a small force, but it is constant, and works always in one direction, while the forces of unreason destroy one another in futile strife. Therefore, every orgy of unreason in the end strengthens the friends of reason, and shows afresh that they are the only true friends of humanity.

CRIME AND THE ALARMISTS

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW

READERS of newspapers and periodicals are constantly regaled with lurid stories of crime. From time to time with great regularity these tales are pieced together to produce the impression that waves of crime are sweeping across the land. Long rows of figures generally go with these tales which purport to tabulate the number of murders, hold-ups, burglaries, etc., in given areas, and sometimes comparisons are drawn with other countries and with other periods. The general effect is always to arouse anger and hatred, to induce legislatures to pass more severe laws, to fill the jails and penitentiaries, and to furnish more victims for the electric chair and gallows. It is a commonplace that cruel and hard punishments cannot be inflicted unless the populace is moved by hatred and fear. The psychology of fighting crime is the same as the psychology of fighting wars: the people must be made to hate before they will kill. This state of mind prevents any calm study of facts or any effort to seek causes or even to consider whether causes for crime may exist.

No one need be surprised that crime is so seldom the subject of objective study. It has not been very long since men thought that the whole physical world was operated by miracles. The motion of the earth and sun, the procession of day and night, the seasons of the year, the waves and wind, the flood and drought, the seed time and the harvest—all were defined by no natural laws, but all were dependent upon the whim and caprice of some other-worldly power. Even when some natural law of causation was believed to account for the phenomena of the physical world, the conduct of man was still supposed to lie outside this realm. Sickness and disease meant the possession of the individual by devils, and these could be driven out only by punishments and incantations. The ordinary treatment of disease was by magic and sorcery. For eighteen centuries, over most of Europe, medical men were punished often in the most terrible ways for seeking to find out the causes of disease and for attempting to treat illness by scientific methods. It was the greatest heresy to deny that sickness was due to sin and that pestilence and plague came as a divine visitation of angry gods to afflicted communities. And yet, in spite of restrictive measures and stern persecutions, the doctors persisted, until now no one questions that disease and pestilence are due to natural causes which must and can be removed if the patients are to be cured and infection prevented.

Insanity, too, was for many centuries thought of as possession by devils, and the punishment of the afflicted individual was the favorite treatment for driving out the demon. Hundreds of thousands of unfortunate insane men and women have been put to the severest tortures even down to the most recent times. Sorcery, witchcraft, and magic were the only methods of treatment permitted and the physician was obliged to risk his liberty and life in treating insanity as a disease, and seeking to understand the causes back of the phenomenon.

To-day, no one doubts that disease and insanity can be traced to natural

causes and that both can be cured only by discovering the cause and applying the remedies which have been arrived at by careful and objective study of the disease.

The realm of miracle and magic has constantly grown smaller as natural law has come to be better understood. Crime, like insanity and sickness, is a departure from ordinary conduct; but most of the world clings to the belief that it can only be treated as a manifestation outside the realm of natural law. The old indictments read that "John Smith, being possessed of the devil, did wilfully kill," etc., etc. The modern indictments do not mention the devil, yet we still believe that crime is not due to causes, but is an arbitrary act unrelated to the criminal's past. We believe that the criminal should be made to suffer punishment for his act as a matter of "justice" and likewise that the only way to deter others from crime is to make them fear punishment.

In support of the theory that severe punishment with all its attendant horrors, and the psychology of general fear which goes with it, is the only admissible treatment of crime, tables of so-called statistics are always freely called into play. What these figures would prove in this behalf, even if they were dependable, is not easy to conceive.

It is only during a few years that any effort has been made in the United States to gather statistics on the subject of crime. From the nature of our political organization, this movement began with isolated states and cities, and even up to the present time statistics can be obtained from relatively only few and small areas. In the main these figures have been collected by police departments, coroners' offices, clerks of courts, Grand Juries, prison superintendents, and sometimes by outside agencies. In short, as the system was built up the methods of gathering statistics have developed in a hit or miss fashion. Naturally, as in all similar cases, the additional work thrown upon the various officials was done carelessly and imperfectly. As time has gone on, however, the collection of data has been improved. The growing care in gathering statistics in itself might easily lead to the conclusion that crime in the United States is on the increase. But still in very few places has there been any attempt to place the collection of data in the hands of intelligent people trained for such a task.

Every student of crime who has commented on these statistics gathered by various agencies has reached the conclusion that in their present state they are of little if any value. In no field has it been more clearly shown that there is a vast difference between the mere gathering of figures and an *intelligent interpretation* of the statistics after they have been collected. Public speakers, magazine writers, and newspapers are periodically presenting long arrays of figures to prove that there is an epidemic of crime in some part of the United States. As a rule there is not the slightest relation between the figures and the conclusions drawn. For example, the figures which are sometimes quoted with regard to the increase of the crime of rape are noteworthy illustrations of the care that must be taken in interpreting criminal statistics. Any one reading the startling statement that in New York state 146 persons were convicted of rape in the decade between 1880 and 1889, while 1297 were convicted of rape in the decade between 1910 and 1919 would be amazed if not horrified at the increase in the sexual passion and its manifestations in this period. Still, their condemnation of their fellows may be somewhat abated when they learn that in the decade showing the largest number of convictions for rape the age of consent had been raised from ten years of age to eighteen. Let us take another case: 991 persons were found guilty of violating motor laws in Michigan in the three-year period from 1906 to 1909. The number increased to 29,393 in the three-year period from 1919

to 1922. Before reaching the conclusion that this is positive evidence of the increasing recklessness of automobile owners and drivers or of the younger generation it might be well to consider the increase in the general use of automobiles from 1909 to 1922.

Alarmists also forget that the number of violators of law has something to do with the number of laws. Every new criminal statute brings a new grist of crimes. This is well illustrated in the Volstead Act and the state legislation covering the same subject. Prisons are now filled with inmates who have only done something which a few years ago was perfectly legal.

Or, again, it is freely asserted that the late comers to the United States commit more crimes than the descendants of the earlier setttlers. Those who make this statement forget to take into account the fact that practically all of the later immigrants live in our large cities and industrial centers. It is beyond question that our large urban areas produce more disorder, maladjustment, and crime than our rural communities. And this is true, irrespective of the race or nationality of the people who live under these crime-breeding conditions.

Likewise, the colored population is charged with a share in the commission of crime quite out of proportion to their number. This, too, should always be considered in connection with the fact that in the North they live in industrial centers and in restricted, crowded areas and that colored people, owing to race prejudice and poverty, are much more apt to be accused and convicted than whites.

II

All this amounts to saying that the agencies which gather statistics of crime and those who quote these statistics in our newspapers and magazines use all sorts of standards and definitions and overlook explanatory facts which make their conclusions valueless. For instance, in classifying murders some agencies base their conclusions on the police reports, some on the coroner's inquests, some on indictments, and others on convictions. Statistics taken from these various sources differ so widely that they seem almost to have no relation to each other. As a rule, the people who quote statistics to prove their theories simply cite figures without giving their source and without in any way analyzing them to find out what they mean.

In my recent studies in this field I have observed that many books and articles, while calling attention to the uncertainty of figures on crime, at the same time quote the statistics furnished by the Chicago Crime Commission as being the best statistics on crime in the United States now available. Perhaps these are the best. If they are, it is all the more reason for examining them carefully to see just how reliable are the "best" statistics on crime. Let us, then, consider the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission.

In the first place, let me say that I have no idea that those in charge of the Chicago Crime Commission would pretend to give their statistics any such interpretation and validity as has widely been credited to them. They have gathered statistics on crime in the best way they could, conditions being what they are, and in most cases they have simply given them to the public. In the remarks which follow I have no intention of criticizing the work of the Chicago Crime Commission as such, but I only wish to use their reports as an example of the extreme care necessary when drawing inferences from statistics relating to crime.

The Chicago Crime Commission was organized in 1919 to combat what was said to be a crime wave. In the main it is backed by the Chicago Association of Commerce and leading business men of the city. It has published several annual reports and a number of pamphlets, all dealing with crime in Chicago. The question is—what light do these

reports throw on this problem in the city of Chicago, and, by implication, on the problem in the country at large? Is crime decreasing or increasing? Is there a crime wave?

Let us look at the figures which the Commission has collected on burglary, robbery, and murder. The Commission reports that so far as burglary is concerned there has been a steady decrease from the year 1919 to the present time. For example, in December, 1919 there were approximately 550 burglaries in Chicago, while in the month of December, 1925, there were approximately only 100 cases. As to robberies the figures are likewise impressive. For December, 1919, the number of robberies was approximately 350. In December, 1925, this number had decreased to approximately 200. In both cases the month of December is cited because this month shows the highest number of offenses of this type of any month during the year. The total numbers for the whole year period indicate substantially the same general trend, *i.e.*, for both robbery and burglary there has been a marked and steady decrease during the seven-year period covered by the reports of the Commission.

I have made no effort to verify the figures given out by the Commission for the number of burglaries and robberies, nor in any way have I attempted to ascertain how they were arrived at otherwise than that they were taken from the annual reports of the police department.

However, we assume from these figures, showing as they do such a marked decrease in the number of burglaries and robberies, that when the newspapers and orators talk about the "crime wave" in Chicago their remarks are evidently directed to what they call "murders." For example, one of the most esteemed judges on the bench in Chicago is quoted as having said before the St. Louis Bar Association that "there are at large and unafraid in the United States at least 135,000 crimson-handed women and men who have unlawfully taken human life," and that the number of those who live by crime is "increasing with incredible rapidity." Where these figures came from we are not told; however, on other occasions the judge has referred to the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission. It is possible that the figures on "murder" given out by this Commission may have furnished him with some basis for his estimate, although the Crime Commission does not pretend to tell how many of the murderers now at large are "unafraid."

Be this as it may, the fact remains that Chicago has been held up to view throughout the United States for its large number of murders, and it is also true that the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission have been widely quoted to support this fact. Let us, then, carefully examine their figures on murder. It may prove a valuable lesson in the interpretation of criminal statistics.

The Commission has made available to the public statistics on murder in Chicago for the years 1919 to 1924:

Year.	*No. of Murders.*
1919	330
1920	194
1921	190
1922	228
1923	270
1924	294

From these figures the reader might draw the conclusion that the number of murders in Chicago had steadily increased from 1921 to 1924. However, before drawing any such conclusion, or before allowing ourselves to believe that any such numbers of murders have occured in any year let us find out how these statistics were compiled.

With the exception of the year 1919 the figures for the number of murders in Chicago as recorded by the Chicago Crime Commission were taken solely from the reports of the Coroner's office; 1919 being the first year of the Commission's work, the figures were taken from various sources including the

Coroner's office. For the sake of accuracy it should be stated that the jurisdiction of the Coroner extends over the whole county in which Chicago is located. It is the duty of the Coroner to call a jury to determine the cause of death in all cases where it appears that death might not be due to what is termed natural causes. This office, of course, has been created in order to have some agency to investigate cases where death *might have* been brought about by foul means. The investigation is made very soon after the death is reported, necessarily without great care, and with the end in view that where there is even a possibility of homicide somebody should be held to the Grand Jury for further investigation. The Chicago Crime Commission's reports, then, as to the number of "murders" in Chicago in any given year are based upon the fact that the Coroner's jury has in a certain number of cases made a finding of "murder" with a recommendation that the "guilty persons" be held pending further investigation and examination by the Grand Jury.

Let us continue our investigation of these cases which, during these various years, the Coroner's jury reported as "murder." For purposes of convenience let us take the two years 1922 and 1923 in which the Commission reported 228 and 270 murders respectively. We may take these two years simply as representative years of the period covered by the work of the Commission. The records of the Clerk of the Criminal Court of Cook County show that the number of persons indicted for murder by the Grand Jury in Chicago (Cook County) for the year 1922 was 178. The number of persons indicted for manslaughter was 30. In the same year (1922) 38 persons were convicted of murder and 28 of manslaughter. In the year 1923 the number of persons indicted for murder by the Grand Jury was 179. The number indicted for manslaughter was 46. The number of convictions for murder was 44 and for manslaughter was 18. Thus in the two years 1922 and 1923 the total number of "murders" *reported* by the Chicago Crime Commission (Coroner's Jury) was 498. Whereas in the same two-year period the total number of *indictments* for murder by the Grand Jury was 357 and the total number of *convictions* for murder was 82.

Let us see if we can find out with reasonable certainty what became of the 416 "murderers" reported by the C. C. C. who were not convicted during the years 1922 and 1923. In the first place we already know that in 141 cases the Grand Jury refused to indict. Then of those who were indicted for murder by the Grand Jury in this two-year period according to the reports of the C. C. C., we find that out of a total of 326 defendants—the total number which *they* report as having been indicted during the period under consideration—138 were convicted; 48 were dismissed by the State's Attorney without prosecution; 41 were stricken off the docket with leave to reinstate (which order almost always means dismissal); 99 were found not guilty.

The first point to be made about these figures concerns the matter of the number of convictions for "murder." The total number of convictions for murder for the two-year period 1922–3 as shown by the records of the Clerk of the Criminal Court, was, as we have already stated, 82. The Crime Commission shows the number of convictions for murder for the same period to be 138. How shall we account for this difference of 56? Of course it is possible that all indictments are not disposed of by the courts in the same year in which they are returned. Each year, no doubt, some cases are tried, the indictments for which were returned in the preceding year; but this would make no notable difference when the figures are taken for a two-year period. The discrepancy between the two sets of figures is mainly to be accounted for by the fact that the Crime Commission in making its tabula-

tion of "murders" does not distinguish between manslaughter and murder. All are listed as murder. As a matter of fact during these two years there were 46 convictions for manslaughter. Manslaughter, by no possible definition of the term, is synonymous with murder, although a verdict of manslaughter may be found under an indictment for murder in cases where death was caused without malice, or through accident due to gross carelessness.

It is at once manifest that there can be no possible excuse for the various statements which are so glibly and carelessly made as to the number of "murders" in Chicago during any given year. The number of "murders" put down by the Crime Commission for the years 1922 and 1923 was 498. The number convicted for murder during the same period was 82, or less than one-sixth the number constantly heralded to the world. It will not do to say that the State's Attorney and his assistants are dishonest and incompetent, and no one pretends to account for the discrepancy in the above figures in this way. The story has been practically the same in all administrations in Chicago, and no doubt in other cities as well. No one can pretend that the findings of the Coroner's jury gives any sort of evidence of the actual number of murders. On the contrary, there is every reason for taking the number of convictions as the real basis for estimates of the number of murders during any given period.

Even indictments returned by the Grand Jury, although far superior as a basis for statistical computation to the reports of the Coroner's jury, do not furnish any accurate evidence of the number of murders in a city like Chicago. It is a well-known fact that although the evidence presented to the Grand Jury may be rather carefully prepared, nevertheless, the Grand Jury investigation is purely one-sided and almost entirely under the control of the State's Attorney or his deputies. The defendant is never present nor is he represented. In the two years which we have been considering there were 357 indictments for murder in Chicago—or, rather, in Cook County, the jurisdiction covered by the Coroner and the Criminal Court. As we have said, these 357 indictments resulted in 82 convictions for murder; 89 of these indictments were dismissed by the State's Attorney after full consideration. This left a little over one half the number shown by the Coroner on which the State's Attorney even asked a trial. And out of these only 82 were convicted of murder while 99 were found not guilty of any crime.

It should be clear that no person can possibly use the figures of the Crime Commission as an indication of the number of murders in Chicago without the most serious reflection upon the Grand Jurors and upon the State's Attorney, to say nothing of the Judges of the Criminal Courts. And no one pretends to make any such charges.

III

But perhaps some one will think that the foregoing simply represents a more or less adroit juggling of figures in the interest of proving my point. Statistics are notoriously slippery affairs. To be fully certain what these figures mean it would be necessary to take the complete history of each individual case from the time it left the Coroner's office until it was finally disposed of by the courts (assuming that it got that far). Obviously, limitations of space will not allow any such exhibit in this place. However, suppose we take at random one month during this two-year period and see the character of the "murder" cases reported during that month and what befell them. The following cases are those listed by the Chicago Crime Commission and the Coroner's juries for the month of March, 1923. During this month there were 26 cases of "murder" involving 29 defendants reported by the C. C. C. The cases listed seriatim are:

Case 1. Thomas Rutledge shot by Forrest Hand during a quarrel over the deceased's wife (all parties colored). Plea of guilty. Sentenced to 14 years in the penitentiary.
Case 2. Hattie Morgan throat cut by Robert E. Morgan (both colored). Plea of guilty. Sentenced to 20 years.
Cases 3 and 4. Antonio Giambaluo shot in a duel with Joseph Salamitano. Both parties killed in the duel. (Both reported as "murders.")
Cases 5 and 6. Paul Radin shot by Albert Green when Green was shooting at William Kinsella (also killed) during a quarrel at a meeting of the Butchers' Union. Defendant found not guilty on both charges.
Case 7. Wilbert Andrews shot by Owen Thomas who was sentenced on a plea of guilty of manslaughter.
Case 8. Alice Powers shot by Elmer Bostic. Verdict—guilty, but insane.
Case 9. Allen Walker stabbed by Burton Andrews (both colored). Verdict of manslaughter.
Case 10. James Lockett stabbed by Raymond Perkins (both colored). Verdict—guilty of manslaughter.
Case 11. Donald Whitner shot by James Brooks. Dismissed.
Case 12. Michael McGinnis shot during a quarrel. Four defendants (three women and one man) all found not guilty.
Case 13. John Nicolin thrown over a porch railing during a quarrel with Theodore Past. Verdict—not guilty.
Case 14. Ella Wollson throat cut by Edna Robinson (her daughter) who then committed suicide.
Case 15. Orfie Rizzato killed in a fist fight in a saloon by Sam Sanadrea. No indictment.
Case 16. Donata Frazzolari shot by insane brother-in-law who then committed suicide.
Case 17. Gaspar Lombardi struck by unknown vehicle. Unsolved.
Case 18. Walter Henning shot by unknown persons. Unsolved.
Case 19. Unknown white baby found under elevated railway in a pile of ashes. Coroner's verdict—died from neglect at birth. Unsolved.
Case 20. Joseph Basile shot by Phillip Leonette. Unsolved.
Case 21. George Wesley killed by blow on the head by persons robbing a laundry. Unsolved.
Case 22. Frederico Amadio shot by unknown persons in the rear of his home. Unsolved.
Case 23. Asap Shultz shot by an unknown colored man during a holdup. Unsolved.
Case 24. Unknown white baby. Neglect at time of birth. Found in rear of building. Unsolved.
Case 25. Julia Sinks, 18-year-old colored girl, struck on head with hatchet by unknown persons. Unsolved.
Case 26. Frank Liber killed by unknown automobile. Unsolved.

In this list of 29 possible defendants all of them were classed as "murderers" by the Coroner's Jury and the Chicago Crime Commission. And yet it is extremely unlikely that more than two of them (Cases 21 and 23) were really cases of out and out murder, and both of these were unsolved. Is this feeble list for March, 1923, the red-handed menace that is so luridly pictured as an army in mortal combat with organized society? Rather it is a fair sample of the results of poverty, hard luck, ignorance, maladjustment, and destiny that in some form come to light in every great city filled with the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. It is a condition, and it needs careful study to find out what should be done and what can be done. It does not call for blind hatred and stern revenge.

IV

What general conclusions can be drawn from the object lesson just exhibited in our analysis of the statistics on crime compiled by the Chicago Crime Commission? One thing is certainly clear—no intelligent person can examine carefully the statistics which are at

present available and come to any satisfactory or defensible conclusion as to the number of crimes committed in the United States, or whether they are increasing or diminishing in proportion to the population, or the cause of any increase or diminution. The study of statistics in regard to crime, as in many other matters, leaves one in a hopeless maze. It will take years of careful preparation and thorough, unbiased gathering of objective statistics before any general conclusion can be reached in this way. It is, however, safe to say that statistics do not show that there is an increasing trend of crime in America. On the whole, it probably remains fairly stationary—with variations up and down now and then due to all sorts of reasons. Probably, on the whole, there is a tendency downward, especially if allowance is made for the new crimes that are constantly being created by statute and which add materially to the tables of law violation.

The growing use of the automobile has had a positive tendency to increase crime materially. It is a new lure that is hard to withstand. Men and women mortgage their homes and their beds to get them, and of course boys borrow and steal them. The indiscriminate use of the automobile in crowded cities has added largely to the coroner's returns, and many accidents appear in the tables as murders, although the only element even of homicide is careless or reckless driving. Sometime life may adjust itself to the automobile, but it will be a long time before men, women, and children can withstand the lure and before the accidents incident to the use of the automobile be materially reduced.

The Volstead Act and kindred state laws have furnished a great many additions to the reports of crimes. Many of these are classed as murders, many others as unlawful buying and selling. It is inevitable, in a mixed people like ours, with their diversity of habits and customs, that a drastic, tyrannical law, which makes criminal acts that carry with them no feeling of wrong, can have any other effect than to add to the list of crimes. Prohibition will continue to reap this harvest until it is settled whether the government shall recognize the habits of its citizens or whether the people shall be compelled by brute force to yield what they have long believed to be their rights.

Those who believe in sterner laws and harsher treatment of criminals are always drawing comparisons between America and England. Different parts of England show marked differences in the statistics of crime. Liverpool, for example, shows more burglaries than New York, and about the same as Chicago, and nearly twice as many murders and other serious felonies as London. The difference is most likely accounted for by the seaport location of Liverpool which adds to the mixture of races and peoples. Still, it is true that there are many more felonies in the United States than in England in proportion to the population. This condition cannot be accounted for by the severity of punishment in England. In many important instances the American penalties are much harsher and more brutal. The executions in England are fewer in proportion to the population than in America and, in cases where death sentences are pronounced, a much larger proportion receives clemency there than here. From all that can be gathered, it is probable that China has a smaller crime rate than England, though it is not possible to find statistics of crime for China. Regardless of the question of crime, few Americans believe that England is, on the whole, a more desirable place for living than America, much less is China.

Other things being equal, all new countries have a higher crime rate than old ones. This is due to many reasons, not all of which apply in all new countries. The residents of England are a homogeneous people. This is true of all old countries. They lack many of the inducing causes that lead to crime. The

English people have been made alike by centuries of molding and welding. They have from long association formed common customs, habits, and views of life; in other words, folkways—which make them one people. An old country inevitably develops a sort of caste system; each person takes his place without hope of change or advancement. The individual grows to accept his lot in life.

When we remember that crime means the violation of law, which in turn means getting out of the beaten path, it is easy to see why it is more common in new countries, where the paths are faint and not strongly marked, than in old countries where the paths are deep. It is only one hundred and fifty years since the United States gained its independence. It then had some 3,000,000 people. Since that time it has grown to about 115,000,000. This necessarily means that it has drawn from almost every country of the earth. These people have brought all kinds of religions, social customs, political ideas, temperaments, and ambitions. Probably no such heterogeneous combination was ever before brought together upon the earth. Most of these people came here to improve their condition, to get out of their caste. Their children are still hopeful that they may rise. The subduing of natural resources has built our great cities and filled them with a babel of tongues and a medley of temperaments, and with every religious, social, and political idea in the world. The higher wages and better opportunities have made the people venturesome and aggressive. The larger individual freedom and greater independence of individual action have made collisions more inevitable and severe.

Most of the crime in the United States comes from our industrial centers. Our cities have always been settled by a mixture of the peoples of the world with varied feelings and emotions, and with the individual customs and habits of their native lands. In the main these have been the poor of Europe. They have come with new hopes and ambitions, moved by intense desires. The industrial cities have been alternately prosperous and idle. Aside from the natural emotions of love and fear and hate, there has been the constant battle with employers and between union and non-union men. Such a medley of conflicting peoples and emotions has always been a prolific soil out of which violations of habits, customs, and laws inevitably grow. No other country has ever had so many antagonisms, such a fertile soil for combat and discontent. Australia and Canada, although new countries, have in the main a homogeneous people and a rural population. The statistics of crime of the rural communities of the United States are not unlike the statistics of rural communities in Canada and the other countries of the world.

The population of the United States has been constantly augmented by the poor of other countries. These have left an old social organization with fixed habits and have been thrown into a social environment new and strange. Such a condition has always been disorganizing to every group. Old customs and folkways which act as restraints are left behind, and inevitable disorganization is the result. The study of our recent immigrants shows the difficulty of new adjustments and the disintegration and misfortune that comes to individuals and groups.

It is not the terror of brutal punishment that holds the units of society in their place. It is customs and habits. It is long familiarity with the beaten paths. People think and act and live as they are wont. They stay in grooves. Any sudden change jolts them from their ways and sets them loose to find or make other paths. To believe that men are kept in a certain line by fear is a crude conception at variance with experience and psychology alike.

Imperfect as all our statistics are confessed to be, it is doubtless true that the dangerous age for boys in reference to crime is constantly growing younger. It is safe to say that almost all crimes are

committed by boys in their early teens or by those who began in effect a criminal career at that age. Saving criminals is, in the last analysis, only saving children; and saving children means not only saving criminals but their victims, too. Most of the criminals come from the cities and most of them were born and reared in the poor and crowded districts where they had little chance to develop into anything but criminals. A little knowledge of biology, psychology, and life makes this plain to understand. No well-informed person believes that one is born a criminal or with even a tendency to crime. If so, crime would not be of the individual's own choosing nor his end be due to his own volition. No child is born a criminal. He may be born weak or strong and, therefore, his power of resistance be more or less; but the course he takes is due to training, opportunity, and environment. The protection of the child or the grown person comes from habit. Religion may teach precepts, but this means nothing without habits. The school may give a certain kind of education, but unless this creates habits which fit the child for life it is of no avail.

Most of those who follow a criminal career have had little education and cared little for books. Most of them could not be fitted for professions by education; their only chance was some sort of work. They passed the school age without becoming scholars, and the schools have given them nothing in the place of what is generally called an education. When very young they began a life that almost inevitably leads to crime. If it is the duty of the state or any organized institution to provide for the education of the youth, then the most important thing is to fit them for the job of living. Many boys come to the adolescent age with only scant education in books and no education that fits them for any self-reliant life. For the large class who have no taste for books society furnishes no training in the schools. These boys are thrown on their own resources with no occupation that will furnish them a chance to live. The schools could as well teach manual trades as books, and a large part of those who cannot succeed with books could do well in working with their hands. There is no more reason why schools should prepare one to succeed in a profession than why they should teach certain ones a useful trade. Most boys like to use their hands, and the proper training for trades should be begun when very young. It is seldom that a mechanic enters on a life of crime. He forms habits that keep him safe.

The child is born with the same instincts that move all other animals. When he wants something he feels the urge to take it in the easiest way. It is only training that teaches him that he may get things one way, but not another. His training must be developed into habits. The life of a child is a conflict between primal emotions and social restrictions, and he must be fortified, not alone by teaching, but by habits, if he is to live by the rules that society lays down. Intelligent teachers and wise parents know what this means. It is only rarely that a boy carefully trained and fitted for life is sent to jail.

More and more the teacher and the psychologist are learning the importance of early training. Habits are formed when the child is young; these are easily fixed and hard to change. All statistics, if carefully gathered and thoroughly studied, lead to this conclusion, and logic and experience likewise show that this is true. To believe any other theory would be to deny the efficacy of moral and religious teaching and the effect of education and habit in the formation of character.

It is not difficult for the student to find the causes of crime. When they are found, it is not hard to prescribe for their cure. To ignore reason and judgment and all the finer sentiments that move men, to follow blind force and cruelty in the hope that fear will prevent crime and make all people safe, is bad in practice, philosophy, and ethics.

THE OLD ONE

A STORY

BY ADA JACK CARVER

UP TO the time old Nicolette's grandson married, life was sweet, serene on Isle Brevelle. The free-mulattoes of French descent owned their land and raised cotton and corn and sugar cane. They maintained a convent for their children and a priest who shrived their souls in the little white church on the river. All day long the pigeons cooed from the low-hanging eaves of the houses. All day long the white geese waddled by on the roadside. It was true of course that Nicolette and Balthazar, her grandson, had only a strip of river front left—"shoestring land" it was called. But they made a good living. Balthazar was industrious, a quiet, likely boy with no inclination to gad about and waste his time philandering. "Hee! Hee!" old Nicolette would cackle. "Balthazar, he love his old granny. He ain't got time for no gal."

Every morning Balthazar arose at five, an unearthly hour along Cane River, where life is lazy and time means nothing. All day he worked in the fields, planting and hoeing the cotton. And at night he was well content to sit on the gallery and listen to Nicolette talk. The things that she told him! All about how, one time long ago, she was a girl in New Orleans; all about the quadroon balls down on the old *Rue Royale;* all about the soirées and the carryings-on. "In them days folks they knew how to take pleasure." All about the War, and the dark years of Reconstruction, and the little white graves of her daughters in the Isle Brevelle churchyard—five of them, all of a size. Five little graves, with names like flowers: Alcise, Delicia, Helen, Ozele, Francelette. . . . She told Balthazar of his father, her only son; of how he ran away and was drowned, way down on Bayou Lafourche. "Look like I ain't got nobody left, only just you. They done all gone off and left me."

And then one day in spring when Balthazar was twenty-three he went and got married.

The girl was a blowsy, shrewish creature, pleasure-loving without being gay. She was French, but she was not a native of Isle Brevelle. She was not even a Catholic—a common girl, with no raising. She came from a town in North Louisiana, and her short skirts and ready laughter bewildered Nicolette and troubled her—old Nicolette, with the ache of countless harrowing years in her strange mixed blood. Rose had a thousand ways of being vixenish, woman-ways; and in her hands poor Balthazar was as wax.

"Listen, Granny," Balthazar had said the day he brought Rose home a bride, all dressed up in yellow satin, "how 'bout you take one half the house and leave us the other half? *Hein?* That a good idea, ain't it? That suit both you women?"

Balthazar knew his old grandmother. He knew that she liked a place for things, and her things just *so.* And Balthazar knew his wife, or he thought

he did. He had watched her fling her clothes about. Her stockings were always under the bed; her yellow satin dress flung over a chair. "The old un, she got to have place for thing," he told Rose. "Somewhere to put thing away."

And so Balthazar divided the house between the two women. Rose he installed on the southern side, where magnolias pushed in at the windows, milky with bloom. And Nicolette had the other half, on the north side of the dog-run: the front-room and the cuddy-hole room and the lean-to next to the kitchen. It seemed to Balthazar as he sat and smoked on the gallery that he had been wise beyond his years. But Balthazar did not know his wife. And it was not very long before Rose was saying, "They is two of us, Balthazar, you and me. You ask your Granny to give us the front-room. What do a old woman want with a front-room, I like to know!" But Balthazar demurred at this.

Much might be written, and much might be said, concerning the front-room of Isle Breville dwellings. It is not as other rooms. It is sacred; and in the front-room the head of the house resides. . . . Rose was sly and persistent.

"Let's move my bed in the front-room," she said, "for old Granny to sleep in. Huh! That tacky old thing she got ain't no good. I'm 'shame for my friends come and see it."

And so, before very long, Nicolette, whimpering, watched them move her big four-poster into the little cuddy-hole room, off on the "ell." Nicolette's bed was a big square bed with carved headboard and tapering posts. It had lost all its sheen and polish; it was ashy with age, and was mottled and scratched. But Nicolette loved it. It mattered little to her that it sagged and creaked, that the silk tester hung in shreds. In the front-room Rose's bed, with the shiny brass knobs, looked alien and disturbing. Granny stared at it resentfully and blinked.

"Me, I go where my bed go," she declared. "I was born in that bed, and my children they was born in that bed. My old man he die in that bed. And me, some day I die in him too."

Therefore, it came about that Rose took over the front-room, and moved her Victrola into it; and old Nicolette, bag and baggage, followed her four-poster bed into the cuddy-hole room. With her she took her marble-top bureau, her "press," and her Virgin Mary. But even here she was not safe from Rose's intrusion. Of a Sunday, when Balthazar and Rose came home from church, Rose always took off her clothes in Nicolette's room. And old Nicolette, hobbling in from her chair under the umbrella-china, would find Rose's things all over the place—queer garments like nothing old Nicolette's eyes had ever encountered. "Nobody ever come back here," Rose would explain. "It don't matter if things is upset." And it would seem to Nicolette that Rose's slinky petticoats were crawling about like snakes, and all her long silk stockings, so full of holes. . . . Sometimes Nicolette, grumbling, her little eyes red and malignant, would sweep Rose's clothes off of the bed to the floor. "That gal! Her and her shiftless way!"

And Rose was meddlesome too, like a child. She would stand and pick at Granny's keepsakes on top of the marble-top bureau. "What this thing here, Granny?" she would ask, with her insolent laugh. "This little white lady all dress up in blue—"

And Granny would quiver and tremble with rage. "Put that down, gal! Stop meddle them thing! Bah, I shake you, Rose . . . that thing is *saint*. That is little St. Joseph."

Old Nicolette's treasures were beautiful in her sight: two or three colored post cards showing views of New Orleans, a picture of the church in Natchitoches, a faded paper rose, a valentine, photographs of her children, and chromos of all the saints. When

Rose's plump unhallowed fingers touched them Nicolette's flesh would crawl on her bones. "That gal! That Rose!" she would mutter.

When Nicolette's grandson had been married a year hard times came to Isle Brevelle. First one thing and then another, as if a curse had been laid on the land. An overflow in April and a drouth in July and August, when the hot earth drank up the river and it shrank to a silver trickle. And then came the funny green grasshoppers, and the ants and the bugs and the scorpions. The distant hills grew lean, forlorn; and in the curious beauty and apathy of the land the people hungered, and many were sick. But Rose, who was used to town ways, was unaware of it all. They meant nothing to her, the seared yellow fields and the cracking clay banks of the river. Rose still painted her amber cheeks and went about like a loose woman.

"Rose, *chère*," Balthazar begged, "don't go and buy nothing no more, honey, down at Poleon's store. We ain't got no money."

Poleon owned the commissary on Isle Brevelle. He kept everything: dry-goods and notions; rosaries and coffins; groceries and false-faces; silk stockings and coco-cola; prayer-books and knick-knacks; and lip-sticks and white altar-candles. Poleon's store was paradise for Rose and, despite Balthazar's pleading, she went and charged what she wanted. . . . It was that year, too, in August, that Rose took it into her head that she and Balthazar must have a car, a second-hand car. It was all so easy. "You go to town and you pay fifty dollar, and the car is yours," she said to Balthazar, rolling her big, lustrous eyes. Of course, afterward, you had to plank down so much a month; but once the initial payment was made, it was easy sailing. Everyone had a Ford, Rose insisted; and a few persons on Isle Brevelle possessed big cars. Rose became obsessed with the subject of automobiles. "Look like I'll go crazy, honey," she told Balthazar, "if we don't get us a car . . . stuck here all day long with old Granny. Look like I'll go crazy, way down here on this sleepy old river. You must think I'm old too, like Granny, *hein?*"

Poor Balthazar sighed and shook his head. Balthazar was slow-witted—he was not quick like his grandmama—and in summer his brain wouldn't work because of the chills and the fever. He already owed much to Poleon; he was up to his neck in debt. And he owed the merchants in town, too, for seed and for fertilizer. But he was in love with Rose. Her smooth golden skin enchanted him, and her drowsy insolent voice. Her fingers, full of cheap imitation rubies and pearls, moved over his hair. . . . "Balthazar, honey—let's get us a car. Let's ride up and down on the river-road these nice moonlight nights."

The nights were lovely that August; as if under the spell of the moon, the stricken land forgot all its trouble. Up and down the river-roads the people drove, all night until nearly sunrise.

One morning Rose said to old Nicolette, "Granny, you is always a-praying. Pray to your little blue saint over there that we get us a car." She laughed her shrill, ready laughter, and Nicolette was offended. The old woman's starchy, black, spread-out skirts flowed over the floor.

"Saint ain't got no ear for such sinful prayer," Nicolette cackled, blinking. She glared at Rose who was wearing three strands of beads around her smooth yellow throat. "You better go pray your own self, for your sin," Granny admonished. "You turn them bead into prayer-bead. Bead, they is made for pray, and not for look pretty. And you go turn your heart into prayer-heart."

In September, although it had rained a little, everyone knew there would be no cotton, no corn, and no sugar cane. How calm and deceptive the blue land

looked, how sulky with beauty along the fresh flow of the river! It was hard to believe that people would starve. . . . One morning Nicolette sat in her chair under the umbrella-china. The river shone in the sunshine. White geese swam under the bank, and a crane stepped gingerly along the shore with his slim coral legs. The lilies were thick in the little bays, shining against the dark banks. A paper-mulberry tree dripped its yellow leaves into the water. "Hey-law!" old Granny grunted. . . . Along the banks, each with its strip of river-front, squatted the low adobe houses of the people, the free-mulattoes. The houses had blue batten-shutters and wide, leaning clay chimneys. Time was, before the War, when the people had lived in clover, and had even owned slaves. Now the negroes looked down upon them, with hatred and bitter scorn. "Dem stuck-up yaller folkses—"

Nowadays the priest on Isle Brevelle was concerned for them. Where did they come from? Whither were they going? And what would be the measure of their end? The land was old; the river was old; even the children were old, the poor little babies. Once a man from a distant state had come and had lectured to them. "What can you expect?" he had said. "You live too much to yourselves. Your blood is thin, petered out. You need new blood, new life." Well, Balthazar had brought new blood to the river, to Isle Brevelle. He had gone up in North Louisiana and had brought home a wife. But Rose didn't fit, that silly Rose—always talking about the way they lived up there where she had come from—Rose who had worked for white-folks and had strange city ways. She was common, a girl with no raising. And she wasn't a Catholic, either. Rose wasn't anything. She had no respect for her elders.

Presently, as Granny dozed, Rose came around the corner of the house. Her face was flushed and eager, her eyes bright. "I hear some one coming," she said. "I hear a car." Rose loved company. She had the gift of gab. She went down the path and leaned on the gate, between the tall twin cedars. Old Nicolette had not heard the car. She strained her deafened ears. She could see it now, coming across the bridge. It turned and nosed into the lane, a big shining car; and Rose spoke over her shoulder, "Granny, it's white folks," she said, beginning to pull at her hair. "It's white folks from down at Natchitoches-town." Rose stooped and pulled up her stockings, which were hanging about her thick ankles.

The car drew up in front of the gate. There were two men in the car and three women, and a child, a little girl. The women stared at Rose expectantly and with friendly smiles. "We are looking for antiques, for old furniture," one of them said. "And Poleon told us down at the store that you might have something to show us." The young women began to get out of the car, but the little girl stayed with the men. "You stay with Daddy, right in the car," one of the young women said. Old Nicolette was disappointed. The child was so pretty, so clean-looking. Granny would have loved to talk to the child, to take her into the front-room where the fluted pink sea-shells lay on the hearth.

Rose, wearing the craven painted smile that she saved for Natchitoches people, invited the women in. And something inside of old Nicolette began to hurt, deep down. She hobbled into the house behind the white women, making little noises in her throat. A fear and a sadness came into her eyes. "They . . . what they after, them white lady?" Nicolette asked herself. "Look funny to *me*, them rich lady . . . wanting us old, wore-out thing." The voices of the young women filled the house, bounced on the low-beamed ceiling. "How quaint it all is!" one of them said. "Imagine living like this."

They talked with their pretty gay voices and looked about. They stared at Rose's iron bed with the big brass knobs. And then one of the young

women said, "Surely you must have an old bed, out in the shed or somewhere. You see, we want *old* things."

Nicolette leaned against the doorway, catching at it with her hands. The women were swarming into her room, into her cuddy-hole. They stood within the door, and stared . . . stared at Nicolette's bed. There was a little hollow place in the bed, just Nicolette's shape and size; and the old woman thrust out a long bony hand. She was ashamed of her "josie" spread out on the bed, of her old alpaca skirt, of some odds and ends of quilt scraps. She began to cackle, deep in her throat. "That the bed I was born in," old Nicolette said, "and my children was born in that bed."

But no one paid any attention to what Nicolette said. They were staring at the bed. One of the young women caressed the posts, laid her white fingers upon them. "Beautiful!" she whispered. . . . *Her* bed, old Nicolette's bed. The only thing on God's green earth she possessed.

And now Rose was saying, "Yes, ma'am. I think he will sell you the bed, provide his Granny is willing. He sell for fifty dollar, yes. I ask him come twelve o'clock." Nicolette clutched out with her clawlike hands. Her voice quavered, stuck in her throat. But nobody heard her. "Yes, ma'am," Rose was saying, "I think Balthazar he will sell." Something greedy, avaricious, shone in Rose's eyes. She laughed loud and shrill. "We rather have us a car," she said, "than a four-poster bed."

Nicolette heard like one in a dream. Once, as she stood looking on from the door, she reached out and timidly touched the skirt of one of the young white women, felt of it, and smoothed it with her long bony hand. It was exquisite and soft to her groping old fingers. Silk! One time she too had worn silk, before this young woman was born. She knew how it felt, next to your skin. She thought of New Orleans, of the quadroon balls down on the old *Rue Royale*. . . . In those days life went round and round, like a young girl dancing. Granny began to talk to herself, in low mutters, "Rose, she want to sell my bed. From under me, yes. I was born in that bed, and I die in him." Nicolette listened; and now Rose was saying, "This here is Tuesday. Well, you come back on Friday—you get it then. You wait, I'll manage. Come back on Friday." Rose winked at the young white women, and laughed; and the white women turned and smiled at Nicolette indulgently, as people smile at a child.

When the big car had gone there remained a hardness and brightness all over the little old house. And the voices of the young white women echoed against the ceiling. Rose of a sudden was gentle, nice to old Nicolette. "Granny," she said, "how you like us to buy you a nice iron bed, just like mine? From down at Poleon's store."

Nicolette began to puff on her corncob pipe, very fast. But Granny said nothing. No use trying to out-talk Rose. She went and sat under the china tree, and tried to plan what to do. There was Balthazar, her grandson now. Which one would Balthazar listen to, at noon when he came from the fields? She watched Rose silently out of malignant old eyes. Rose went about singing, her steps light and free. She was thinking about that car she was going to buy. Already, Nicolette knew, she could feel herself at the wheel, going to visit her relatives way up in North Louisiana, riding out of a Sunday all dressed up in yellow satin. No telling what that Rose would do, once she got hold of a car. She already talked too sweet-mouth with the boys down at Poleon's store. Rose had better stay home and behave herself, and try to get some religion.

At noon a blue haze lay over the river, and the chickens were cackling sleepily all puffed up under the house. Nicolette dozed in her chair, she could scarcely keep her eyes open. And Rose moved about in the kitchen, lifting pot-

lids and rattling dishes. She was knowing and sly, that Rose; and Granny knew what she was up to. She was making gumbo for Balthazar. Rose could be sweet when she wanted to. Well, Granny would see him first. She'd sit here and wait for his coming. "Balthazar, son," she would say, "I won't sell my bed. I was born in that bed, and I die there."

When Granny opened her eyes it was long past noon, and Balthazar had gone back to the fields. Something hurt deep in old Nicolette's breast. What had happened? . . . Then she remembered. She saw Rose stepping about in the house, with a ribbon the color of pomegranate blossoms stuck in her hair "Granny!" Rose called, "is you ready to eat? You sho' is take a long nap."

Granny got to her feet. "Rose!" she cried shrilly, and her voice was hard and vehement. "Rose! I won't sell my bed. I was born in that bed, and I die there."

Rose, laughing, slouched into the yard, and the red ribbon shone in the sun. "Ah, now, Granny—you wait. Balthazar he say he won't sell, only unless you is willing. You wait, you see what a nice, fine bed we buy you down at the store."

That evening, when Balthazar came home, they had it nip and tuck, Rose and old Nicolette. Balthazar was distressed. "Now, Rose, honey. Now, Granny—" But he might as well have tried to stop two coffee-mills. Rose talked, her red tongue flashing; and old Nicolette threw out her hands. "Oh, yi! Yi! Yi! I won't sell my bed!" . . . One minute Balthazar's arms would be around Rose, his cheek hot against her hair. Then he would steal compassionate looks at his grandmother. "Rose," Balthazar cautioned, "fifty dollar—that just the beginning, honey."

A day or two later, on Thursday, Rose assumed an air of triumph, of secrecy. She smiled to herself as she went about getting breakfast and Granny was troubled. What could Rose be up to now? By and by when Balthazar had gone and the pots were washed and the beds made Rose came and sat with old Granny, under the china tree. "What you think?" she began, and her voice held a drowsy laugh; "what you think, Granny, *hein?* Me and Balthazar . . . we is going to have lil' baby. Maybe a sweet lil' son."

Nicolette blinked very fast. This she had waited for, more than a year. A great-grandson! A lil' baby! Something warm welled up in her heart, her old fingers twitched. It would be nice to have a child about, something to love and cuddle. A child who would play in the front-room with the pretty shells on the hearth. She took her pipe out of her mouth and began to cackle. "A lil' baby! Well, I bet, me, Balthazar he is proud." And then, quick on the heels of her gladness, a fear caught at her heart. Balthazar now would give in to Rose. Granny knew men, she knew Balthazar. Rose would have her way with him, and she'd sell Granny's bed.

When Balthazar came in from the fields he walked blithely, his head very high. He stooped and kissed his old grandmother. "Granny, we must humor Rose. We must let Rose sell that old bed." Nicolette heard him and swallowed hard, and she could not find any words to express the things that she wanted to say. She followed Balthazar into the house, making wistful, futile movements with her hands.

The next morning, on Friday, Granny awakened very early. "To-day they come get my bed. Them white lady come tote my bed off to town—" Granny lay and smiled to herself. In the night she had thought of a plan. She was wise; she had lived a long time, and she *knew*. "Me, I been watch that Rose last night, and I know," Granny said to herself. "I know that Rose she is tell one big story. She ain't go' have no baby. That Rose, she just lying to get her own way. Me, I know."

And so at six o'clock when Balthazar came in with the morning coffee old Nicolette lay very still. "Rose . . . she ain't the only one what can lie," old Nicolette said to herself. She began to moan under her covers. "Balthazar, son, I been take by the foot. I can't move. And I ache in my bone. Look like I done have a stroke in the night."

Balthazar stared at his grandmother. She lay very tiny and yellow in the big square old bed. There were shadows on her face, in her wrinkled cheeks, and her eyes were sunken like dead eyes. Balthazar patted the worn quilt that was spread over her. "Granny," he said, "what you say I pick you up, and move you into our room? . . . into our bed? To-day them white lady come—"

But Nicolette closed her eyes. She appeared not to have heard him. "Oh, yi! Yi!" she moaned, softly, under her breath. She watched Balthazar out of one eye, saw he was worried and anxious. And she smiled to herself. "They won't get my bed. Not from under me, no!"

Balthazar tiptoed out of the room, and Nicolette lay very still in her sweet, warm place. The big bed embraced her. Lying there so safe and high, she felt like a princess. Above her the ragged tester hung in long crimson ribbons. The four posts of the bed were solid and lovely yet in their grime. They pointed straight up to heaven. They were pointing her right up to God. . . .

By and by Balthazar returned, bringing Rose with him. In vain Rose argued, cajoled. "We move you into our bed, if you sick. And send get a doctor. Look, Granny, Balthazar he can lift you, so it won't hurt." But Nicolette shook her head. "I got misery down in my leg," she said. "If you touch me it hurt very bad." Rose gave her a look, a woman's look, and stuck out her tongue. And Balthazar saw and was troubled. Poor Balthazar! He tried to reason with Granny. "A young woman, they is peculiar, Granny, in this kind of condition. A young woman, they is made different." He tried to reason with Rose, his wife, "A old woman, they is peculiar, Rose. They is childish and set in their ways. A old un, they is made different." But it did no good. Rose flounced out of the room, red and angry, and banged the pans and pots about. At last, shrugging his shoulders, Balthazar went out to the fields.

When he had gone Rose came back into Nicolette's room. "I know you, Granny," Rose said. "You ain't sick. You is *mean*, that the thing what ail you. You is mean and wicked old woman."

"I—I *sick*," old Granny insisted. "I been took with sick in my bone." She lay and blinked very fast. "You is lie your own self, Rose. When you say you is going to have lil' child. You too is tell lie. And the good Lord, he go' punish you yet."

That afternoon the white ladies came for Nicolette's bed. The old woman, lying taut and scared, heard the big car at the gate, heard the confusion, the soft gay voices. The white ladies came up on the gallery, into old Nicolette's room. Rose was nice to them, full of blandishment. She knew how to treat white ladies. She smiled at them, and then at old Granny. "Granny, they done come brought a truck for your bed. But me, I tell 'em you sick. You been took with your bone." Rose sighed, and her heavy cheeks hung. She looked sleepy, voluptuous, full of trouble, and one of the white ladies said, "I should like very much to paint you, Rose. You're a type. Have you Spanish blood in your veins?"

Rose lied and said yes, she was Spanish. Rose claimed all the various bloods in her veins save her negro blood. That she ignored. She gave the ladies her painted smile, and shook her head, tapping her forehead. The young white women were sympathetic. They stared at old Granny and talked above her as if she were deaf or a child. "Poor old thing! Yes, we quite understand. Old people are full of such notions."

Rose smiled and looked wise and winked at them. "You wait, I manage. Soon I go down to Poleon's store and telephone you to come get the bed. You wait, I know how to manage old Granny. I'll let you know soon, when to come."

Three days, four days, a week went by, and still old Granny refused to get up. "Well," Rose had declared that first day, "she can lay there and starve. I ain't go' wait on old Granny, and her just as hardy as I is." And so it fell upon Balthazar to bring fresh flowers every day to put in front of the Virgin, to shoo the chickens and cats from the room so Granny could sleep, to fetch water for her and coffee, and mush and sweet milk and clabber. The things Rose cooked in the kitchen smelled very good, very appetizing. But Rose decreed that if Granny were sick she couldn't eat like well folks. She must eat only sick folks' vittles: soft tasteless food that Granny detested: old Granny, with the rich gnawing memories of New Orleans deep in her heart. Sometimes Nicolette thought she would give her eyeballs for some collards and *filé*-gumbo. She lay sometimes for hours and thought of garlic and onions. But she knew she could not demand these things. A sick person couldn't eat, Rose had said. And Granny was sick. If she so much as put her feet to the floor, Rose would snatch up her bed. Rose would take it from under her and send it away to town. Sometimes when Balthazar came in to see her old Nicolette lapsed into French, as if she were out of her head: all about the quadroon balls down on the old *Rue Royale*, all about the soirées and the carryings-on. Jabber, jabber, jabber, jabber! until Rose would clap her hands to her ears and shriek with impatience, "Balthazar! She give me the jimmie! How long is Granny go' stay in that bed?"

Another week passed, and the time was October. The land still lay with the drouth at its throat. But now little rags and wisps of smoke went up from the chimneys. For the days were cool, the sky very blue. All day Rose gazed at the shining roads, stretching away in the sunlight. "Balthazar," she would coax fretfully, "if we had us a car! If only Granny would sell that bed. . . . How long you think Granny'll lay there?"

One bright October morning when Balthazar was out in the fields Rose came into Nicolette's room. "I'm tired of this foolishness, Granny," she said. "To-day after dinner I'm going down to Poleon's store. And I'll telephone them women come get the bed on *to-morrow*." Granny protested feebly, and grunted. But Rose's voice was hard and cold. "Balthazar's going to town in the morning," she said. "He'll be gone all day. Now, Granny, you listen to me—" Rose came and stood threateningly over old Nicolette's bed. She glared and her black eyes flashed. "You been in this bed long enough, Granny. Now, you listen to me, what I say. To-morrow we here by our own self, just you and me. Nobody out in the field to hear if you call. Now, to-morrow you crawl out that bed, or I pull you out. You see these two strong arm? Well, you get out that bed to-morrow, or I lock you up in the woodshed."

Old Granny shrank, put her hands to her ears. Time was when Granny could talk, could have out-talked even Rose. Now her throat felt tight and dry; no words would come. Could it be that she really was sick? . . . Perhaps God the Father had punished her for telling a lie. A terror came upon her, and her hands shook under the covers.

"You *mean*, that's what," Rose was saying. "What is a old bed to you, and we promise to buy you a new one?"

Granny whimpered and plucked at her covers. "You mean, too," she said. "You is mean, wicked gal—"

That afternoon, true to her threat, Rose dressed and went down to Poleon's store. Through her little window Granny watched her, watched her red ribbons gleam in the sun. . . . By and

by Granny pulled herself up, and sat propped against her pillows. The house was quiet, with the yellow sunshine warm at the doors and windows. Slowly, cautiously, grunting a little, Granny put her feet to the floor. "I believe, me, I go eat some collards. I believe I'd feel better," she told herself, "if I go eat while Rose is away. They smelled good at dinnertime, them greens. Maybe to-night I have strength for tell Balthazar, tell him what that Rose say to me."

Granny began her long and hazardous trip to the kitchen. The floor rocked under her stealthy old feet, and objects blurred and receded. But once in the kitchen Granny dipped into the greasy pot on the back of the stove. She ate, smacking her lips. Then, fearfully, she stuffed some greens into a brown-paper bag and hobbled back to her room. Safe once more in the cuddy-hole room, Granny hid the bag in a chink of the moldering wall. "I eat him when I get hungry again," she thought. "To-night I get up and eat him."

Before Rose came back from the store the sun had gone down under the river, and out of the yellow adobe walls a pink spider crawled and was gone. Old Nicolette lay in bed and dozed. In the front-room she heard Balthazar, heard him whistle, moving about. She tried to call his name, but her voice sounded futile and weak. There was something she wanted to tell him. What was it? She could not remember. . . . The long hours crawled, and then, like the spider, they scuttled away and were gone. Once Balthazar came to the door. "Is you all right, Granny?" he asked. And once Nicolette heard an owl, out in her umbrella-china. She lay and listened and pulled at her quilt. . . . Across the window, in the north, a star fell and died like a spark, and in her dim old brain pictures of far-away places passed and faded, and passed yet again. She saw her five little daughters—how pretty they were! She saw herself a girl again, down on the old *Rue Royale*. *Tick, tock* went the clock on the mantel. Then slower and slower . . . *tick!* She could scarcely hear it. Had it stopped? It is bad luck for your clock to run down in the night. Balthazar must have forgotten to wind it. Poor Balthazar, poor little grandson! There was something she wanted to tell him. What was it?

Once Granny prayed to the Virgin: "Mary, Sister, Mother, Child." But the prayer seemed to stick in her throat. Well, Mary had had no daughter-in-law! How could *she* know, understand? A faint wind stirred through the room, and the dried magnolia leaves on the wall rustled and fell to the floor. Granny dozed and dozed again. And then she awoke with a start. The moon was flooding the room, just like day. It must be long after midnight. Slowly, cautiously, Granny pulled herself up in bed. Slowly she put her feet to the floor. She would get up and eat, some collards and nice salt meat. Then she'd feel better.

She reached in the chink of the wall for the brown-paper bag and sat down in her old creaking rocker. She began to eat hungrily, with her fingers. She ate and dozed in her chair. . . . When she awakened she was stiff, and her body was racked with pain. A strange terror seized her, a fear of the day that was coming. . . . And her bed! Where was her four-poster bed? She had lost it. She couldn't see it. It was gone, in the little dim room. Rose, that Rose, had taken her bed.

Granny stretched out her arms, in the darkness closing about her. If she could but reach the haven of her four-poster bed again! . . . Ah! She could feel it now. Her fingers caught and clutched at the posts. Weak, her throat thick with breathing, Granny crawled under her covers. She talked to herself brokenly, pulling at the quilt. . . . If only God would let her take her four-poster bed up to heaven.

In the cold dawn Balthazar got up and

made morning coffee. He dreaded the trip into town, dreaded to stop at Poleon's store to try and stave off his debts. In the lot through the fog he could see the dark gaunt bulk of the mules. A fog makes a place so still: it swallows and eats up the world; only the sound of a heron crying, across the dim river. The fire in the kitchen stove felt good, warmed his bones.

Balthazar took a cup of coffee in to Rose. He found her sitting on the side of the bed, preparing to dress. She yawned and her heavy hair hung in her eyes. "What time you get back from town?" she asked. "It'll be good dark, *hein*, Balthazar?" Balthazar grunted. "Yeah, good dark. Rose, honey, be good to the old un." Rose sipped the hot fragrant coffee, and a sly little smile curved her lips. Suddenly she got up, stepped out on the bare cold floor. Her black eyes were furtive. "Balthazar, give me old Granny's cup," she said. "Let me take the coffee in to her."

Balthazar, pleased, poured a cup for Nicolette and patted Rose's shoulder. "I wish you two would make up," he said. "You and old Granny."

Rose opened the door of the cuddy-hole room and stepped inside. "Granny!" she called. "Granny!" . . . The place was so still; the curtains hung straight and limp at the window. Rose peered at the bed. Then she put a hand to her mouth, palm outward, and drew it over her face. She began to back out of the room, the hot coffee splashing over her nightgown. "Balthazar!" She gave a little cry. "Balthazar, come quick! It's the old un! Old Granny—"

As soon as some of the neighbors had come Balthazar left to get Poleon to see to the funeral arrangements. Rose watched him go. She must hurry and clean up the house. Soon the relatives from town would be coming, and so much to do! She had to get dressed too. In the front-room, away from the dead woman, Rose made up the bed, picked up her clothes. "Poor old Granny," she said. "Poor old Granny." She felt nervous, excited. But she could not help thinking, deep in her heart, "Now we can sell the bed, and no trouble. After the funeral . . . them lady can come here and get it—and maybe—maybe to-morrow, we buy us a car."

It was nine o'clock when Balthazar returned, bringing with him Poleon to see to the funeral arrangements. Poleon was a big man on Isle Brevelle, wealthy and much respected. No one could die without Poleon; no one could die or be buried. He looked about the house and shook his head dubiously. And he stared at Rose—Rose all hung with beads and buckles and cheap, flashy rubies and pearls. "Look here, Balthazar," Poleon said, and his mouth turned down at the corners, "you owe me much money already. How you go' pay for the funeral, *hein?* For your old granny' coffin." Poleon was crafty and shrewd, a good business man. He stood in the little cuddy-hole room and gazed down at old Granny, where she lay in the four-poster bed. She lay very tiny and still, her eyes closed, her little hands crossed on her bosom.

"Well, Balthazar," Poleon said, "this sho' is a nice bed you got, all hid away." Poleon trailed his fingers along the tapering posts. "Yes, a fine antique bed, as them white lady say. This is the bed I hear your wife try to bargain about, to them rich white lady in town." Poleon's little eyes gleamed; he looked furtive, thoughtful. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Balthazar. You give me the bed. I'll take the bed off your hand. It'll pay for the old lady's funeral, huh . . . and a nice fine coffin to boot. That suit you, my friend? That all right? Well—"

Rose heard him and came and stood in the door. Her heavy cheeks hung, and she pushed back her dark hair.

And it seemed to her that old Nicolette lay there and smiled.

IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?

BY WILL DURANT, Ph.D.

Author of "The Story of Philosophy"

By democracy, in this essay, is meant the equal participation of all the citizens of a state in the periodical selection of its officials. The author undertakes to show that this form of government, as practiced in America, has broken down; to inquire into the causes of this failure; and to submit a proposal which may conceivably remedy some part of the evil.—*The Editors.*

DEMOCRACY—whose principle, said Montesquieu, is virtue—was born of money and gunpowder. Cannon and musketry battered down the feudal castle, made proud knights, conspicuous on their steeds, the easy prey of infantry, equalized villein and lord on the field of battle, and gave for the first time since Pythagoras some dignity to number. The invention of coinage and credit eased the ways of trade and the accumulation of wealth; it built at the crossroads of commerce thriving towns, and at the ports of trade free cities, strong enough to throw off the yoke of feudal fees; it generated in the face of a functionless landed aristocracy an energetic moneyed bourgeoisie, a *tiers état* which clamored for a political position commensurate with its growing economic power.

Voltaire and Rousseau were the heralds of this change; they popularized those invaluable shibboleths, *liberté* and *égalité*, to the music of which the middle class marched to political supremacy. Originally liberty meant freedom from feudal tyranny and tolls; originally equality meant the admission of the middle-classes, along with the aristocracy and the clergy, to the honors and spoils of government; originally, one suspects, fraternity meant the open access of bankers and merchants, butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, to aristocratic and episcopal *salons*. It was not supposed that these splendid words would be so misunderstood as to embrace all male adults, much less all women; mere wives and workingmen would understand that no reference to them was intended. Rousseau, father of democratic theory, wished to exclude all women, and all propertyless persons, from political power, and did not include them in the term "people." Under the Constitution adopted by the French Revolutionary Assembly, three-fifths of all adult males were excused from participating in the franchise. Under the laws of various states in our own republic a property-qualification was attached to the franchise until the days of Andrew Jackson. By its origin, and still in its current development, democracy means the rule of the middle-class—government by the second best.

Contributory factors co-operated with this fundamental economic cause. The Protestant Reformation had cleared the way for that rebellious individualism which underlies the democratic brotherhood of man. The reverberation, through print, of the blows struck at superstition by scientists and philosophers from Copernicus to Darwin, had the effect of replacing an inactive and insincere belief in Heaven with a naïve but active trust in an Earthly Paradise, wherein all men, geniuses and fools

alike, would share in happiness and power. The Industrial Revolution taught men to judge one another in terms of productive ability—which might appear in any rank—rather than through fortuitous pedigree. The cost of government compelled kings to turn ever more politely to wealthy business men, and gave to the lower chamber of legislative bodies an increasing power and prestige. And the rivalry of privileged groups led each minority in turn to extend the franchise in the hope of securing in this way a continuance of its supremacy. When the masters fell out the people fell in. When the men fell out the women fell in. Now we are all in the hole together. And it becomes a problem worthy of Baron Münchausen, how we can find some one to drag us out, when every one is in.

While these general causes were operating in Europe, producing in England, France, Russia, and Germany the revolutions of 1689, 1789, 1917, and 1918, they were reinforced with certain special factors in the development of American democracy. Our Revolution of 1776, now distant enough to be admirable, was not only a revolt of Colonials against England; it was also a revolt of the middle-classes against an imported aristocracy; it was part of that long series of political earthquakes which cracked and dislocated the social surface of the Western world, broke up and submerged the land-owning aristocracies, and reared a new formation of popular governments everywhere.

And as in Europe the triumph of the bankers over the barons was facilitated by peasant *jacqueries*, by the lust of the harassed serf for a soil liberated from feudal rights and tithes, so in our country the rise of the middle-class was eased and quickened by the abundance of free land. Democracy came naturally to America, because America began with equality and freedom. Like communism, real democracy tends to appear rather at the simple beginnings of a civilization than in its later stages of complexity, luxury, and differentiation. De Tocqueville marvelled at the economic equality which he saw here in 1830. Land might be had for the asking of Congress—a privilege which must now be reserved for corporations. Democracy was actual because political equality rested upon an approximate equality of possessions, upon a widespread ownership of the soil; men who stood upon their own ground and controlled (within the limits of nature) the conditions under which they lived, had personality and character, and could be called democrats beyond the narrow meaning of a quadrennial admission to barber-shop polling-booths. It was such men who made Jefferson president—Jefferson, who was as orthodox as Thomas Paine, and as conservative as a man might be who favored a revolution every nineteen years. It was such men who provided the basis for Emerson's self-reliant individualism and Whitman's glorification of the common man. It was such men who gave to the Yankee his European reputation for shrewdness, individuality, and independent judgment—a legend now as curious to an observer of contemporary politics as the election of another Jefferson to the presidency is inconceivable.

Again secondary factors crowd upon the scene. Doubtless the freedom of competition in the early days of our republic provided another prop of independence and personality. Perhaps the proportion of skilled workers was greater then than it is now, when the untrained peasantry of continental Europe pours in to form the helpless proletariat of our towns. Men were not merely "hands" in those early days; the pride of skill in a specific trade gave some "verteber" to character, some resistance against that wholesale denudation of individuality which we achieve through education and the press. In some measure, too, the rural isolation of the early citizen enhanced his liberty and vitalized his democracy, much as our national isolation gave us freedom and security

within our protecting seas. These and a hundred other conditions came together to make American democracy real.

II

All those conditions are gone. National isolation is gone, because of trade, communication, and the invention of destructive mechanisms that facilitate invasion. Personal isolation is gone, because of the growing interdependence of producer, distributor, and consumer. Skilled labor is the exception now that machines are made to operate machines, and scientific management reduces skill to the inhuman stupidity of routine. Free land is gone, and tenancy increases. Free competition decays; it may survive for a time in new fields like the automobile industry, but everywhere it gravitates towards monopoly. The once independent shopkeeper is in the toils of the big distributor: he yields to chain drug stores, chain cigar stores, chain groceries, chain candy stores, chain restaurants, chain theaters—everything is in chains. Even the editor who owns his own paper and molds his own mendacity is a vestigial remnant now, when a thousand sheets across the country tell the same lie in the same way every day better and better. An ever decreasing proportion of business executives (and among them an ever decreasing number of bankers and directors) controls the lives and labors of an ever increasing proportion of men. A new aristocracy is forming out of the once rebellious bourgeoisie; equality and liberty and brotherhood are no longer the darlings of the financiers. Economic freedom, even in the middle-classes, becomes rarer and narrower every year. In a world from which freedom of competition, equality of opportunity, and social fraternity have disappeared, political equality is worthless, and democracy becomes a sham.

All this has come about not (as we thought in our youth) through the perversity of men, but through the impersonal fatality of economic development. Men can be free only when they are approximately equal in capacity and power; and, nevertheless, their equality is destroyed by their freedom. Inevitable hereditary differences in vigor or ability breed social and artificial differences; strength is made stronger, and weakness weaker, by every invention and discovery. Equality is an unstable relation, as of scales poised in equilibrium; it decreases as organization and complexity grow; the very nature of social evolution involves increasing inequality because it specializes functions, differentiates abilities, and makes men unequally valuable to society. "Equality," says Tarde, "is only a transition between two hierarchies, just as liberty is only a passage between two disciplines." Observe how the original equality in colonial America has been overgrown and overwhelmed by a thousand forms of economic and political differentiation, so that to-day the gap between the most fortunate and the least fortunate in America is greater than at any time since the days of plutocratic Rome. Of what use can equality in ballots be when power is so unevenly distributed, and political decisions must obey the majority of dollars rather than the majority of men?

This disappearance of economic equality and freedom is the deepest root of our political hypocrisy and decay. But once again there are contributory causes; and our understanding of the problem will be precariously partial if we ignore them. Let us state them as briefly as may go with clarity.

There is, first, the growing size of the political unit—the imperial expansion of America. The larger the state, the more difficult it is to preserve personality and democracy. "Democracy dies five miles from the parish pump," declares H. G. Wells. It was meant for city-states, where men could come and, in the words of Thomas Paine, "vote in the first person." Large populations are more easily ruled than small ones,

because their inertia is greater, and it is more difficult for them to agree in their grievances or to unite in their action. Pericles and Cleon, though they differed in everything else, concurred in the opinion that democracy is inconvenient in empires. Montesquieu pointed out that democracy is more suited to small states, monarchy to large states. And so we have a monarchy.

Consider, next, the growing complexity of government—a natural result of the enlargement of the political unit, and the increasing intricacy of national economic relations. Once a government consisted of a king, his courtiers, and his courtesans; to-day it is a vast and lumbering mechanism for the adjustment of a thousand conflicting groups. It requires the full time of those who play in it any but the most subordinate roles; it would be impossible to rule a modern state on the plan of popular rotation in judicial office, or the hasty decision of issues by vast uninformed assemblies, which gave Athens its liberties and brought it to an early grave. In the most natural way in the world "machines" develop in every party, every union, every convention, and every parliament; democracy is the matrix in which oligarchies grow. The sovereign voter is absorbed in bread and butter; how shall he keep himself abreast of the thousand problems that arise and change and melt away in his party, or his union, or his church? He cannot answer intelligently the questions placed before him; he does not know. Democracy is government by those who do not know.

Consequently it is the first casualty of war. De Tocqueville predicted that America would have to abandon democracy the moment it became entangled in the politics and wars of Europe. "Many an army has prospered under a bad commander," said Macaulay, "but no army has ever prospered under a debating society." Unions tend to oligarchy for the same reason: they are military organizations designed for offense and defense. "Democracy is a luxury," Weyl points out; "it can be maintained only in a moderately secure and pacific world." Reactionaries know, and may be relied upon to produce an occasional war as a substitute for birth-control or as a salutary discipline of the national will. Democracy is not a cure for war, but war is a cure for democracy.

The last contributory cause of our democratic failure is the imbecility of men. The intelligence tests confirmed the opinion of those who had watched the elections of the preceding twenty years. The theory of democracy had presumed that man was a rational animal. No doubt some one had seen this in a book of logic. But man is an emotional animal, occasionally rational; and through his feelings he can be deceived to his heart's content. It may be true, as Lincoln pretended to believe, that you can't fool all the people all the time; but you can fool enough of them to rule a large country. It has been computed that the supply of fools, on this planet, is replenished at the rate of two hundred every minute; which is a bad omen for democracy.

Apparently it is not democracy alone that is a failure; it is ourselves. We exaggerated our virtues when we made ourselves sovereign. We thought there was power in numbers, and we found only mediocrity. The larger the number of voters, the more ordinary must be the man or the qualities that will appeal to them. We do not demand greatness or foresight in our elected officials, but only bare-toothed oratory and something this side of starvation. Indeed, we do not much care who governs us; we hardly realize that we are being governed, just as we think we pay no taxes because we pay them through the landlord or the tariff.

Voltaire preferred monarchy to democracy, on the ground that in a monarchy it was necessary to educate only one man; in a democracy you must educate millions, and the gravedigger gets them all before you can educate ten

per cent of them. What pranks the birth-rate plays with our theories and our arguments! The minority acquire education, and have small families; the majority have no time for education, and have large families. Nearly all of each generation are brought up in homes where the income is too small to provide for the luxury of knowledge. Hence the perennial futility of political liberalism; the propaganda of intelligence cannot keep pace with the propagation of the ignorant. And hence the decay of Protestantism; a religion, like a nation, is saved not by the wars it wins, but by the children it breeds.

Hence also the conservatism of democracies. Anatole France bemoaned the neophobia of the crowd. Bismarck looked to universal suffrage to support monarchical policies. "Direct election and universal suffrage," said the old cynic, "I consider to be greater guarantees of conservative action than any artificial electoral law." Woman suffrage won a comparatively easy victory because party leaders believed it would make for conservatism. The liberals of Switzerland passed certain reforms, including the popular referendum; the conservatives put these reforms to a referendum; the reforms, including the referendum, were defeated. The extension of the suffrage in England in 1918 brought in the most reactionary government in half a century. The new compulsory-voting law in Australia raised the proportion of actual to possible voters from sixty per cent in 1912 to ninety per cent in 1925, and resulted in an overwhelming conservative victory.

"It is one of the strangest of vulgar ideas," Sir Henry Maine predicted, "that a very wide suffrage could or would promote progress, new ideas, new discoveries, new inventions, new arts of life. The chances are that it will produce a mischievous form of conservatism." We shall have to admit to the prejudiced Englishman that democracy seems hostile to genius and apathetic to art. It values most those things which come within the comprehension of the average mind; it builds motion-picture palaces and thinks they are Parthenons; if the Athenian assembly had had its way there would have been no Parthenon at all. It becomes evident that the intellectual tyranny of the majority may be as harassing as the political tyranny of monarchs. In some American states more than a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a public education becomes an impediment to the acquisition of truth. This democratic suspicion of individuality is a result of the theory of equality; everyone is equally valuable; therefore, a count of noses must establish any truth and sanctify any custom. Not only is democracy a result of the machine age, and not only does it rule through "machines"; it has in itself the potentiality of the most terrible machine of all—a vast weight of ignorant compulsion ostracising difference, crushing the exceptional mind, and discouraging novel excellence. Nowhere is education so lavishly financed and equipped as in the United States; nowhere is it so little honored or so little used. We have devoted ourselves magnanimously to the provision, on an unprecedented scale, of schools, high schools, colleges, and universities; and now that they are all built and full, we have made education a disqualification for public office.

III

In a nation where the few who really rule must get some show of popular consent a special class arises whose function it is, not to govern, but to secure the approval of the people for whatever policy may have been decided upon by that inevitable oligarchy which hides in the heart of every democratic state. We call this class of men politicians.

The politicians divide into parties, and align the people into hostile camps. The natural party-spirit of men makes such organizations easy; they are a survival of warlike tribal separatism. Aus-

tralian savages will travel across half their continent to take in a fight the side of those who wear the same totem as themselves. The totem still helps us to organize; and the parties that use an elephant or an ass as their sacred emblems seem to get along better than those that naïvely choose the torch.

Now party organization is expensive, and requires angels—realistic idealists who pay the costs of pool-rooms, club-rooms, caucuses, and campaigns, and are satisfied, as their reward, to select the candidates, secure certain contracts and appointments, obtain protection from the enforcement of absurd and irksome laws, and play a quiet role in the arduous tasks of legislation. "They who nominate, govern." The people cannot nominate anyone, even at primaries; for they are unorganized and uninformed; they can be trusted to divide their favors with approximate equality; so that a small but well-organized minority, by casting its votes entirely on one side, can usually decide a convention, a primary, or an election. The "machine" triumphs because it is a united minority acting against a divided majority. Perhaps this is what Carlyle meant when he said, "Democracy is by the nature of it a self-cancelling business, and gives in the long run a net result of zero." "A true democracy," said that passionate democrat, Jean Jacques, "has never existed, and never will exist; for it is against the natural order of things that the majority should govern the minority." All politics is the rivalry of organized minorities; the voters are bleacher athletes who cheer the victors and jeer the defeated, but do not otherwise contribute to the result.

Under such circumstances voting is superfluous, and is carried on largely to grease the grooves of social control by establishing in the minds of the people the notion that the laws are made by themselves. In democracies, said Montesquieu, taxes may be greater than elsewhere without arousing resistance, because every citizen looks upon them as a tribute which he pays to himself. *L'état c'est lui*—he is the state, and the president is merely the chief of his servants. Please a man's pride and you may do anything with him. The Romans ruled the people through *panem et circenses;* our masters need only give us a quadrennial circus—called now an election—and we will provide the bread for ourselves.

About the only advantage which an election has in these premises is the educational opportunity offered by the aroused attention of the people. But in most cases this is nullified by a clever concealment of the actual issues at stake; a politician is worth nothing if he cannot invent some interesting and unimportant issues to divert the eyes of the populace from the problems actually involved. So in the Canadian election of 1917 the real issue of conscription *vs.* volunteering was subtly covered over by pointing out that the defeat of the conscription proposal would mean the domination of Canada by the French element in the population. The English inhabitants rose *en masse* and voted for English domination, and found, when the excitement was over, that they had voted for conscription. A good show-window will sell any kind of political shoddy. Elections become a contest in fraud and noise; and as sound arguments make the least sound, truth is lost in the confusion. Add to this the gerrymandering of city districts to keep the power with conservative rural communities; the vast floating population which is disfranchised by its mobility; the riot of dishonesty and violence at the polls; and you get democracy. Under such conditions, declares Chesterton, "a vote becomes as valuable as a railway ticket when there is a permanent block on the line." Is it any wonder that the proportion of actual to legal voters decreased from eighty per cent in 1885 to fifty per cent in 1924—or that intelligent men refuse to stand in line an hour for the privilege of registering, and then again an hour for the privilege

of voting—that is to say, the privilege of choosing between A and B, who both belong to X? The country is becoming conscious of the democratic farce.

Nevertheless, suppose that we have voted. The election is over, stocks go up, and the elected senators and representatives go down to Washington to form our Congress, our Parliament or Talk-Shop, our National Palaver. Nothing could be more disconcerting than the surprises which meet these elected ladies and gentlemen. They have been chosen for political ability in the American sense—*i. e.*, the ability to get themselves nominated, advertised, applauded, and elected; they possess that sort of ability in a highly developed and specialized form. Normally they are subservient people, amenable to discipline, elastic of conscience, and free from dangerous originality or genius; nothing would so readily disqualify them for office (or for the devious approaches to office) as genius of any kind—above all, genius in statesmanship. Now suddenly our representative finds himself assailed by problems all the world away from the kind he has solved on the road to power. Those were problems of politics: of patient loyalty to the ward and district and county leaders; of underground influences and secret understandings; of speeches and charges and denials and manipulated publicity; of contributions inconspicuously solicited, and spent with one eye on the law; of favors done to the powerful, and promises made to the rest. But these problems that fall upon him in Washington, and overwhelm him in a thousand bills, are problems of economics: they have to do with land-ownership, raw materials, coal mines, oil wells, water power, production, competition, transportation, navigation, aviation, arbitration, distribution, marketing, and finance; they involve esoteric details intelligible only to a specialist, and painful beyond bearing to a man whose specialty is wire-pulling.

As government becomes more complex, elected officials become less and less important, selected experts more and more. The executive "encroaches upon the legislative" power because the executive is armed and buttressed with expert committees—Federal Reserve Boards, Federal Trade Commissions, Labor Boards, Interstate Commerce Commissions, debt commissions. . . . During President Harding's administration the members of Congress were shocked to find themselves placed, in a parade, behind the members of certain of the aforesaid commissions. The Senate protested, and Mr. Harding answered with that kindly suavity which had sufficed to make him president. But the straw had shown the wind. "Representative government" had broken down; democracy had found no way of electing brains to office; and the brains had been placed in power while democracy was making speeches or reading newspapers.

Was this the reason why we so insistently recommended democracy to our enemies? Nietzsche speaks of the "disposition which supports the democratic form of government in a neighboring state for the sole reason that it assumes that this form of government makes the other nation weaker, more distracted, less fit for war." Perhaps this universal *débâcle* of democratic mediocrity and incompetence, chicanery and corruption, has had something to do with the Platonic transition from parliamentary government to "tyranny" or dictatorship in Italy and Spain and Greece and Russia and Poland and Portugal, and the imminence of similar developments in France. As for ourselves, the forces of political reform have been beaten all along the line; and where they have won a stray victory it has been through the adoption of the methods used by the "machine"—so that the triumph of "reform" in certain states has had something of the character of the conversion of the world to Christianity, in which it was not quite clear which of the two parties had been

converted to the other. A journal of liberal opinion admitted recently: "Politics is now as completely dominated by the machines as it was during the 80's. . . . The professional politicians are more than ever our masters. After fifty years of struggle they have finally defeated their enemy, the reformer." Mediocracy has won. Everywhere intelligence has fled from the hustings of democracy as from an engulfing torrent. Fools are in the saddle and ride mankind.

Yes, this is a partial view, a brief, rather than a complete, analysis. The half-redeeming virtues of democracy have been lauded long enough to need no litany here. It is true that the oppression of minorities by majorities is (numerically) preferable to the oppression of majorities by minorities; that the democratic disfranchisement of the educated man is no worse than the aristocratic suppression of new talent by ancient pedigree; that democracy has raised the spirit and pride of the common man as much as it has broken the spirit and sterilized the genius of the exceptional individual; that the omnipotent voter has now a sense of liberated personality which makes in some degree for courage and character; that there are no (conscious) serfs among us any more, and every man may know he is a potential president. It may be, as the patient Bryce laboriously concludes, that there are some forms of government worse than democracy.

But the more we examine it the more we are revolted by its incompetence and insincerity. Since political power is unreal except as it represents military or economic mastery, universal suffrage is a delusion and a costly sham. Dictatorship is better because it is more honest; "absolute power," said Napoleon, "has no need to lie; it acts and says nothing." Democracy without education means hypocrisy without limitation; it means the degradation of statesmanship into politics; it means the expensive maintenance, in addition to the real ruling class, of a large parasitic class of politicians whose function it is to serve the rulers and deceive the ruled; it has made all public life a sewer of corruption which poisons the breath of heaven. We are rank cowards if we any longer blink this evil dénouement of our wishful dreams. If we cannot find some amendment to democracy that shall cleanse it of its villainy and rid it of its ignorance, we may as well present our Constitution to some stripling nation, and import a king.

IV

What shall we do?

Well, even the irate reformer must understand that very little can be done, and nothing rapidly. The most desirable thing of all would be the application of Christianity; but that is not to be hoped for in the immediate future. The next most desirable plan would be so lavish an expenditure of our national and private wealth on education, invention, and scientific research as would improve our brains, decrease our numbers, make muscle costlier than mechanical power, dissolve the proletariat, and liberate mankind for the tasks of the Great Society. In the long run there is no solution except in education; until men become intelligent, cities will not cease from ill. But if the world has not done all this for Mr. Wells, there is no likelihood that it will do it for us. And we have seen what devilish tricks the birth-rate plays with education. The third expedient would be the convocation of the best-informed and most capable men of the land, chosen from each profession by the members of that profession, meeting to consider the rejuvenation of our Constitution, recommending new amendments to Congress and the States, and supporting these recommendations with the prestige of their professions and perhaps with the money of our millionaires, which every reformer is prepared to spend. But that again is too much to hope for—even though

the mayor of our largest city makes a respectable gesture in this direction. The fourth best plan is that which follows.

The evil of modern democracy is in the politician and at the point of nomination. Let us eliminate the politician, and the nomination.

Originally, no doubt, every man was his own physician, and every household prescribed its own drugs. But as medical knowledge accumulated and the *corpus prescriptionum* grew, it became impossible for the average individual, even for solicitous spinsters, to keep pace with the *pharmacopœa*. A special class of persons arose who gave all their serious hours to the study of *materia medica*, and became professional physicians. To protect the people from untrained practitioners, and from those sedulous neighbors who have an interne's passion for experiment, a distinguishing title and a reassuring degree were given to those who had completed this preparation. The process has now reached the point where it is illegal to prescribe medicines unless one has received such training, and such a degree, from a recognized institution. We no longer permit unprepared individuals to deal with our individual ailments or to risk our individual lives. We demand a lifetime's devotion as a preliminary to the prescription of pills.

But of those who deal with our incorporated ills, and risk our hundred million lives in peace and war, and have at their beck and call all our possessions and all our liberties, no specific preparation is required; it is sufficient if they are friends of the Chief, loyal to the Organization, handsome or suave, hand-shakers, shoulder-slappers, or baby-kissers, taking orders quietly, and as rich in promises as a weather bureau. For the rest they may have been butchers or barbers, rural lawyers or editors, pork-packers or saloon-keepers—it makes no difference. If they have had the good sense to be born in log cabins it is conceded that they have a divine right to be president.

Let us imagine a pleasanter picture. Let us suppose that our great universities, which contain the seed of a redeemed America, have added to their faculties a School of Political Administration. A School not of theory so much as of practice and concrete detail; not a School for the discussion of political history, nor of the "philosophy of the state," nor of monarchy *vs.* aristocracy *vs.* democracy *vs.* socialism *vs.* single-tax *vs.* anarchism; but a School that will go down with its students into the actual field of municipal administration; a School that will look upon the problems of a city not as a street-corner statesman might, nor as a loyal elephant or donkey might, but as a scientist would, or an executive whose training and ability have made him see administration as an art. If such a course were as thorough and as conscientious as the curriculum of a good medical school, it would attract only serious and scientific-minded men; it would admirably frighten away the gentlemen who now rise to power through self-salesmanship and perorations. There would be few candidates for such instruction at the outset, since they would have no guarantee of finding political place upon completing their preparation. But the spread of the city-manager plan would offer openings; the Schools would grow as medical schools once grew; and successful city-managers would be invited to head the teaching staff.

All this is within the realm of possibility; even now our larger universities offer courses that could form the basis of these Administration Schools. But the next step in our hypothetical amendment to democracy calls for more imagination. Let us suppose that while these Schools were preparing men to rule us, other agencies had, through the written and spoken word, prepared the people for the novel and unpatriotic notion of requiring education in their masters. It is conceivable that a body of opinion

might be formed which would make it unwise for a political party to nominate to municipal office any man unarmed with this specific preparation. It is barely conceivable that the time might come when nominations would be dispensed with altogether (as they are in the Constitution), and prepared administrators would offer themselves directly as candidates for election. The choice of the people would be restricted to these, and unrestricted among these; it would be a far wider choice than now; and whatever choice might be made would be a sane one. It would be a fool-proof democracy; and if Heraclitus was right about majorities, this is the only kind of a democracy that can survive in this pitilessly realistic world.

While our imaginations are in flight we might also suppose that no trained administrator would be eligible to a higher office who had not been twice elected to a lower one. Only successful mayors would offer themselves for governor, and only successful governors for the presidency. At every step there would be a democratic check upon aristocratic irresponsibility, and an aristocratic check upon democratic ignorance. It might be a rejuvenating conjugation of exhausted governments.

Would such an amendment destroy the essence of democracy? No. It is essential to democracy that every adult should share equally in the selection of major officials; it is not essential that every adult should be equally eligible for office. Restrictions of birth and age and residence already exist; to add the requirement of preparation is only a corollary of the growing complexity of government. The plan would widen democracy more in increasing the number of candidates than it would narrow democracy in restricting their character. It is rather our present structure that is undemocratic: it limits the voter's choice to two nominees, and it makes but poor provision for the most fundamental democracy of all—equality of educational and economic opportunity. If every graduate who reached a given standard of excellence were assured that municipal and state scholarships would send him on from school to college and from college to university when his own family's funds should not suffice, then the road to the highest office, and to most of the goods of life, would be open to all on equal terms, and even the restrictions here proposed would be respectably democratic. Equality of opportunity is the core of democracy; we have contented ourselves with the husk and meekly surrendered the core. Let us open all the roads to talent wherever born, and for the rest we need not disturb ourselves about forms of government.

Certainly our little nostrum has its flaws, which are to be compared not with Utopia but with the *status quo*. In substituting our universities for our saloons and hotels as the medium of nomination, we do not forget that even universities can be corrupted, and university graduates bought. But it is a question of degree; presumably a man with scientific training, or a man earnest and brave enough to select a career involving a long and arduous preparation, would have something of the pride of craft that makes a man jealous of his honor and solicitous of his work. There is a slightly higher standard of morals among scientists than among politicians. And though there are thieves and charlatans in the ranks of medicine, it is one of the few professions in which "ethics" is allowed to interfere with income.

As for the universities, it is not a question of teaching radicalism or conservatism; the science of administration has very little to do with these majestic and useless divisions. Undoubtedly power would rule under the new dispensation as effectively as now; but it would rule more efficiently, without the wastage and indecency of stupidity, insolence, and knavery. We are not offering here a solution of the "social problem," a plan whereby the weak can be enabled to rule the strong. Pre-

sumably a clever minority will continue to use a less clever majority; we have no secret whereby democracy can escape this immoral ordinance of nature. Our present purpose is not to make "brooks run wine and winds whisper music," but to make whatever government there is as capable and honest as human character can bear. That is the problem of politics, and it is the only problem with which we are here concerned.

Our tendency in these days is to take corruption and ignorance as the natural privileges of elected persons; and we smile at any proposal to alter this patriotic tradition. But government has not always been incompetent and venal; the English still have some reputation for training in their statesmen and honor in their judges; and the German professional *Bürgermeister* made their cities the best-ruled places in the world. Nothing is impossible but thinking makes it so.

What we have suggested is a very old idea, the dream of Socrates and Plato, of Bacon and Carlyle, of Voltaire and Renan. Perhaps it is nothing more than a dream; and perhaps again it may be a reality when all of us are dreams. For a long time, doubtless, it can be nothing more than a dream; many decades of instruction would be needed to induce the necessary changes in the public mind. But unless we make some honest effort to bring ability into office, and to break down the democratic hostility to knowledge; unless we can capture for the public good those talents and powers of mind that now are lost in private enterprise and gain; unless we can put into our city halls and state capitols, and into the halls of Congress, men who have prepared themselves for public administration at least as thoroughly as men prepare for far less vital tasks—then assuredly democracy is a failure, and it might be better for the world if America had never lured and deceived the hopes of men.

COTTON MATHER IN LOVE

BY PHILIP G. NORDELL

VERMIN have nothing to do with the courtships and marriages of Cotton Mather; yet the reactions to them of this famous New England Puritan—the two hundredth anniversary of whose death occurs early in 1928—are typical of his reactions toward everything in the world about him, both great and small, from childhood to the grave. On September 7, 1711, he wrote in his diary, "Happening to lodge in a Place, where some Vermine assaulted me, I thought, the Assault of those Vermine should be improved by me, as a call to Repentance and Piety; not only in the way of considering myself, as among the Enemies of God, contemptibly punished by these his little Armies; but also, in the way of occasional Reflection, considering the ill Qualities and Actions of those Vermine, and what I have Analogous to them in my own Heart and Life, and bewayling of those things before the Lord."

We should expect from this entry to find his amorous affairs, to say the least, peculiar. And as we trace them through his voluminous diaries, we so find them—not only peculiar, but amazing, fantastic, unworldly—as diametrically opposed to the realistic love-making habits of to-day as the minuet is to the Charleston.

The Puritans' attitude toward life, which explains Mather's manner of wooing, arose directly from their religious faith. An execrable heresy it would have been to hold that God is no more than a spirit of love, a principle of good, or even a wise and inscrutable Almighty Power. They knew their God intimately and they knew His will. Before the beginning of the world, He unchangeably ordained whatsoever would come to pass; He knew, and yet by knowing did not assume authorship therefor, that of all mankind some were predestinated unto everlasting life and others were foreordained unto everlasting death, if suffering the torments of hell could be termed death. Due to Adam's and Eve's disobedience, by which they became dead in sin, their corruption was imputed to all their posterity. But God, in His infinite mercy, was pleased to send His Son Jesus Christ to earth to suffer grievous torments, in order that the Elect, by rebirth in Him, could enter Heaven. There being no sign of salvation which we should call certain, the best the Puritans could hope for was to discover within themselves various signs of acceptance, chief of which was a spiritual enlightening of the soul, at times so vivid as to be construed as the actual presence of God. Lucky was he whom God informed in so many words that he had been elected! But in all these signs of rejuvenation man was altogether passive; it was God working through him. Even in the Elect, however, sufficient corruption remained to keep up a continual and irreconcilable war of the flesh lusting against the spirit.

The typical Puritan's life, then, far from being, as we are so apt to believe, hopelessly drab and barren, consisted of a vitally passionate endeavor to conform his thoughts and actions so exactly to the will of God that in time

he would find himself overcome with the blessed assurance of regeneration. Moral actions *per se* were futile as means of ensuring election; it was through them that he could the better discover his condition. The devil, of course, was active, and nothing was more characteristic of this Prince of the World than to set all sorts of deceptive and enticing snares. It is easy to understand, then, how every material benefit or success could be either a blessing from God or a trap set by the devil, and how every adversity or fleshly lust could be, conversely, a test of faith administered by the former or a triumph won by the latter.

Thus did Cotton Mather find himself alternately immersed in a flood of divine compassion and buffeted in a storm of diabolic rage. No thought or act of his, whatever its conditions, did he motivate to his own human will; the publication of a sermon, the death of a child, an accession to his library, an attack of heartburn, everything, momentous and trivial, good and bad, he attributed to direct supernatural agencies. By the simple expedient of prostrating himself in the dust of his study, he summoned God, at which times he conversed with Him familiarly.

And so, to trace the development of his first love affair, we find him in the morning of August 26, 1683, at the age of twenty, persuaded that his bachelor days are drawing to a close. He writes:

> Using of sacred *Meditations* (with mixed *Supplications*) at my waking Minutes, every Morning, in my *Bed*, and in this Course, going over many Portions of the *Scriptures* a *Verse* at a Time, the Thought of *Isaac* having his happy Consort brought unto him, *when* and where, hee was engag'd in his holy *Meditations*, came sometimes into my Mind, and, I had sometimes a strange Perswasion; that there would a Time come, when I should have my *Bed* blessed with such a Consort given unto mee, as *Isaac*, the servant of the Lord was favoured withal.

The year 1685 is one of intense introspection in which he makes visible progress in sublimating his natural desires—which he terms his afflictions—into religious channels, albeit his lapses are frequent. Having resolved to bear a special and eternal hatred against the lusts of the flesh, and to write a discourse to antidote the same in others, he finds his kind Redeemer continually weaning him away from all the delights of the world. So assuringly does the Lord convince him that all controversy between him and his soul is extinguished (for years he has been minister of the North Church in Boston) that he subscribes his hand and heart to a solemn covenant in which, renouncing all sins and vanities, he gives his life entirely to the service of God.

The thought of marriage, at last free from all earthly, carnal taint, becomes a fit subject to submit to God. To discover His will, he spends days in supplications and humiliations in what concerns the change in his condition, whereto, he says, he has received many invitations. Although he is willing to remain celibate for his parents and people, these invitations, and his inclinations as well, recommend otherwise. He begs the "Smiles of God" and sends errands to Heaven on this score.

On January 23, 1685–6, the suspense overwhelms him.

> This Day, with Anguish of Soul, in the Sense of my own Sinfulness, and Filthiness, I cast myself prostrate, on my *Study-floor* with my mouth in the Dust. Here, I lamented unto the Lord, my *Follies*, which might have an Influence to deprive mee of the Blessing which I was now pursuing. I judg'd, I loath'd, I hated myself, because of those *accursed Things* and besought the Forgiveness thereof, thro' the *Blood of the Covenant*. I then begg'd of the Most High, that Hee would, notwithstanding all my Miscarriages, bestow upon mee, *a Companion for my Life*, by whose Prudence, Vertue, good Nature, I might, while I am alive in this World, bee assisted in the Service of my Master, and whose company I might also at length have in the Heaven of Heavens forever. I pleaded that *Marriage* was His Ordinance; and that Hee had promised, no *good Thing* should bee withheld from mee. I said unto

Him; that I *cast* the whole *Burden* of the Care, about this Affayr, upon *Him; Expecting*, that Hee would mercifully divert my *Inclinations*, from this matter, if it would prove *displeasing* to Him, or *Disadvantageous* to myself; *entreating*, that if it may bee left for mee to proceed Hee would please to direct my *Choice*, and all my *Steps*, and overrule the Hearts of my Friends, and of *Her* unto whom I may make my Addresses, to favour what I prosecute: and in His due Time, so settle me, as to give mee rich Demonstrations of His loving Kindness; *engaging* herewithal, that I would then more than ever glorify Him, and spend my Time, in making of blessed *Matches* between the Son of God, and the Souls of Men.

A few days later, on his twenty-third birthday, the wonderful Providence of God, in answer to his many prayers, directs him to pay one of his first visits to a young gentlewoman, Abigail Phillips, the daughter of worthy, pious and credible parents. "I propounded unto myself," he writes, "the Methods, the divine and sacred *Methods*, wherein the glorious Lord Jesus Christ, engaged our immortal Souls unto Himself; and I studied how to make my Addresses unto my Friend analogous unto *those*. But alas, *wherewithal shall a young Man cleanse his Way?*"

During the next few months scarcely a day passes without prayers to purge his heart so thoroughly of unholiness that good success would come of the affair. "And, I beleeve, never any sinful Man, saw more sensible *Answers to Prayer*, than poor I did, in this matter." At such times as his sins break out anew, the Lord quickly comes to his rescue. Confessing that they make him worthy to be left "unto the sorest, vilest, blackest Blemishes" in his reputation, the Lord gloriously assures him that He will honor and elevate him.

At last the happy day arrives. On May 4, 1686, he marries, and the good providence of God causes his wedding to be attended with many circumstances of respect and honor, "above most that have ever been in these parts of the World." In the morning, while he is secretly at prayer before the Lord, He fills his soul with celestial and unutterable satisfactions, flowing from the sealed assurances of His love for him. His heart is particularly melted into tears upon further assurances that in his married state He has reserves of rich and great blessings for him. In the afternoon, with a few leisure moments just before the arrival of the neighboring ministers and other notable guests for the ceremony, he carries his Bible into the garden of his fiancée's house, and there picks out the story of the wedding in the second chapter of John to fetch for himself one observation and one supplication out of every verse. He receives still further assurances, meanwhile, that he is blessed and will be blessed forever.

II

For the next fifteen years we must search in vain for details of Mather's marital life other than what concern the births and deaths of his children, both of which we feel are unfortunately too frequent. A typical entry is that of December 13, 1700: "My Consort fell into her Travail. It was in the day Time, and in a temperate and moderate Season. All the Circumstances of her Condition were ordered in very Faithfulness. The Lord gave her a good Time; and enriched us with the Birth of another Son, about four a clock in the Afternoon; a lovely and lusty Infant."

The year 1702 proves to be one of severe tribulation. His wife, who in May miscarried a son, became seriously ill, each partial recovery followed by a worse relapse. Mather becomes deeply concerned, but, more than her condition, what concerns him is the test which her illness affords to his "Particular Faith," which if sufficiently well grounded will cure her. Toward the end of June she is worse. We read:

On the Friday, my Consort's Illness grew still (if it could be,) full of more uneasy Symptomes. I saw no Likelihood of any

other than Death after all. But Lord! how aggravated a Calamity must be her Death, if such a Sting, as the Disappointment of my *Particular Faith*, must be added unto it!

And a month later: "I retired into my Bed-chamber, and spent good Part of the Night, prostrate on the Floor, (with so little of Garment on as to render my lying there painful to my tender Bones), crying to God for the Life of my poor Consort." And still again: "I am kept up all Night, that I may see her dy, and therewith see the terrible Death of my Prayer and Faith."

He must needs have the patience of Job as God heaps new trials upon him. While his wife lingers on, month after month, several of his children contract smallpox, and he converts his study into a hospital for his "little Folks." As usual, a supernatural element is involved. "God sanctified this," he explains, "to humble me, for my not serving Him as I should have done in my Study; which provokes Him to chase me out of it."

For six months, from June through most of November, as he has steadfastly renewed his visits to Heaven, his pleadings gradually yielded to a state of resignation in which he consented to the Lord's taking her away. At last, realizing the end is at hand, Mather concentrates upon her entrance into the Kingdom of God. We find him endeavoring to prepare her, by suitable questions and answers, and to arouse her enthusiasm with lively discourses upon the glories of Heaven. Upon the last day of her life (December 1, 1702), in response to his asking her to tell him faithfully what defects in him she has seen which should be rectified, she replies much to his surprise, that there are none. Two hours before her death, he kneels at her bedside, takes her hand, solemnly and sincerely gives her up to the Lord, puts her hand back, and resolves never to touch it again. Previously, when he was out of the room, she called to him continually and he came to her, but upon her sealing this act of resignation, she refrains from asking for him again.

One day, later in December, he writes of his reflections upon the dispensations of Heaven. Wondering if there has been a rebuff to his particular faith, he seeks for reassurances that the death of his wife, after all, was for the best. He recalls that he cheerfully went through all the fatigues arising from her illness with all possible tenderness; nevertheless, if she had recovered a little more, his health would have been destroyed and his children's education would have suffered. But of more importance, she had a melancholy temperament and "there were some dreadful Changes on her Father's Family." These changes turn out to be the capture of her youngest brother by the French, in whom he had an interest of some hundreds of pounds, the death of her second brother, her favorite, and the disgraceful condition of her eldest brother, who "proves an idle, profane, drunken, and sottish Fellow, and a Disgrace to all his Relatives." All these catastrophes, Mather feels, would have brought such a disorder of mind upon her as to render his condition insupportable. So, after all, we take it, God knew best. Shortly previous to this comforting revery, he published his funeral sermon with various discourses upon the deaths of some of his children, and "scattered them among the People of God." The general title is: *Meat out of the Eater;* or *Funeral-Discourses, occasioned by the Death of several Relatives.*

Sad and dreary, indeed, are these days. Not a week passes without at least one day set apart for prayer and fasting, at which times, as is customary with him, he cries to the Lord from the dust. "Before the late weeks of my Life," he writes, "I had rarely known any Tears, except those that were for the Joy of the Salvation of God. But now, scarce a Day passes me without a Flood of Tears, and my Eyes even decay with weeping." But we read on: "One Day, considering how frequently and foolishly Widowers miscarry, and by their Miscarriage dishonor God. I earnestly with Tears be-

sought the Lord, *that he would please to favour me, so far as to kill me, rather than to leave me unto anything that might bring any remarkable Dishonour unto His Holy Name.* (Within a few Minutes, I found myself grow very ill; I thought myself arrested with an high Feavour; I suspected, that the Lord was going to take me at my own Word. But now, I perceived it was nothing but *Vapours.*)"

III

Mather's wife has not been dead three months when an astonishing trial begins. He regards it as a Satanic snare to induce him to commit acts which will culminate in the remarkable dishonor he fears. He is now forty years old. A girl not much more than twenty, "a very aiery Person," whose reputation is not all it should be, first writes to him, then visits him, and finally begs him to marry her. She insists that her eternal salvation is at stake. His description of his habits as continual fasts, tears, and macerating devotions serves only to fortify her desire. Fearful that her proposal will meet with unsurmountable objections from all those who have an interest in him, he decides that if he cannot make her his own, he will at least be instrumental in giving her to the Lord. "I turned my Discourse, and my Design into that Channel"; he relates, "and with as exquisite Artifice as I could use, I made my Essayes to engage her young Soul into Piety." But the young lady wants to belong to him as well as to the Lord, and so ingeniously does she renew her importunities that her courtship becomes his "special soul-harassing Point." His fasts, vigils, and humiliations follow one another rapidly as he, in great distress, searches for the proper course to steer. He wonders what Jesus, Himself, would do in a like situation. No woman in America has a more polite education, he feels, besides which she is one of rare wit and sense, and of a comely aspect. What should he do? With fervency, agony, and floods of tears he cries to the Lord that she may belong to him. And yet, in his calmer moments he realizes the impossibility of a speedy recovery of her good name. Furthermore, his relatives treat him with "unsupportable Strangeness and Harshness," and the devil, owing him a spite, inspires the townspeople to criticize, gossip, and whisper impertinent stories about him. "I am a most miserable Man," he bewails.

Convinced at last that Satan is trying to entangle him in a match which would prove ruinous to his family and his ministry, and infallibly certain that the Lord, far from wholly casting him off, still intends to use him as a chosen vessel, he decides to reject her and writes her mother to that effect. "I struck my Knife, into the Heart of my Sacrifice," he writes later. Although his guilty conscience is appeased by this decision, a sense of loss and futility envelop him. His carnal desires, now thwarted, insinuate themselves into him in the guise of Satanic malice. He laments, "Was ever man more tempted, than the miserable *Mather!* Should I tell, in how many Forms the Divel has assaulted me, and with what Subtilty and Energy, his Assaults have been carried on, it would strike my Friends with Horrour." So violent are the assaults that the very foundations of his religion shake. "Sometimes, Temptations to *Impurities*"; he continues, "and sometimes to Blasphemy, and Atheism, and the Abandonment of all Religion, as a meer Delusion; and sometimes, to self-Destruction itself. These, even these, O miserable *Mather*, do follow thee, with an astonishing Fury." But at such times, as we by now anticipate, he drops into the ever-present dust of his study and soon all is well.

An "unspotted Widowhood" is the condition that Mather would now prefer. His father and friends, however, feel otherwise, and press upon him a more suitable return to the married state. For the time being, with his temptations largely shunted into religious channels,

he is subject to the most astonishing dispensations of Heaven showered upon him —"one of the greatest Sinners, upon Earth." Prayers, fasts, humiliations, resignations, and supplications form a big part of his daily life. Ecstatic raptures exhaust his spirits, make him weak and sick, and force him to withdraw from them lest he swoon. "Oh! what is my God going to do with me!" he cries. "Is this the Issue of the dreadful Temptations which have been upon me! My God, I am astonished! I am astonished!"

He soon discovers what boon is in store for him. In July, 1703, God shows him "a Gentlewoman of Piety and Probity," and what is of utmost importance, of unspotted reputation. She is a widow, Elizabeth Hubbard, honorably descended and related, known for her wit, sense, sweetness of temper, and discretion in ordering a household. A comely person she is, in whom he claimed—his son Samuel later related—to have great spoil. The rejected young lady, upon hearing of this new affair, falls into a rage, and threatening to be a thorn in his side, contrives all possible ways to vex, affront, and disgrace him and thereby to thwart his plans. In this predicament Mather carries her to the Lord so successfully that in a few days she sends a promise not to molest him further. So the conversations with the lovely person to whom God has directed him "go on, with pure, chast, noble Strokes." The universal satisfaction of the people of God in town and country "perfectly amazes" him.

Their marriage, consummated August 18, 1703, brings to pass another long hiatus in the available records of Mather's domestic affairs. One meager entry in his diary states that it would be to his wife's advantage to take copious notes on the sermons she hears, a common and expected practice of that day. Toward the end of 1713 she dies, her death followed shortly by those of his servant and three children.

In March, 1714–5, we find him courting Lydia Lee, another widow, whose husband died four months previously. Only by means of a helpful intermediary does Mather finally win and wed her in July of that year. A scandal had begun to brew, and she had peremptorily forbidden him to write or speak of marriage.

Mather, now at the age of fifty-two, enters upon his third marriage, which develops, for his wife and himself, into stark tragedy. Scarcely is the ceremony over when he becomes gravely concerned over her mental condition. For some years, as he records later, she has suffered grievous outbreakings of her proud passions. Unable to recall one impatient word of his, she has fallen into a rapid succession of violent paroxysms in the course of which she has insulted him with the basest outrages. Mather feared she was either possessed or insane. Barrett Wendell in his *Cotton Mather* regarded her as mad. The evidence, of course, is entirely one-sided, and I doubt if more should be deduced from it than that she suffered from a rather acute psychosis brought on by her unsuccessful effort to transfer her sexual vitality into a religious fervor conforming to that of her husband's. If the frustration of her normal impulses did unbalance her mind to such a degree that it should be regarded as insanity, her misfortune was far from unique among the early New Englanders.

She specifically expresses a venom against his "reserved Memorials, of Experiences in, and Projections for, the Kingdome of GOD." These papers, consisting of contrivances for the better ordering of his walk with God, she finds in "her indecent Romaging" and refuses to restore. "Her base Carriage to me," he resolves, "makes me only write more than else I should have done: and will quicken, yea, mightily augment, my Fruitfulness in the little Remainder of my Pilgrimage."

One of his methods in attempting to overcome her outbursts is to read a chapter to her every morning from such

a book as *Verus Christianismus*. At night, also, he suggests comforting subjects. He records: "Accustoming myself alwayes to fall asleep with a Meditation on some Text, that has in it something of my SAVIOR, I do now, while I am undressing, mention the Text of the Night in the Hearing of my Consort, (and of my Servant, if attending,) with some Thought upon it, that may be worthy to be remembred."

His wife's rages, each followed by a period of serenity in which she exhibits the most ecstatic love for him, become progressively more severe. Fearful lest she should read his reactions which he enters into his diary, he hits upon the expedient of writing them in Latin. A translation of one of them, for July 28, 1724, follows:

> My most unhappy Wife, obsessed and inspired by the Adversary in an extraordinary Manner, has now fallen again into her accustomed Paroxysms and Furies so frequently and with such unwonted Violence, and has reached such a pitch of Madness, that it seems to threaten Ruin to my Ministry and Family. Indeed it has come to a crisis. And if God the Redeemer does not stretch out His Hand to me and lift me from these Waters, I perish, I am overwhelmed, all is over. In the midst of such Woes and Anxieties, whither shall I Turn, except to Thee, O Merciful God, O Christ my Redeemer and everlasting Comforter.

A few nights later such pangs come upon her as to seem to Mather nothing short of a proper Satanic possession. After a thousand unspeakable invectives, he relates, compelling him to rise at midnight and retire to his study where he might pour out his soul to the Lord, she gets up, and calling her "wicked Niece and Maid," they go over to a neighbor's house for a lodging. "Doubtless with numberless Lies, which a Tongue sett on Fire of Hell, would make no Conscience of." She gives as her reason that for a day or two his looks and words have not been so kind as they had been. "A mere Fancy and Whimsey! But the bare telling her so, threw her into these Violences, wherein she charged me with Crimes, which obliged me to rebuke her lying Tongue, with Terms I have not been used unto." Although she returns, he resolves no longer to dote as he has done upon a person who treats him "with such a matchless Ingratitude, and Malignity."

And so matters remained until his death, February 13, 1727–8, the day after his sixty-fifth birthday. His wife and two of his fifteen children survived him.

Easy as it would be to characterize Cotton Mather as a ranting moralizer or, as he has been called, a credulous old fool, it would be neither sound nor just to pluck him ruthlessly out of his surroundings and to dissect him in the light of our own times. Needless to say, many of us, supposedly sensible, will be regarded as worse than foolish in considerably less than two centuries. In projecting ourselves into his environment, however, I do not for one second intend to exculpate him for his attitude toward women. Idiotic by our standards, many of his contemporaries either snickered at his heavenly ways or openly berated his stereotyped persuasions. Vital to the New England of 1630, the beliefs to which he adhered were, if not evaporating altogether, congealing gradually into a formal tradition. The liberal element, augmented by each new generation, had in the course of his life definitely broken the back of the old theocracy. Mather, not only aware of the principles of other times and other peoples, both recognized and deplored the transition about him. Granting free will, he could have chosen allegiance to this progressive element, and in so doing he could have, if he had wished, reacted more humanly in his marital relationships. But early in life bound by his inherent and inherited prejudices, he remained to the end orthodox and loyal to the convictions which inspired and controlled the founding of New England.

FORMULA

A STORY

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS

"I LONG to be bound—in chains of love," sang Mr. Tuxbury at the piano and, leaning over, he echoed his voice on the keyboard with a burst of glittering arpeggios. He gazed at the ceiling. "I long to be bound—" he began again as if it were quite a new idea.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish smiled at his back sympathetically from the sofa. "Do you indeed? How very interesting," her round childish face and raised eyebrows seemed to express. For Mrs. Duncan-Mellish was always intensely and amiably interested in everything. Any idea that happened to come within the radius of her mind, whether it was a preference for salt to sugar on canteloup or a theory of evolution, she absorbed eagerly and with the impartiality of a vacuum cleaner.

Nicholas Dowling sat slouched in his chair, his elbows on its arms. He was thoughtfully biting both thumbs of his loosely clasped hands, and the smoke from a cigarette held between his fingers rose in a perpetual, gently wavering line of gray. So obviously is he the hero of this picture, thought Helena, that it seems rather a pity that I have provided no heroine for him. To Nicholas, Helena was well aware, such people as Mrs. Duncan-Mellish and Mr. Tuxbury were completely unimportant—merely the necessary but dark and inconspicuous threads that held the fabric of society together so that such as he might weave a pattern on it. Even Eudora, though assuredly of the heroine age, he had politely but persistently ignored after his first sight of her the day before at the station in her elaborate, flower-trimmed hat, her long brown coat, hanging from her shoulders like a little girl's coat, with all the buttons buttoned, and her shoes that were neither determinedly masculine nor exquisitely feminine but just a pair of shoes.

And now Eudora, with her big slippered feet crossed under her chair, was listening to Mr. Tuxbury's efforts with the grave expression of responsibility on her face appropriate to a critic whose frank opinion will soon be demanded. Just like that, Helena reflected, Shakespeare might have looked if someone could have read Harold Bell Wright to him. She was, however, plainly trying to give the devil his due, and certainly Mr. Tuxbury was the very devil of a singer. And, since Eudora, as far as singing went, was undoubtedly recorded among the angels, what small due the devil might receive couldn't matter to her.

What is it, pondered Helena, what is that indefinable something that sorts us out, that puts such people as Mrs. Duncan-Mellish and Eudora in a separate basket from Nicholas and—yes, and me? We use an entirely different formula for life. That must be the reason. That is why we cover with a light glaze of irony everything that they treat with deadly seriousness and they think the merest nonsense all that is important to us. We toss things about; they clutch them. We don't even use the same vocabulary. They say perfumery; we say perfume. We say stockings; they, my God, say

hosiery! Hosiery, authoress, underwear, artistic—they were perfectly good words, why did they make her shiver? Do our words make them shiver, she wondered. No, they shivered often enough, but it was not the sound but the meaning of words that made them do it.

"For I am weary—for I am weary of freedom," announced Mr. Tuxbury melodiously.

Helena raised her head and looked out into the night, hanging like a curtain of black velvet behind the big arched windows. What a silly statement, she thought, for even a song to make. There was nothing so delicious, so permanently intoxicating as freedom. Anyone who had lived for a week with a retired general would realize that; and she had lived with one for fifteen years! Poor old General! How he would have disapproved of bland, roly poly Mr. Tuxbury with the black ribbon dangling from his monocle, who called her "Princess"; how he would have roared at the idea of her sending Eudora's voice and Eudora, necessarily, with it to Europe.

"In chains of lo—" Mr. Tuxbury's voice, in obvious conclusion, seemed loath to leave the word love. It wandered about in it from note to note, ever growing in strength. Finally, when Mr. Tuxbury's lungs could do no more, he snapped it short and with a final chord turned round on the piano stool, beaming, though somewhat out of breath.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish will say "charming," predicted Helena.

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, discreetly clapping her hands.

Helena rose and walked down the long room to the piano. She felt delightfully happy for no reason at all. Her dress was a mischievous parody on the clothes worn by the ladies of the sixties. It billowed from her round waist in extravagant silver folds, and she looked, she knew, like a gay little bell. She could almost hear herself tinkle as she walked.

"Thank you so very much, Mr. Tuxbury. Your accompaniment was marvelous—too," she added hastily.

"Oh, Princess," lisped Mr. Tuxbury, "that, I fear, is my role in life—to accompany, to try to play as well as I can the second part." He sighed, then beamed up at her, swinging back and forth on the piano stool.

"How sweet!" murmured Mrs. Duncan-Mellish.

"Your middle register," announced Eudora portentously, "is very good but I think—"

"There is nothing the matter with any of his registers that I can see," Helena interrupted with indignation. Really, it was too absurd! She simply would not have Eudora, whose knowledge was so far merely intuitive and whose superiority was more a matter of physiology than anything else, patronizing poor Mr. Tuxbury's registers.

"Perhaps not," continued Eudora, patiently, "I merely wanted to suggest that he might find it easier if he did it in a lower key, like this—" She sang the first bars of the song softly, and immediately it became quite a different thing, as if an artist, with broad, careless strokes, had gone over a faint and timid drawing and made it leap suddenly into significance.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish's eagerness, for the moment somewhat deflated, instantly ballooned out again toward Eudora. "Are *you* a singer, dear Miss Thompson? How interesting!" And Eudora smiled depreciatingly, a smile that implied a certain weary contempt for Mrs. Duncan-Mellish's ignorance as well as a good-natured forgiveness of it.

"I warble a little," she admitted.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish glanced about her mysteriously and brightly, then, as if on an irresistible impulse, she rose, dropping her lorgnettes, her shawl, and her bag. Nicholas Dowling sprang to them at once. For, true to his ideal of a gentleman, no matter what else he might do, though he might completely ignore a woman, make her feel ridiculous and utterly unworthy of his interest, at least

she could always rest assured that she need never stoop to pick up any object of hers that had fallen to the floor.

"Do you think," whispered Mrs. Duncan-Mellish in Helena's ear, "that she could be persuaded to give us one—just one tiny little song? Do ask her, Helena."

"None of them are very tiny," Helena replied. Eudora, with eyes carefully averted, appeared to be interested in nothing but the pattern of the lamp shade at her elbow. "Will you, Eudora?"

Eudora turned from the lamp shade, smiled and blinked her eyes. Her face expressed a mild bewilderment.

"Sing, dearest, sing," said Helena. "You ought to know by this time that when anyone says, 'will you?' to you, they mean will you sing."

"Well—if it would give you any pleasure," replied Eudora reluctantly.

"It would. It would indeed!" chimed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish.

"Would it give you any pleasure, Nick?" asked Helena.

"I'd be delighted, of course."

"Would it give you any pleasure, Mr. Tuxbury?"

Mr. Tuxbury bowed. "Princess, in me you see one who has managed to retain a childlike faith. I am always certain before I hear any singing that it will give me pleasure."

"There!" cried Helena triumphantly, leading Eudora to the piano. "Who could say more than that?"

Eudora shuffled her music, frowning at the titles. "Are you familar with this?" she asked, handing it to Helena.

"*Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt*," she read. "You who know only longing. That sounds wonderful."

"I don't play my accompaniments," said Eudora. "Would you mind, Mr. Tuxbury?"

With alacrity, Mr. Tuxbury took his place at the piano again, and Eudora leaned over his shoulder explaining in a low tone what she wished of him.

"After this—this singing is over, come for a walk with me, won't you, Helena?" said Nicholas. "There's a moon."

Helena laughed. "After this—this singing is over you may not want me to. Besides, I can't possibly make plans so far ahead."

And then, after a few preliminary chords from Mr. Tuxbury, Eudora's voice filled the room. It was clear-colored and firm and it had the smooth concentrated power of a swift-moving volume of water before it falls and bursts into foam. Always round, always absolutely intact, it swelled from the merest skein of sound to a thick columnlike power, diminishing again and increasing with the perfect control of a wave in midocean. It seemed incredible that Eudora, in her fussy dress of mustard-yellow, trimmed ludicrously with blue, could be the instrument of such calm, unpolluted loveliness. What a pity, thought Helena, watching her, that her chin has to wobble like that as she flings out those large beautiful notes, and if only she wouldn't close her eyes and clasp her hands in front of her and lay them on her heart! Of course, to Eudora such attitudes were quite as important as the music, and certainly singing was seldom becoming to anyone. Fortunately Nicholas didn't notice it. After his first startled look of surprise at the beauty of Eudora's voice, he had turned round and was leaning with his hands on the mantlepiece looking into the fire. How well he understood longing, the desire of the moth for the star sort of thing, since he had always had everything that he wanted on earth. This was telling him of something beyond that, of a thirst for thirst, a longing for a hunger that couldn't be satisfied and so would never have behind it, as had his other inclinations, too easily satisfied, something of the clutter and confusion of emptied tea cups.

Helena could see that he was now discovering Eudora, ignoring the fact that she had already discovered her first, and taking as much satisfaction in it as if he were director of an opera house. After this Eudora's platitudes and her heavy "society girl" airs that were so obviously

synthetic would not matter to him. He would ignore all that as he would dust on a piece of sculpture and look upon her with the reverence and awe that educated sons of blatantly practical self-made men always feel toward the mysterious followers of art.

Lucky Eudora, to have been lifted, dangling, by the balloon of her voice, into Nicholas Dowling's esteem!

On a cluster of notes, vibrant, darkly tragic, like the music of a cello, the song melted away and Eudora, after a moment as if released by a spring, became all smiles in anticipation of the inevitable complimentary remarks.

"Good heavens," cried Mr. Tuxbury, "that almost bowled me over! Princess, you naughty Princess, why didn't you tell us what we had in our midst?"

"Did you like it?" asked Eudora, smiling sweetly at him and endeavoring as far as possible to be obtusely modest.

"I liked it very much," said Mr. Tuxbury with a sigh, and he mopped his high forehead with his handkerchief.

"It was perfectly charming," cooed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, discreetly clapping her hands again. She was a little uncertain. If Eudora had been an acknowledged prima donna, her enthusiasm would have been unbounded, no matter what she had done. For Mrs. Duncan-Mellish was not at all a pioneer. She preferred to travel in the rear and wave aloft reputations long after the pioneers had dropped them. And without that tremendous rear guard, to whom reputation means more than accomplishment, how all artists a little past their prime would suffer!

"That," said Helena, "is what I call singing. What do you call it, Nick?"

"I call it a revelation," he answered somberly. He walked to Eudora and stood looking down at her to her evident embarrassment. "Your voice is glorious," he said at last.

"I'm awfully glad you liked it," she answered effusively.

"Tell me," he went on, as if it were of the utmost importance for him of all people to know, "when did you begin? Have you always sung, even as a child?"

And Eudora told him at length and in great detail. She had sung in the choir of a church in the little western town where she was born. The choir master had taken a tremendous interest in her from the first—purely platonic, of course. She had come to New York. Her heart-breaking struggles alone in a great city . . .

A little early for all this, reflected Helena. Still, as the time will come when it will be useful to her and she will perhaps have to write it for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, she might as well know how to go through the motions.

"Dear Mr. Tuxbury, come, sit beside me," called Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, patting an adjoining chair. "You can't hear what Miss Thompson is saying. It's frightfully interesting."

"I refuse to leave the piano stool," announced Mr. Tuxbury, clutching it wildly with both hands. "Must we descend to talk after tasting the food of the gods?"

"Food of the gods?" inquired Mrs. Duncan-Mellish.

"Music." He held out a plump hand to Eudora. "Dear lady, lift us to the heights again."

"Yes, do," pleaded Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, meaning not at all that; "some sweet amusing little thing this time. Do you know the one about the cuckoo who sings, 'I am my father's only son?' That's always charming."

"Oh, yes," said Eudora, "but unfortunately, I didn't bring it with me. I have one here. It's called 'The Birdie's Ball.' It's rather funny." She turned over the music at the end of the piano.

"'The Birdie's Ball'! Good heavens!" Nicholas at the fireplace again, savagely scratched a match, then blew it out. "Why does she play up to her like that?" he whispered fiercely. "Why doesn't she tell her where to get off?"

"She isn't playing up to her," Helena whispered back.

She rose swiftly and with determina-

tion took "The Birdie's Ball" out of Eudora's hands. "No, not that. Rachmaninoff's 'Silent Night,' please. See, the night is outside and it's awfully silent. We'll all go to the terrace and listen." She found the music and put it before Mr. Tuxbury.

"What a feeling you have for dramatic effect, Princess." His fingers still played softly as he looked up at her with one eye enlarged and gleaming through his monocle.

"Haven't I, though—or rather, I like to see things go up as far as they can before they are knocked down." She glanced over her shoulder at the fireplace.

"You have become," he said, "enigmatic. You are suddenly cryptic, Bellissima."

She laughed. "Don't you know what I mean?"

"I only know," he said in a low voice, under the sound of four deep chords, "that I adore you."

"Mr. Tuxbury, that's exactly the kind of ignorance that I like." She threw open the long French windows. "Come."

The paved terrace, bordered by a low stone wall, hung above the little lake that gleamed far below in the moonlight. The trees were a tumbled mass of black shadows everywhere, sloping steeply down from the wall, clotting the hills, and surrounding the lake. The smooth dark-blue sky was misted and jeweled with stars.

"Oh," sighed Helena softly, stretching out her bare arms. It was difficult to realize, even now, that all this belonged to her.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, wrapped in a shawl, appeared at the lighted window. "How charming!" she exclaimed. "You have shown quite remarkable good taste here, Helena."

"Thank you so much," Helena said as she brought her a chair. "Though I can hardly take any credit for this, can I?"

"It was done," said Nicholas, "by the great exterior decorator." And he seated himself on the wall with his back to a pot of hydrangeas.

"Really. How interesting," exclaimed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish. "Please don't fall off that wall, Mr. Dowling."

"No, don't, Nick," said Helena, "not just now. I feel that you wouldn't stop until you had landed in the lake and you would miss the song."

"I'm all right," said Nicholas shortly.

"That sweet lake," Mrs. Duncan-Mellish murmured. "Do you ever swim in it? My husband is such a good swimmer. He can stay under water literally for hours. You would hardly think it possible that a man of his size —" But a ripple of music from the drawing-room interrupted her. She nodded eagerly to Helena as if to say, "Never mind. It's all right. I'll tell you about it later."

And now there floated about them in the darkness, like long fading trails of light, a song that fell on the consciousness of Mrs. Duncan-Mellish with as complete a lack of response as the rains of spring on the brittle stalks of last year's grasses. It had, in fact, almost as little effect on Helena, that dark and tragic cry of longing—longing—for what? Merely for another human being who never could be possibly worth such utter self-abasement and concentration. How weary it made her now, even to think of love and its terrible exaggerations, weary and faintly disgusted. "And I thank goodness," she thought, as she lay back with her hands behind her head and looked at Nicholas Dowling's shadow, confused in the shadows of hydrangeas, "though goodness has nothing to do with it—that it does."

But she understood very well that the song was turning to poetry the emotions of Nicholas and voicing for him the nearness of something inexpressibly wonderful. "Far into the night I call your name that all the night may hear." Whose name was he thinking of? It was probably as yet a sort of combination name. Even Eudora might be in it; not

the real Eudora but the girl that her voice with the help of Rachmaninoff made him think she was. She hoped that Eudora would not stay in it long enough to find out she was there.

The closing bars of the song hung on the air and then, after a moment of silence, Mr. Tuxbury appeared, leading Eudora by the finger tips. He bowed elaborately to her, to the terrace. Eudora too bowed, playfully and clumsily.

"Where is the applause?" he cried, "that should clatter about us like rain from a burst cloud? Where, oh where?"

"Clown!" came an explosive whisper from the hydrangeas.

The raw mustard of Eudora's dress was now mercifully dimmed by the moonlight to a soft grayish gold, and the bulbous knobs of her dark hair melted into the surrounding darkness so that her pale face with its strong black eyebrows stood out in contrast as if it were banded by the becoming coif of a nun.

"I hope that you won't feel the night air out here, dear Miss Thompson," said Mrs. Duncan-Mellish with tender solicitude. "We must think of that precious throat of yours."

"That's true," answered Eudora. "Perhaps I had better have my scarf. Will you get it for me, Mr. Tuxbury? Though I find," she added, "that if I gargle every night with salt and water. it keeps my throat in good condition and guards against every possible infection."

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish's interest was immediately aroused. This, somehow, was like going behind the scenes in a theater. Salt and water, think of that! Just the simple home remedy of our grandmothers. She turned to Helena. She had a prescription given her by her doctor. It was mildly antiseptic. Did Helena think that Miss Thompson would care to—

Nicholas leaned forward. "Let's go down and take a look at the lake," he said to Eudora in a low voice.

"Why, that would be perfectly lovely!" Eudora exclaimed loudly. She wrapped the scarf twice about her neck and looked thereby more nunlike than ever. "Mr. Dowling suggests that we walk down to the lake. Would any of you care to join us?"

"No, thank you," said Helena, "we like the lake better from here." Anxiously, she watched them disappear down the broad stone steps. She really ought to have gone with them, but was anything worth that trouble and the ruination of her slippers? No, assuredly, nothing was, not even Nicholas Dowling. With a sigh, she leaned back again and smiled into Mr. Tuxbury's glittering monocle.

Helena, in a negligée of dull corn-colored silk, sat before her dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror What had been the General's characteristic definition of women? That they were "semi-corpses covered with paint." Oh, all right. Determinedly she reached for a little box of blue and silver enamel, and dabbed rouge on her cheeks.

Behind her, away from the shaded light over her dressing table, her room stretched, cool, shadowy, luxurious. Nothing superfluous was there, no confusion or ornamentation to distract and irritate. Cool gray, with straight determined touches of lime green, it was as calm and to the point as a well-ordered mind—the very antithesis of the room that she had shared with the General for so many years. That one had been red with chocolate-colored woodwork. Heavy red curtains had draped the windows and a round table, always covered with a tan cloth, had stood in the middle of it with the General's Morris chair beside it. There had been innumerable figures of Buddha, big Buddhas, and little Buddhas, squatting on the mantelpiece, their fat backs reflected in the mirror. The General had collected them and, apparently, never saw any incongruity between his own perpetual state of heated indignation and their sleepy, slant-eyed complacency.

She had kept three or four of the most cheerful ones and now she blew a kiss at them as she got into bed.

Beside her, on the table, was a book that had been a favorite of the General's, *Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy*, and, after lighting the light over her head, she began to turn over its pages. She hadn't the slightest idea who the Cartesians might be but it amused her to see how the General had attempted to bark at them with a heavy lead pencil.

"If we are content to regard a cause as that which always precedes an effect, then only a mind that is united to a body can cause anything; and, in this union, matter has as much influence on mind as mind on matter." *Bunk*, the General had written on the margin of this in large black letters, followed by three exclamation points.

But the Cartesians went on, calmly ignoring him, "Such casual interaction of soul and body is *conclusively proved* and the denial of it is an instance to what arbitrary denial of the most evident facts the pretense of comprehending casual connection will lead us." *Ha, ha!* laughed the General at this, sardonically at the bottom of the page. But it really was, after all, quite wonderfully profound of him to have understood it. Helena felt a faint return of her old respect for the General's mind.

Suddenly, there was a loud and determined knock on her door, not at all the tentative knock that one might expect at one o'clock in the morning.

"Come in," she called.

Eudora appeared, in her dressing gown and a boudoir cap. "Oh, you are not asleep!" she exclaimed.

"I don't think so," said Helena.

Eudora closed the door behind her with solemnity and crossed to the bed. She seated herself on Helena's left foot.

"Do take that arm chair," suggested Helena. "You will be more comfortable."

With an air of being only annoyed by such details, Eudora drew up the chair and sat down in it. Her dressing gown, Helena noticed with interest, was covered with little black kittens on a pink ground. Along Eudora's shoulders, down her chest, over her knees, the kittens playfully sported, chasing their tails, tumbling out of baskets, sparring at one another in boxing gloves. At the hem there was a pathetic welter of bodyless tails and decapitated heads.

"I had to come here to-night to talk things over with you," she said. "You must tell me," she went on after a pause, "what to do with my life."

"My dear Eudora," gasped Helena.

"I have come to a crisis," Eudora continued, "the parting of the ways."

"But I don't know what you mean. What on earth can you do with your life but live it?"

Eudora was silent, pleating the kittens nervously on her knee. A crisis—people like Eudora were always being confronted by crises that wouldn't matter at all to anyone else. And how they enjoyed them, how they revelled in the appearance of Something Important to talk over instead of the pointless conversations of every day!

"I know you don't understand, Helena, and I'll tell you in a minute, but I am a little unstrung to-night so you must be patient with me. I am trying to decide whether to give up my career and all it means to me or—or to marry Mr. Dowling."

"Marry Mr.—Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No, but . . ." Here Eudora raised her head, her eyes were dark with tragic intensity. She puckered her lips and widened her nostrils. She even seemed to breathe with difficulty. What is she going to say, thought Helena, with alarm. "He—he kissed me."

"Oh."

"So of course he loves me and wants to marry me."

"In the little western town where the church was, and the choir master and everything, does a kiss always mean an engagement?"

"Of course," answered Eudora, with

dignity, "among the right kind of people, people of honor."

Helena looked at her in silence a moment. Poor Nicholas! Yet she was very much annoyed with him just the same. He might have known that if he interfered with the strong narrow course of Eudora's life he would pile up a crisis on himself.

"I have no mother," Eudora went on, and at the word mother her voice trembled appropriately, "so I have come to you instead."

"Thank you," said Helena, and she made some mental calculations. Yes, she could be, and wasn't it funny to think of it! Ought she to get out of bed and sit in the arm chair with Eudora's head on her knee, and run her fingers through her hair?

"I'll do my best to advise you," she said, "though I'm not very good at it. Anyway, you can console yourself by the thought that if you had a mother, she would be the last person you would go to."

"No, Helena, I have never felt the need of a mother as I do at this moment. Would he," she asked, coming to the point again, "make me a good husband?"

"A good husband—Nicholas? It all depends on what you—He would leave you alone, and that, I think, is the most desirable quality in a husband."

Eudora frowned slightly and waved her hand. "There is this to be considered. You see, I feel that I am, in spite of my genius, essentially a home body. I could find great joy in working for him and bearing him strong healthy children. And isn't that," she demanded earnestly, "the greatest service a woman can give to mankind?"

Strong healthy children. Yes, those were the proper words to use. Eudora's mind was like one of those framed quotations, bordered by flowers, those mild panaceas for the aches of feeble souls, that people hang up in bedrooms. Stalwart sons, beautiful daughters. Eudora, grown placid and matronly, surrounded by her gifts to mankind. She tried to fit Nicholas into the background of that picture.

"How do you know," she asked at last, "that they would be so healthy?"

Impatiently Eudora clenched her fists. "Be serious, Helena," she said angrily, "for once." She rose and paced up and down the room. "Here I do you the—well, you might call it the honor, to come to you with the most serious question of my life and you—"

She raised her arms in an exasperated gesture to the ceiling and dropped them limply. "Listen," she said, coming to the foot of the bed, "down there by the lake when he—he kissed me, I was ready to give him all I have."

"My word!" exclaimed Helena, sitting up and, for the first time, laying aside her book.

"I mean my career, the fame and wealth that would come to me. I was ready to lay all that at his feet."

"But he wouldn't want them at his feet. The more fame and wealth and things that you had, the better he would like you. You might as well think of giving him a work box."

"But I love Mr.—I love Nicholas with all my heart and soul," she said dramatically, "and when love comes into one's life, Helena, though you may not know it, everything else flies away."

"Oh, for goodness sake, Eudora," said Helena, "don't be so—" Lush was the word, though she didn't say it. She was so awfully lush. "How can you love him with all your heart and soul when you never saw him before yesterday? Besides, has it occurred to you that he might not share this feeling?"

"He does. He does," said Eudora vehemently.

"He took you," Helena went on, "all wrapped in the glamour of your song, to the lake, and you sat there and, I've no doubt, talked about the stars and the mystery of night and things like that, so of course he kissed you. To Nicholas, moonlight and water and a kiss just naturally go together, and they ought to, too."

Eudora drew herself up with dignity. "You are trying to hurt me, Helena. But," she added proudly, "you can't hurt me. I know what he is. On the surface he pretends to be frivolous and flippant the way you are, but down underneath he is noble and fine. I am the only person who really understands him."

"If he told you that," said Helena, "then I was wrong. Marry him."

"He didn't, but I know."

Of course, Nicholas could very well get himself out of this. He could simply refuse. But Helena felt a strange interest in keeping Eudora's pride, so abnormally large and sturdy, intact. If she could manage things so that Eudora might make some sort of a grand renunciation, how she would enjoy it! She would live on it for years. Perhaps—

"Eudora," she said after a pause, "I'm really awfully sleepy. If you will meet me at the boathouse to-morrow at—at half-past four, I'll tell you my opinions about it."

"Oh, you want to think it over?"

Helena nodded. "Yes."

"Very well," she said, "I'll go back to my room. Although I know *I* shan't sleep a wink."

"A wink wouldn't do much good anyway, would it?" said Helena.

She gazed after her as she went out and shut the door. Poor Eudora! Anyway, she decided as she turned out the light, she is right about one thing. Her voice is about all she has and she'd better stick to it.

An awning, striped in orange and black, stretched over the boathouse and under it, Helena and Nicholas sat in brilliant wicker chairs with a tea table between them. At their left was a heavy oak door, leading to the dim place where the boats were kept, and back of them and to their right, were the entrances to the bath houses, cut into the cement walls and hung with curtains of orange denim. Before them the lake gleamed, a sheet of platinum in the afternoon sun.

"Are you glad I asked you to come here, Nicholas?" said Helena, "and do you like your tea and the funny little crumpets?"

"I like them enormously, but why *did* you ask me here?" He stopped stirring his tea and looked at her. "Are you going to scold me?"

"Scold you? Good heavens!" She laughed. "To-day, Nicholas, I am quite a different person. No longer am I the nice woman who would have been such a good friend of your mother's. To-day, you must think me young and beautiful."

"You are," he said, gravely.

"I'm forty-three."

"Forty-three!" he gasped. It was easy to see that he thought of those on the other side of forty as people of that age think of the spirits who have passed to another land. "Are you, honestly?"

"As honestly as possible," she replied. "But it is queer. I feel it myself. You know, Nicholas, that florists sometimes put a plant in the ice chest to keep it back so that it will flower late. The General was my ice chest. So here am I, a lone crocus, blooming among the delphiniums and all the other iniums of August. Funny, isn't it?"

"Every girl ought to be put in an ice chest if that's the result," he said gallantly.

She shivered. "No, ice chests are horrible."

"But you are happy, aren't you?"

"Now I am. I should think so."

"We all ought to be happy," he said, reaching for another crumpet, "only it's so damned difficult." He bit into the crumpet meditatively. "The great thing is, I suppose, to know what you are aiming for and to go to it in a straight line. But you start blindfolded, like children at a donkey party. They turn you round and round to make you dizzy. There are all sorts of distractions from the side lines and then, where do you end? Generally by pinning the tail on a curtain or a corner of the book case."

"Well, what does it matter?" said Helena. "If you pinned it in the right place, someone would only come and take it off again. Nothing is worth bothering about. That's what I think."

"If there were no people in the world," he went on after a silence, "perhaps it would be easier."

"That's not very flattering."

"I mean nobody but you and me."

"Who would give us our breakfast?"

"We might keep a grape-fruit tree."

"And a coffee brook," she added. "I couldn't do without that."

He lighted a cigarette, then leaned back lazily, with his hands behind his head.

"Listen, Helena," he said after a pause. "'Do you hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore?' Nice, isn't it?"

"Yes, I hear it," she said, "and the two boats rocking with soft bumps in the boathouse make it even nicer." She glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"It's wonderful here with you," he went on. "I feel as if time had stopped, as if nothing would ever happen again."

Suddenly Helena rose and stood looking down at him. "Unfortunately, time hasn't stopped," she said. "In fact the hour has struck."

"What hour?"

"Half-past four."

"Well, let it," he replied.

"But, Nick—I'm really awfully sorry to bother you, but something has got to happen right away."

She looked up and on the bank above saw a glimpse of blue moving through the trees. Of course, Eudora would be prompt. "You must kiss me, Nicholas—quickly," she added breathlessly.

He looked at her a moment with raised eyebrows and stood up. Almost audibly, his good opinion of her as the one woman who could have that sort of thing yet didn't want that sort of thing crashed into a thousand pieces.

"Why quickly?" he asked deliberately.

"Quickly—quickly," she insisted.

He took her left hand in his and raised it to his lips, smiling. Then, suddenly, she felt herself enveloped in an uncomfortable smother of brown tweed. He raised her chin and kissed her quite beautifully.

"Helena!" boomed out a deep and shocked contralto from the top of the steps.

Guiltily, Helena sprang away from Nicholas' embrace. "Eudora," she stammered, "I—I didn't expect you so soon."

"It's half-past four."

"Is it?" she asked in confusion. "Is it really? We were just—the time passed so quickly. Won't you come down and have a cup of tea?"

"Tea!" repeated Eudora, scornfully, "can you speak of tea at such a time!"

"It is a little early for it," said Helena. She straightened her hat.

Eudora fastened her eyes on Nicholas. She descended the steps slowly and stood in front of him. "I demand an explanation."

"There isn't any," said Helena quickly. "He just likes me. I'm awfully sorry, Eudora, but you mustn't mind—"

"So that," she said furiously to Nicholas, "is what you are! Do you think that a girl like me could have anything to do with you after this?

"Don't be too hard on him, Eudora," pleaded Helena.

"He doesn't deserve any mercy. I'm through with him." She turned to Helena. "And with you, too. A woman of your age—I scorn you both. What do you know of the big things of life? You merely fritter about like butterflies and trample on people's hearts."

"Eudora, we couldn't fritter and trample at the same time," said Helena.

"You have broken my faith in human nature—in everything," continued Eudora, "and you merely stand there and laugh!"

"I'm not laughing," said Nicholas. "Do sit down and have some tea with us. I'll light the kettle again." He searched in his pockets for matches.

"It doesn't do any good for you to try to win me back by such methods. I'm through with you forever. I'll never see or speak to you again."

"But, Eudora," said Helena, "how can you help seeing him? Are you going away?"

"I *am* going away," replied Eudora, "on the next train."

"I'll go on the next train instead, if you'd rather," Nicholas suggested.

"You may do what you please. I certainly shall shake the dust of this place from my feet." She went up the steps and turned, looking down at them. "Good-by," she threw at them explosively, in a sort of muffled shout through clenched teeth.

"Oh, dear," sighed Helena. She sank into a chair, took off her hat and rumpled her short hair. "It must be awful to be like that."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Nicholas. "She didn't mean that *I* broke all that, did she?"

"She did," said Helena. "And now that she has had an unhappy love affair she will sing even better."

"An unhappy love affair—" repeated Nicholas in bewilderment. "With me?"

"Yes. You and she love each other with all your hearts and souls; didn't you know that? But you proved unworthy of her, so she threw you down, though you pleaded for forgiveness. And then, your heart went to smash too. It does put you in rather an ignominious position."

"Is she going to give up her trip to Europe?"

"She is not," Helena replied decidedly. "I know Eudora."

He sat down and looked at the floor a moment in silence. "Thanks, Helena," he said, "for launching that ship."

She laughed. "You're very welcome, but don't expect a thousand."

"Do you know what I think would be nice," he said suddenly. "I think that, since Miss Eudora Thompson has thrown me over, it would be nice if *you* married me, don't you?"

"No," she answered sharply, "I don't think that would be at all nice."

"But we fritter and trample so delightfully together."

"For goodness sake, Nick, don't be like the leading man in amateur theatricals who falls in love with the amateur leading lady. That was staged, you know."

He leaned back again as before. "Oh, well, 'I shall find some other girl. A better one than you, with lips as soft—'"

"I've no doubt you will." She looked at him with calm eyes. "But after this, Nick, for the love of Mike, use discretion." She picked up her hat. "Now I must go, because if I don't stay with Eudora while she is packing her bags and beg her to take you back, she may decide to forgive you."

"Then," he said, "much as I hate to lose you—"

"You ought to be safe here for a little while. There are no mermaids in the lake."

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed fervently.

FIFTEEN YEARS OUT

BY THOMAS VAN TREES

THE class was in reunion and necessarily was being sentimental about it. Between members fifteen years out there is so much hidden social awkwardness to be broken down, so much diffidence of time, altered circumstances, and temperament that a solvent is required of exceptional warmth and stickiness.

You approach a classmate whom you once knew intimately enough to correspond with during summer vacations. "I suppose you're still practicing law in Omaha?" And you are informed with a slightly reproachful dignity that he has just made—or lost—a fortune promoting Florida real estate. You call a man by the wrong nickname, or hopelessly confuse the identities of two thoroughly separate individuals whom middle age has altered into a slight mutual likeness. Meanwhile, similar things are happening to you.

Suddenly you realize that the situation can be saved only by several drinks of the most powerful Scotch available, by chanting in a mellow unison of throaty tenors and mannerized basses the most moving ballads bequeathed by the romantic campus generations of the '40s and '50s, or by the burlesque antics with which the need for so much sentimentality is futilely disguised. You feel unexpectedly grateful to the fantastic reunion costumes which somehow standardize you out of this sense of separateness backward toward the old relationship.

The class did all these things. With an average age close to forty, it clad itself in uniforms of a superior flamboyance befitting the last hectic burgeoning of the youthful spirit. It drank constantly and brilliantly the terrific liquors of the Volstead era with superb bootleg-trained competence—so that, walking about outdoors in the bright cool of a North Atlantic June and working it off in talk, song, and determinedly oafish conduct, it attained an almost Latin gayety and less than half a dozen cases of plain Nordic souse. It keened innumerable plaintive melodies expressing an affection for the alma mater which, if it ever existed, ought to be psycho-analyzed, or celebrating a degree of mushiness in male friendships which, if realized, would never be mentioned.

It would veer suddenly into furious rites of irresponsible hilarity: break up a tennis match by pelting the contestants with ice cream cones; make a howling ring about a personage of national importance in his specialty charlestoning on a table with the fervor of a stage Hungarian peasant. It would hire a negro orchestra to lead it into still higher reaches of buffoonery. A chance double-meaning in someone's conversation would be repeated until the whole class roared with an agreeable pornographic hysteria. In the middle of the night a group would form out of nowhere and, arm in arm, invade the quarters of other "reuning" classes with ribald song, purloining on the way from some luckless undergraduate's interior decorating scheme a deer's head on a shield, with which the leader would awaken cheerful hosts by jabbing with the antlers the more grotesque portions of their anatomy.

A rowdy but by no means useless resort to studied infantilism. For this conscious overdoing of horse-play and mawkishness made the real reunion possible. It broke down the restraints of fifteen years of separate living, the embarrassments of renewing an old relationship whose loss of vitality might otherwise have depressed us more than its vestiges stimulated. Even when we had to shout above the jazz orchestra, our absurdities gave us something to begin talking about. And, once begun, it was easier to come round to the things which genuinely concerned us. Stock market and domestic confidences, comparisons of realty values in Savannah and Seattle, gossip of our big successes and failures, expositions of our ideas about women, politics, or religion could emerge with the guards down, once our fooling had overcome our sense of strangeness.

Moreover, the sentimentality and the horse-play were essentially honest. They were a genuine confession of what campus associations stand for in an average group of fairly prosperous Americans approaching middle age and for the most part caught up in their final social and vocational destinies.

We were not pretending that those four years on the campus of one of the oldest, wealthiest, most learned, and socially most glamorous of American universities had brought us more than they had. If all they had given us was a certain half-real sentimental unity, certain common and amusing traditions of horse-play, a capacity to discuss golf championships with well-modulated voices, to solve the riddles of politics and the cosmos with nonchalant platitudes, and to lose—possibly beyond our means—at craps with genial mannerisms, we did not try to persuade either ourselves or observers that the results were otherwise. The truth about ourselves as the fruit of the republic's most lavish and genteel experiment in higher academic education might appear to a sociologist from a superior planet disappointing, wasteful, and even absurd. But after our fashion we were loyal to it.

II

Originally there were three hundred of us, and the reunion brought more than half of us back. We were, and still are, a fairly representative group.

There was the boy who dropped in casually from a New Hampshire high school with fifty cents in his pocket and saw the whole four years through. There were boys entitled by ancestry and breeding to call the representatives of all nineteenth-century fortunes upstarts. There were also representatives of those fortunes, and there were boys of the social tradition which regards dancing and euchre-playing as sins.

There were sons of coupon-clipping expatriates who first appeared on the campus speaking English with a foreign accent. There were boys from small-town middle-western high schools who took a year to learn that the eastern slurring of the "r" was not an affectation tinged with immorality. The expensive preparatory-school type definitely predominated, but we contained all degrees of social sophistication, and of native intelligence from near-genius down to the occasional near-moron whose presence there represented the sublime triumph of wealth and tutoring ingenuity.

Our four years together levelled these differences, so that the young gentlemen who arrived, figuratively speaking, with poultry feathers in their hair, departed with more than a touch of the superior manner. But the fifteen intervening years have again sharpened the old contrasts and given us new ones. Three men who at graduation stood merely for a rather shapeless amiability to-day represent two already distinguished careers in the pulpit and surgery and one rather tragic failure at unsuitable commercial drudgery. Two notable achievements in finance and the arts belong to men who in campus life were definitely "out of things." There are

men whose popularity and promise we all remember, but who are somehow only successful campus politicians yet. Persons who were hopelessly dull to talk to fifteen years ago to-day make the most stimulating contributions in idea exchanges, while others who were socially charming still trade on the same quality and have grown neither older nor wiser. There are men who have faced tragedy and have either seen it through or been broken by it; others who have faced nothing but a bland security, no more stimulating to the mind than driving a Rolls Royce over a well-paved private road.

Then, what has happened to us, and what is going on in our minds? The answer presumably tells us something real and definite about the mystically extolled "advantages" of the conventional higher education, twentieth-century model, predigested, socially lubricated. After fifteen years the class should stand as a fairly adequate symbol of what this is worth.

For, such as they are, the resources of our civilization's culture were bestowed upon us. For four years all that scholarship could assemble from man's historic aspirations toward knowledge, wisdom, beauty, and full ways of living was ours for the asking, and much of it was presented to us inescapably. Millions had been piled up to provide us with surroundings of urbanity and comfort, with both a physical and an intellectual atmosphere propitious to wholesome gayety, to breadth of thought and self-discovery. In the cheerful informality of our youth, our manners and our social contacts were impressed with the country's best traditions of honorable gentility. By such tokens we were informed several times a year by a gracious and deservedly popular president that we were being fitted to become "leaders of men."

How much of it "took"? How much of it has lasted? After fifteen years what quality of leadership are we prepared to give?

III

Passing from group to group in the less delirious moments, one became aware of the class's immense and resolute separation from the world of ideas. There were exceptions, which will be duly noted, but in general the depths of intellectual concern were sounded in such intimate confidences as these:

"Yes, Burns Brothers' man—old Jackson, you remember—makes Kansas City three or four times a year, and every time he comes I go down and blow myself to half a dozen ties."

"Say, I wonder if he ever makes Louisville. I get tired in that hick village of ours buying ties that look as if they came out of a female department store."

"Whenever we lose a customer—"

"I know. Send him a form sob letter that sounds as personal as a funeral announcement every three months on the date of his last order. Funny how it gets a rise out of 'em."

"Did you ever meet a bird out there in Duluth by the name of Hank Orton?"

"Did I? Best little drinker on our side of Lake Superior. Why just last Thursday night, he and I punished . . ."

"Yes, it always pays to have a good doctor for the kids. We've got about the best in Chicago, I guess. But when Jerry had his tonsils out last winter, gosh, it hurt my bank account worse than it did him."

"Oh, yes! All three of my kids have had their tonsils out, too."

And so on through laborious descriptions of the hazards on far-separated golf courses; through the measured agreement of a pair of sedate textile gentlemen that such and such a firm of cotton brokers were a little lower in the social and moral scale than honest highway robbers; through the plotting of two

once nationally famous athletes in statesmanlike whispers to land that brilliant Hill half-back for us year after next instead of letting the hated rival get him.

One went thus through every angle of almost every other classmate's profoundest personal interests. And in a sense it was good and of genuine concern. One really does care to know what an old friend does to keep his office boy on the job and what his wife's sister thinks of the California climate. If the companionship lasts but four days, even lesser trivialities are endurable. One may encourage him to tell in detail how he cured his nervous dyspepsia and, as a last resort, permit him, without inner rancor, to sketch a verbal floor plan of his new bungalow.

But though among friends the triviality can not offend, one rarely for long escapes it. And what is there in the whole range of such interests which one's classmates could not have gained if their education had stopped with the eighth grade? What is there in their excellent manners and pleasing vocal intonations which the vast majority of them could not have learned in the sort of homes they were born into without ever having been dragged up out of illiteracy at all?

What is there even in the unquestionable prosperity of most of them which is not due more to native shrewdness, social connections, or non-cultural professional training than to any of the wisdom with which the college pretended to supply them? Where in their whole scheme of living does anything enter which the college is supposed to stand for?

On the train coming away it was hard to escape the impression that a fair majority of one's classmates would have done better to omit, not only college, but high school as well. And one was curiously—some classmates would say morbidly—entertained with speculations as to how much more effectively the college might have used its piled up wealth and learning if they had.

IV

Strangely enough, these possibilities were most forcibly suggested in the group that *was* interested in ideas. It was a somewhat surprising medley. Some of its members, to be sure, one remembered from freshman year as afflicted with curiosities which ranged beyond fraternity gossip. Some of these, and some highly unexpected others, have been following for the better part of fifteen years careers in which ideas are the main business—the ministry, university teaching, social service, research, journalism. Others still have managed to evolve and lead lives of the keenest intellectual interest against a background of normal business success—to keep an eye on production costs and salesmanship technic and at the same time, with humor and a developing sense of proportion, see their work in its true setting among the social, economic, political, and artistic forces of their times.

In this group were the class's outstanding successes, and men also who, judged by the conventional standards, had done nothing worth mentioning. There were men whom the chaste slang of eighteen years ago had styled "lemons" and "greasy grinds." Their former sluggish lust to hoard mere rote knowledge had been transformed by the clash with reality, or quite as likely by an inferiority sense based on campus social failure, into a homing instinct for the spacious playing fields of true enlightenment. An athlete or two "belonged" who at graduation might have seemed predestined to the "football mind" world without end. There was even a sprinkling of pinkly suave social leaders, still suave but with a difference.

They were not, to be sure, in a single discoverable instance, keeping up their Latin or re-reading annually their sociology note books, or doing any of the things which pedantic sentimentalists might consider the perfect fruits of our graft with the culture of the humanities.

Instinctively, they realized that this would be of no more consequence in a sane scheme of intellectual growth than re-staging each year our traditional Titanic combats between sophomores and freshmen. Instead, against a more or less constantly renewed background of historical, literary, artistic, and even philosophical sophistication, they were keeping up with what their own world is thinking and doing. They were wise enough to know that education is a continuing process and that, unless it is alive in its contemporary world, it is little better than a campus "grind's" flight from reality.

They were not numerous, but they were sufficient for a stimulatingly varied, often highly controversial, comradeship. They were not ponderous or platitudinous, but enough at home with thought and wisdom to play with both. Their own study had taught them that learning defeated itself when it ran off into pomposity and rigid opinionation; realized itself best when it was a means to open-minded, undidactic, and often whimsical exchange of clashing lore and principles.

In a word, they were fun to talk to. The small-city manufacturer may have poured out with some bitterness and bias to the glibly radical social worker his grievances against local labor union politics. But at least the bias was admitted, and the tale was told with an ironic humor that redeemed it with human understanding from narrow economic prejudice. The rising New England banker and the former district leader for the La Follette party clashed over the Coolidge-Mellon administration with something more to say of it than how much it had hurt, or helped, each other's business. The "head boss" of a nationally known institution defended himself with a telling wit against the allegations of two avowed "temperamentalists" that it was impossible to become an executive and stay human. The ministerial element fought the "young intellectual" over prohibition and the morals of undergraduates—and both parties emerged a little wiser.

Thus, around the fringes of the horseplay, the sort of companionship which a college might legitimately be asked to bequeath to a class was there for those who cared to partake of it. But sooner or later those who did partake were brought face to face with the question—why did we not have more of this when we were here together all the time?

We were more systematically in touch with the worlds of thought and æsthetics then than now. We were at an age when youth normally runs through enough cults of religious, artistic, political, and economic heresy to last it a lifetime. By all the laws of the natural mental development in young bipeds, our life together should have been steadily exhilarated by an infinite range of curiosities, full of a constant testing of wild ideas and clashing theories in talk.

Yet what most of us chiefly recalled was that we had kept our curiosities a secret while we cultivated the proper attitude toward the football team. We could remember practicing the mannerisms which would stamp us as the campus' most typical product; but we could also remember hiding our more unconventional ideas even from our intimates. When we tested strange theories at all, it was within ourselves; and whatever might seem ungraciously alien to the traditional and suave conservatism of the place, or "queer" to its social leadership, we instinctively discarded.

All the suave complacencies of our life together united to persuade us that it was "bad form" to be "high brow," that it was intellectually futile to question the capitalistic system, the Republican party platform, the literary worth of Stevenson's prose. In four years I do not remember having heard socialism mentioned except in the occasional hackneyed denunciations of an economics lecturer. To have hinted that a Jewish

undergraduate of marked literary talents was more important to the class than the captain of the football team would have been regarded, if it could ever have happened, as treachery to our fundamental institutions. For four years—so ran our reunion indictment—the college did all it could with the power of a pervasive social atmosphere to protract our mental infancy and to delay our mental adolescence. Whatever it may have offered in its libraries and in an occasional course of genuine stimulative value it took away by hampering and half-atrophying our poise and spontaneity as men of individual convictions and free intellectual interests.

Partly, of course, we blamed the faculty for it. "I came here keen as a worming robin on American political history," confessed a man whose present eminence in his community is anything but an historian's. "And the profs treated the whole show as if it had been carried on by trends and tendencies instead of human beings. Whenever they came within shooting distance of a contemporary fighting issue they quit cold. There wasn't a soul in any of my sections who ever mentioned the subject as if it was alive, or anything but too many pages in a fat book. What happened was that they knocked my interest out for exactly ten years by the count. It was three years after the war when I took up reading it again, and trying a little writing about it, as an avocation between bridge games."

Some of us, too, accused what we called the campus economic stimulus. "The one thing we were really taught here from the ground up," a successful professional man objected, "was a high standard of living. It was so high that it takes us from ten to twenty-five years to get back to it again on our own earning powers. Meanwhile, we work so hard and with such a fury of specialization that we forget all that we ever came in contact with at college except the living standard. I'm about as comfortably off now, for instance, as I was on the ground floor of the best senior dormitory. And I can concentrate on a trick legal problem almost as well as my elders and betters. But I can't get a 'kick' out of Kit Marlowe's poetry any more, or think my way through the Socratic dialogues, although I used to be rather keen about both. I lost the knack working my hide off to make good."

But mainly we laid the blame on the college as the too willing victim of its social traditions. Where our own individuality and intelligence had been subdued for four years by an urbane normalcy more interested in mannerisms and an intensively localized social program than in ideas of any description, the college dwelt everlastingly under this incubus. In its easy, superficial courses men of superior ability made high grades without stimulating mental exertion; while those who were not mentally sub-normal or incorrigibly idle could win a degree without serious effort, and have time enough left from study to enjoy the grooved routine of decorous pleasure, grooving it the more deeply for oncoming campus generations by their agreeable but overwhelming social dominance.

Under the spell of their good manners, their wealth, and their easy good nature, the college recognized their standards of achievement as its standards. Like them, it nourished a smoothly competent respectability more than brilliance; athletic distinction more than originality. By insinuation, if not by open edict, it indorsed their taboos on independence of thought and individuality, so that the professors who angled for wide campus popularity deprecated the unusual and unconventional to the profit of the traditional almost as much as did the prom committees and the campus Christian association. It segregated us as far as possible from the shock of contemporary controversial opinions and unconventional conduct. We could learn, and even think, if we insisted. But we might not sacrifice to these in-

cidental objectives any of the bland civilities of the best of all possible country clubs.

Thus on every side the college surrounded us with influences tending to mold us toward an ideal of cheerful, nonchalant gentility, which no doubt is the attitude from which the world of ideas is best approached. But the college—it seemed to us after fifteen years—somehow had lacked the courage to approach it. Instead, in so far as the conventions of an all-important social life could accomplish it, the college steered us away.

Some of us have floundered back at last, to learn to our considerable surprise that much of what we gained from this superficial contact fifteen years ago, really had an intellectual meaning. Some of us doubtless will flounder back before the next reunion, or the next. Meanwhile the treasure of the college and its resources of scholarship have been measurably wasted. And we who have found the college after years have had our troubles with arrested development.

V

There was the usual more or less futile discussion as to what should—or could—be done about it. Half a dozen of our admitted best minds, for example, assailed the Professor with extreme brutality. They were keen, the best minds insisted, for this idea of an academic education. They didn't want their sons taught to face all knowledge and wisdom from the standpoint of journalism, animal husbandry, or life-insurance salesmanship. After they got out of college most of them would have to look at life and learning from specialized angles for fifty years more or less anyway, and that was enough.

Here was a chance for them to see the world of ideas whole for four years, to form views, and absorb learning not for special uses only but against the nobly proportioned background of things in themselves. Here was a chance to give them some inkling of what it was all about besides one's private ax-grinding, and to form habits of being interested in what it was all about, *per se*, that might last one through a whole career of running an ax factory, or of speculating in ax factory securities, or of seeing ax trusts safely through the mazes of federal anti-ax-combine legislation. Here was a chance to save the alma mater's coming generations of progeny from polite but dull pettiness and superiorly bland go-getting mannerisms for breadth of interests and openness of mind.

The best minds had not even any objection to seeing this done under the established code of nonchalant gentility. That would save their sons from pedantry, they admitted, which was an even worse sin than running an ax factory with an ax-grinding mind. Besides, abstractions so likely to turn out wrong as wisdom and learning needed to be acquired and held with the urbane discriminations of a gentleman's sense of humor.

But our best minds did insist that for their sons the process of academic idea-steeping be made alive. The vocational idea which they abhorred had, after all, something to be said for it. When the junior in animal husbandry learned how to doctor Jersey dyspepsia, he felt concern because he was facing a problem he could realistically dramatize himself as having to deal with. Why, the six challenged the Professor, could not courses in history and economics, the sciences, philosophy and literature, be tied into the world of ideas which our sons must face, in the same way? To choose a reckless example, they proposed that Plato in the Greek had a certain vital relation to those other Utopianists, D. H. Lawrence and Calvin Coolidge. Why didn't the professor teaching Plato in the original make it his first business to bring this connection out? Then, in some Utopian future graduates of the college might be found ready to tease contemporary social reformers—and de-

formers—with Platonic wisdom, when they were fifty years out, instead of forgetting a few nauseous syntax and translation difficulties as quickly as possible after a painful examination.

The Professor listened to all this, and more, with cheerful sympathy.

"You're as right as Coolidge telling the Boy Scouts their duty," he agreed when the storm was over. "Except for a few post-graduate classes, we ought to teach history, for instance, so that the last fifty years bulked larger in proportion than all the rest put together, and so that the whole business tied up naturally, as it really does, with the problems we are annoyed about now.

"But I wonder what you cheerful amateurs would do about it if you had to teach history under bosses who would rather have you find out about the persistence of archaic terminology in the Witenagamot proceedings than the decay of major party issues in America since 1896. I wonder if you'd make learning so exciting when you knew that nothing so reduces the generosity of prominent alumni as flunking out their offspring because they refuse to think—except, perhaps, stimulating them for a few years to think about things that their fathers learned here not to think about. All we can say is that, considering our sacred inaugural oaths to cast no aspersions on colleagues who are pedants and to keep the place pleasant for golfers between matches, we do the best we can."

VI

So we admitted that even a professor had a right to dodge martyrdom, and nothing was done about it. In fact, only once did anybody attempt anything.

The class, as has been noted, drank at reunion—urbanely but steadily; illegally but not far from unanimously. On the third day the class cynic had an inspiration.

"Look here," suggested the Cynic, "this class drinks, but will it vote as it drinks? If a resolution is framed suggesting that the 18th amendment and the Volstead act ought to be repealed as interfering with its liberties and corrupting its respect for government, has the class got the nerve to pass it? The thing would get out on all the press wires, and do a little bit for the cause we all seem to have so earnestly at heart."

The spokesman of the class's inner cohesive forces beamed persuasive sympathy. "The class," he boasted jocosely, "would have nerve enough to do anything. But this wouldn't be politic. It would get the college in wrong, and it might, in the future, make it harder to have liquor enough at reunions.

"As individuals," the persuasive voice purred on in a typical campus rationalization, "probably all but a handful of us are wet. We throw our votes and our influences against Prohibition when we get the chance. But as an organization of this alumni body, we must consider that we are not, strictly speaking, individuals at all."

The Cynic made no fight about it. Even he felt his bondage to the traditional sentimentalities. Even he knew that no reunion is a debating forum for moral issues.

Nevertheless, the Cynic was heard to mutter coming away on the train with the Loyal Alumnus—"That, I suppose, is what they mean by the college spirit."

"Meaning, no doubt," said the Loyal Alumnus rather acidly, "that in a few years you'll be sending your son to some freshwater college in the Bible Belt where he's encouraged to be as earnest-minded as he pleases and make a nuisance of his opinions regardless of occasions."

"Not a chance," replied the Cynic in his best campus accent. "One discovers at other places besides reunions that the affairs of this world are largely conducted by personages who can wear form-fitting ideas gracefully and know how to still ferment with propriety. Here, in the genteel big boys' playhouse, is the place for the next generation to learn how their minds work."

HOW THE DAWES PLAN WORKS

BY EDGAR A. MOWRER

THE Dawes Plan is the scientific answer to a problem all unwittingly created by the blunderers responsible for the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles: namely, how over a period of years to extract from a country as much capital as possible without compensation. It is the recognition of the fact that in order to provide for others a country must first be in the condition to produce for itself. The Allied leaders were slow to recognize this and to believe those who knew: it was not without a certain satisfaction that they considered the German distress. Further, certain Germans seem to have willfully aggravated their country's financial anæmia by their refusal to apply compresses to open veins. But after nearly five years of small payments and political danger, the choice had to be made between reparations and a solvent Germany on the one hand, or no reparations and the ruin of Germany on the other. The entire world cried for the former alternative. The result was the agreement known as the Dawes Plan.

To understand it one must keep in mind the immediate background.

By the Treaty of Versailles Germany was deprived of territory, colonies, merchant marine, foreign investments, and nearly everything else the Allies could lay hands on. The Treaty further stipulated that Germany pay an enormous but indefinite tribute to her conquerors; with the exception of certain deliveries in kind, the manner of payment was left to Germany. The German finances were already unsound at the end of the War. When two years later the total amount of reparations was finally fixed, the figure was so preposterous that the Germans, with no prospect of freedom and but half convinced of their defeat anyway, had no incentive but fear to make them pay at all. In the four and a half years between Versailles and the Dawes Plan they did hand over a fairly large sum. Just how much is not clearly established. The Allied Reparation Commisson says one figure, the Germans three or four times as much. It would seem to depend on whether the capital delivered be considered at its replacement or at its scrap value. The Allies may have received no more than the Reparation Commission said: the Germans were certainly poorer by much more than that amount.

So while the Allies stormed and exerted political pressure, the Germans hesitated and swung back and forth between "fulfilment" and "passive resistance." Meanwhile, the easiest way to satisfy the Allies and avoid political trouble at home, especially in the Rhine where separatist feeling was already strong, as well as to satisfy the powerful industrialists, was to print paper marks, sell them abroad for real money, and before they could find their way back into Germany depreciate them by printing more marks. This practice was approved by German financial authorities and consciously furthered by influential persons in Allied circles. Thus, for a while, the German people lived in the illusion of prosperity, industries flourished and grew with the currency. The impoverishment of the land went forward

invisibly. In fact at this time, Henry Ford, contrasting the German situation with that of the United States, pointed to Germany as the most prosperous country in the world.

The Franco-Belgian invasion of the Ruhr was technically occasioned by a German default in the matter of a few telegraph poles. The real reason would seem to be French exasperation at German evasive tactics, coupled with the innocent belief that it was possible to sit on Germany's head without interfering with her labor. The Germans lost their temper, over-estimated their strength, proclaimed passive resistance, printed heaps of money to stimulate the courage of the passive resisters, and plunged into such an inflationary catastrophe as no other country has known. When political faith in the Reich and belief in the money disappeared, the same German leaders who had provoked the catastrophe made an heroic effort. They capitalized their potential industrial and agricultural resources, issued a new or "renten" mark at one to one trillion of the old marks, and joyfully accepted the proposal for an international conference to see how they could be definitely saved.

The Rentenbank and Rentenmark were founded on internal credit and could hardly have lasted long. The French and Belgians had found it difficult to collect much money or even to mine much coal with bayonets. The United States welcomed an opportunity for "unofficial" participation in European reconstruction, which, if successful, could help the Administration and, if unsuccessful, be disowned. It, therefore, "allowed" the Reparation Commission to nominate as the American Members one Republican, namely Charles G. Dawes of Chicago—who as Chairman gave his name to the plan and thereby became Vice-President of the United States; a Democrat, Owen D. Young of the General Electric Company in New York, and "a man from the West," Henry M. Robinson, a Californian banker. Mr. Robinson was put with other experts on a Commission, desired by the French, to investigate the "flight of capital from Germany"—a body which arrived at uncommonly accurate results and was immediately forgotten. The other committee, largely under the influence of Owen Young and Sir Josiah Stamp, met and in a few weeks drew up the Dawes Plan.

II

The principles for the first time were simple and scientific. The basis was, Germany must pay the Allies all she can. But to pay she must remain solvent. To become solvent she must restore her currency and credit and export her produce at a profit. Reparations can be paid in the long run only out of export surplus, and payment by German labor outside Germany is politically impractical and not very profitable.

The currency was restored by an international loan of $200,000,000. A breathing spell of four years was allowed during which the reparation payments would gradually grow until, in the fifth or "standard" year, they would reach the sum of 2,500,000,000 Gold Marks which the experts calculated the German nation could probably pay. But to avoid the disaster contingent on an over-estimation of the German capacity, it was clear that the financial and economic health of Germany must be maintained. For this purpose two clauses of inestimable importance were included in the Plan. The first, that no transfer of capital threatening the stability of the German currency be made. The second, left rather as a matter of understanding, that the standard of living in Germany should remain comparable with that in Allied and neighboring countries.

The details of the plan were arranged at the London Conference in the summer of 1924. In August the German Reichstag passed the necessary laws, and the Reparation Commission appointed its

staff of international overseers. The loan was raised and deposited in the Reichsbank, which issued a new gold currency, and the Dawes Plan became effective on September 1, 1924.

Since that time nearly two years have elapsed during which the Plan has been carried out without a hitch.

In this success the United States are particularly interested, and for several reasons. An American, Owen D. Young, took a prominent part in drawing up the plan and bringing it into action. In a large office on the court of a building in Luisenstrasse 33, Berlin, sits the Agent General for Reparation Payments, Seymour Parker Gilbert, thirty-three years old and former Under Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. As Agent General he is formally responsible to the Reparation Commission for the fulfilment of the Plan. Morally he is responsible to the German people for the observance of the limits and safeguards established. Upon him rests an enormous responsibility. Despite the Plan his discretionary powers are vast. He has immense and undetermined authority—the larger because indeterminate. Therefore, though he has made himself personally liked and respected by the Germans, it is not surprising that he is regarded as the symbol of the foreign yoke.

III

But before describing the attitude of the Germans toward the Dawes Plan, it is necessary to strike a balance between what Germany has gained by the Plan and what she has lost, or between the demoralized Germany of January 1924 and the same country twenty-two months later. At that moment of stabilization the Germans understood for the first time what inflation had cost them. They had disinherited their entire middle-class and all those who lived on fixed income from savings. They had lost most of their liquid capital. Ready money brought from two to eight per cent monthly interest. Confidence was gone. Nothing seemed real to people who had seen fortunes swept from their hands with the flood of notes from the printing press. Inflation had menaced property, the State, and the sanity of the inhabitants. France, the Germans believed, had vowed their destruction, and England would do nothing to help them. America was not interested. And although inflation was over, the inhabitants did not mentally realize it.

Politically, Germany, in January 1924, did not exist. The French in the Ruhr had annihilated her. Though her army men dreamed of a new type of war in which the artillery they did not possess could be replaced by machine guns (the illusion of the French in 1870), serious students realized that the country was practically helpless, and comparatively small countries like Czechoslovakia, or inherently weak ones like Poland, dared maintain a haughty, even provocative attitude. The fear of bolshevism was ever present.

To-day—but this is not the same country. The German currency is after the pound the most stable in Europe. German seven per cent private industrial bonds are above par in New York. Germany received in 1924 at least one billion marks of foreign credit. Since January, 1925 (to July 1, 1926) 1,950,000,000 marks more. In the last winter she successfully weathered a severe deflation crisis. Fifty per cent and more of her industrial stocks are above par. The major banks paid, in the rather disastrous year 1925, a ten per cent dividend. For the last six months her trade balance has been surprisingly favorable—viz. the exports were considerably larger than the imports. During the four months preceding July 1, 1926, 800 million marks worth of industrial loans were subscribed in Germany, and the German banks have begun to be successful in raising large capital from domestic sources. Moreover, despite hard times, or perhaps thanks to them, her major

industries have to a considerable extent rationalized and standardized their production, improved their machinery, reformed their organization, put through several large industrial amalgamations, and got rid of an immense quantity of dead ends and surplus labor—in short, cut costs and increased efficiency remarkably. The number of unemployed is still very large (over two millions) and is likely to remain so for some time. But it is no greater proportionately than that of Great Britain and would seem to be in large part a normal accompaniment of improved methods and labor-saving in industry. The farmers are still suffering from the world-wide deflationary disproportion between industrial and agricultural prices; but many Germans are so optimistic that they hope within a few years to produce on German ground enough foodstuffs to feed this dense industrial population. The majority of American experts with whom I have spoken consider Germany's economic situation probably superior to that of Great Britain, and believe that Germany is destined to reach in Europe a commanding industrial situation.

Politically, the change is even more striking. The French have long been out of the Ruhr, and conditions there are normal. The first Rhineland zone was, after a year's hesitancy, evacuated by the Allies. Last fall, thanks to British assistance, Germany signed the Locarno Pacts of Non-Aggression with her western neighbors, receiving the promise of British assistance in case of unjustified attack, and at the same time bettered her relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia. Allied opposition to her entrance into the League has turned into the understanding that her presence there is necessary. Despite the farcical comedy at Geneva in March, her entrance into the League in September seems practically certain. Yet despite her "west orientation," she has actually bettered her relations with Russia through the signing of the recent Treaty. In short, economically and, even more, politically, Germany has "come back." And this without building up military supplies or increasing her severely limited army and navy.

It is safe to say that without a Dawes Plan not a single financial or political improvement mentioned could have come about. Without the Dawes Plan the credit essential to business betterment would still be absent; without the Dawes Plan the Allies, in their search for reparations, would still be scraping the empty pockets of a bankrupt and politically prostrate ex-enemy. And European pacification, which is as essential to Germany as to anyone else, would still be a pious hope instead of a half-realized idea.

IV

"But the price!" critics and pessimists exclaim. For there is a price—to a great nation, a heavy price: namely, a very large slice of Germany's financial autonomy and political sovereignty. And it is for this reason that proud patriots criticize, oppose, and pretend to oppose, the Dawes Plan.

For whatever the future may bring, the Allied Governments, Britain and Italy as well as France and Belgium, are to-day as determined as ever that Germany shall pay as heavy reparations as her structure will stand. *This is the condition upon which they are willing to allow her to recover her prosperity and participate in a general pacification of Europe.* As a guarantee that reparations will be regularly, honestly, and fully paid, they have placed trusted controllers in Germany and by the Dawes Plan persuaded the German Government to grant these men a certain measure of authority over the German Reichsbank, the German railroads, certain German revenues, and even, in a more limited way, over the German industries.

Only too naturally, therefore, from the German people one may hear several kinds of criticism: general complaint

against reparations; sharp complaint against foreign control and the way in which it is exercised; protests against the excessive size of the (eventual) annual payments; and fears lest the guarantees protecting Germany be not observed.

Criticism of the first and second kinds is rarely expressed to a foreigner and it might take a long time to gather it, were it not, that at the beginning of this year when the German deflation crisis was at its worst, an anonymous writer in the extreme nationalist Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* published a series of articles on the "wasting away of Germany" which, aside from a deliberate disregard for the Allied guarantees and intentions, express in vivid language the attitude of the nationalist fanatics toward the entire Dawes Plan and personnel.

All the evils resulting from the war, the inflation and the deflation crisis—the impoverished middle-class, the numerous bankruptcies, the lack of credit, the political helplessness—are exclusive and direct results of the "fulfilment policy" and its culmination, the Dawes Agreement. So the argument begins.

In Germany there is a foreign ruler with such power as no absolute monarch or Prussian autocrat ever possessed. Not the Reichstag, the Chancellor, the President, has so much to say as "this sleek Anglo-Saxon gentleman," this Agent General for Reparation Payments, Germany's bailiff (German, *Fronvogt*). "Threefold is his power. He is the lord of our pledged customs and taxes; he is the dictator of our railroads; he is the commander over our finances, our Reichsbank, our trade, our currency. He can—everything taken together—do with us what he will."

Through his under-bailiffs he decides the discount policy of the Reichsbank, he decides the taxes that are to be paid. "He has his spoon in the worker's basin, his finger in the housewife's purse—and they never suspect it. He cuts the official's wages, he dismisses the employees, and they do not know it. He takes the working capital from the manufacturer, he can strangle trade with freight tariffs."

"The sovereign German Reich can give out no banknotes without the approval and the seal of this foreigner (the bank commissioner). There was never anything similar in Turkey at its worst. . . . O enviable Liberia."

For the Dawes Plan is Germany's death sentence. Nothing is done for the Germans, everything for the Dawes Commissioner and the tax collector. If the crops are bad and the farmers cannot get credit for fertilizer, who is responsible but Seymour Parker Gilbert? If the workers' children grow up rickety and poor, blame the Dawes Plan. "Versailles and the Dawes Plan strangle the budding life." "No one can serve two masters, not even the German housewife. She cannot satisfy the Dawes Commissioner and her children." The Dawes Plan means the decay of the family. And if by God's grace the Germans should tighten their belts and meet the almost impossible demands of the Plan, would the Allies be satisfied? "Oh, no. In 1929 a new commission of experts will be called to decide whether in 1930 we can perhaps pay more than the maximum sum of 2,500 million marks."

The destruction of German culture, industrial espionage for France and England and America, these are the minor evils of the Plan. And so the writer comes triumphantly to a quotation from Mr. J. M. Keynes, to the effect that the entire activity of the Transfer Committee, which has to say how and how much capital can be transferred at a given moment, will be concentrated on lowering the living standard of the German workers.

It must not be supposed that the nationalist leaders or even the writer of the above actually held such views. But that he intended to awaken them in his readers is proved by the fact that a half-official reply which reduced the facts to their true proportions was issued and paid for out of public funds.

In my opinion the real attitude of Germany is somewhat as follows:

Ninety-five per cent of the German people are hardly more than aware that a Dawes Plan and reparation payments exist. The communists and the nationalist politicians, in almost the identical words, combat the plan in itself on the ground that it has made Germany a foreign colony.*

But to sober German business, so long as the country is prosperous, this is the least of several evils. Their criticism of the Dawes Plan looks less to the present than to the future. When, in December 1925, the first annual report of the Agent General was published at the time when the deflation crisis was nearing its worst, its optimistic tone was greeted with bitter hilarity. But as months went by and radical improvement set in, respect for the economic competence of "Germany's bailiff" grew. Still, in the opinion of the Germans, the payments are too high—not the present payments but the much greater ones in years to come. Everywhere you go, in the Treasury, in the Foreign Office, on the Stock Exchange, in the factory, you hear the same gloomy predictions. The first year's payment was easy, being mostly the international loan of eight hundred million marks which Germany received. This year's tribute is only a little higher. So with 1926–1927. But when in 1928–1929 the standard payment of 2,500 million marks must be made, these Germans believe, or affect to believe, in a default.

There is something to be said for the suspicion that the annual payment may prove to be too high. In the coming ten years Britain, France, and Italy have promised to pay back to the United States $2,574,000,000 of their war debt. Beaten Germany, with approximately half the population of these three victorious states, more severely tried by the War, ruined by inflation, is asked to pay as reparations approximately $5,700,000,000.

It is not surprising that a people in the situation of the Germans should continually grumble about their burdens and ask for a revision of the scale of payments immediately—without waiting for experience to prove just how much can be reasonably paid. It is completely intelligible that they should profess reasonable doubt about the honesty of the treatment they may expect from the Reparation Commission and possibly even from the Transfer Committee. They seriously doubt—they find it politic to doubt—the efficacy of the living-standard clause to keep their workers from grinding poverty. The Dawes Plan was devised to lighten the Germans of just so much wealth as their economy will stand. They themselves would very naturally prefer not to be put to the extreme test—perhaps to be allowed to save something or spend it on luxuries.

Yet the fact is that the severest technical critics of the Plan are not German. It is the foreigners who predict most loudly the coming "breakdown of the Dawes Plan" (one American has even mentioned the approximate date) and cry for immediate revision. For the Germans, under pressure of necessity, have become familiar with the details of the Plan—and it is hard to believe as much of the foreign critics. If they had read it they ought, it would seem, to understand that, as devised, the Dawes Plan cannot easily break down. If it prove impossible to transfer the sum collected without damage to the German exchange, the transfer will not be made—as the Plan allows. If it prove impossible for the German Government to wring from the people the large sums required from the budget without lowering the living standard of the German workers, then the Agent General will have in consistency to ask, and the Reparation Commission to grant, a reduction.

Which would amount, not to revision

*It is said by the radical economist R. Kucsinsky, the organizer of the recent plebiscite for the uncompensated expropriation of the German ex-dynasties, that already one-fourth of the productive capital in Germany is owned by foreigners.

of, but revision according to, the Dawes Plan.

When so stimulating an authority as J. M. Keynes states that there will be, because there must be, a constant effort on the part of the Agent General to reduce the living standard of the German people (or words to that effect), he is really merely expressing an opinion for which conclusive evidence is entirely lacking, that the "living-standard" clause of the Plan will not be heeded or that it will prove ineffective.

Unless the critics of the Plan are, like the German nationalists and communists, prepared to contest the payment of any reparations and take the consequences, one would expect them to prefer a system whereby Germany can hardly be asked to pay more than she safely can. In other words, they ought —as all friends of peace to-day ought—to insist on the rigid application of the Plan as it stands. (An enlightened public has a right to follow each payment, each act of the Agent General and his associates. The former's regular reports make this easy.) Otherwise, criticism of the sums demanded becomes criticism of the good faith or competence of the Agent General himself. And for this there is so far no cause, as many Germans such as Dr. Bernhard Dernburg have publicly admitted (see the *Berliner Tageblatt*, July 1, 1926). It would seem that if the German Government believes the payment of future reparations in the sums laid down to be impossible, it ought already to be gathering the information on which the Agent General, if necessary, can base a comparison of the living standard of the Germans with that of Allied peoples.

Occasionally a German complains that no time limit has been set for payments. But if we consider that with the fourth year three hundred million marks interest, or five per cent interest with one per cent sinking fund, are to be paid on five billion marks of industrial bonds, it is clear that such a burden amortizes itself in about thirty-six years. I think one may be confident that this is the extreme limit the Germans will be asked to pay war tribute.

Moreover, the Allies seem willing under the Dawes Plan to accept from Germany deliveries in kind, viz. merchandize, which they would not allow to enter their countries if they had to pay for them. These deliveries are and will be the bulk of reparations. They constitute a steady stimulus for the German industries: and increased sales abroad make for cheaper production. The German producer loses only what he pays in extra taxes, railroad rates, and interest on the industrial debentures. The reparation burden is carried by the mass of the people. But in a country where big business and industry are as influential as in Germany, it is at least questionable whether, should the need for reparation payments cease, the German masses would share greatly in the benefits of lower prices and lessened taxation.

V

But this is conjecture. The fact is that the Dawes Plan has been in completely successful operation for nearly two years. There exists no real basis yet for deciding whether the scale of payments can eventually be maintained, or increased, or whether they will have to be cut down.

Meanwhile an immediate revision of the payments scheduled is as little likely as a change in the Plan. About this intelligent Germans have no false notions. They would like to see the Dawes Plan abolished, swept out of existence, the office in the Luisenstrasse tightly closed—if this meant an end of Reparation payments. But only on this condition. It must never be forgotten that the hardest clause in the Versailles Treaty, the hardest for the Germans to swallow, was Paragraph 231 whereby Germany was compelled to pay tribute to the Allies, not because she lost the war, but for "causing all the damage to which the Allied and Associated Govern-

ments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her Allies." In the light of evidence brought to light in the course of the War and since, it is not necessary to be pro-German to conclude that to saddle Germany and her allies with the entire guilt for the War is a piece of gross hypocrisy.

Yet to-day, when the Allied countries are still crushed under taxes and budget difficulties, it is clear that they are anything but ready to consent to a cancellation of future reparations. Lest we as Americans be tempted to accuse them of "disturbing world business" by their insistence, we might note the apparent reluctance of our own Congress to return to the Germans the private property we took from them during the War—so ingrained is the international practice that "they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can."

Yet I doubt if there is anyone even in Allied countries who really imagines that the Germans will go on paying full scale reparations for anything like thirty-six years. A Treaty, even when so solemn a document as that of Versailles, is at best only a settlement. It implies that at least one side desires its existence. But if both sides should wish revision, it is obvious the Treaty will not long stand. If you ask the average German banker or business man how long the Dawes Plan will stand, he generally answers, perhaps ten years. And he explains his belief in a change not on the ground of German protests or incapacity to pay, but on the fact apparent to him that the world will not so long wish to receive so large a flood of German goods as the Plan foresees without an opportunity of selling to Germany an equivalent quantity.

And finances aside, there are other possibilities. Things just happen. I do not refer to new wars. Though just now our American insistence on having comparatively heavy payments from our late Allies would tend to make them tighten up the financial screws on Germany, pure politics may still play an even more important part in future developments. If I am not mistaken, Germany has already "come back" politically. Therefore, facing a tight situation which German aid, German good will, or even German inaction could serve to loosen, the Allies may come to find a political arrangement more valuable than this monotonous stream of reparations.

In the meantime the stream flows in and out of the office in the Luisenstrasse and duly reaches the neighboring but still none too neighborly nations.

THE CHURCH'S LOSS OF PRESTIGE

BY THE RT. REV. CHARLES FISKE, D.D.

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THERE are times when one is a little ashamed to be known as a clergyman. I like to take off my clerical collar and travel in mufti, sitting in the smoking compartment and taking part in the spontaneous conversation of a group of men who do not feel that they are under restraint because of the censorious and accusatory presence of a parson.

Of course I am not really ashamed of the ministry; I rejoice in it and cannot imagine myself content with any other profession. What shames me is the thought that my companions have a conception of the ministry which, if they but knew it, is actually as absurd and abhorrent to me as it is to them. They do not discriminate. I know how they are classifying me, and the knowledge is far from pleasant. I am not ashamed of the ministry itself; I am ashamed to be identified with that which the other men in the smoking compartment conceive it to be. In the back of their heads is the conviction that most ministers are engaged in snooping into other people's business, regulating other people's morals, and endeavoring to standardize other people's brains. They regard all ministers alike as professional members of the Society of Moral Uplifters. They conceive of the ministerial life as narrow, if not bigoted, as joyless and severe, censorious, rigid, inflexible in its prejudices, ignorant in its criticisms, ungenerous in its judgments, petty in its aims.

The average business man knows of an occasional member of the ministerial profession whom he acclaims as different: a "good mixer," a "go-getter," a "he-man," the friend of Rotarians and Kiwanians. One wonders whether down in the bottom of his heart he really does respect this other type of parson whom he so exuberantly praises. At any rate, there are lots of other people who do not like him. Perhaps the modern Babbitt of the pulpit repels more men than his supposedly gloomy brother. Israel, we are told, lost its place and power as a nation because it forsook God and rejected His revelation; but the Jewish hierarchy at its worst never fell so low as have some of the up-and-coming preachers of America. Read the advertised subjects of the Sunday sermons in many Protestant churches, or the announcements on the bulletin boards, read the ecclesiastical electric-light signs on not a few church buildings that have begun a mild rivalry of the Great White Way, and then remember that even in the days of Annas and Caiphas there were no billboards in Jerusalem announcing a "Grand Sacrifice in the Temple," with prize-fed bulls and goats and lambs, expert priests to slaughter them, Herod's String Band advertised to assist, or trumpeters from Pilate's Bodyguard, all heralded in the flaring invitation: "Come to the Temple. Come to the Sacrifice. Hear the Augmented Choir of Levites. Come and Worship the Lord God Almighty."

The one hundred per cent American may not mind it, though actually I suspect that he has occasional glimpses into his own mental processes sufficiently illuminating to suggest that he may have

less admiration than we suppose for his ministerial imitator. Even if he does not object to the publicity stunts of the modern minister, there are many others (and these the very people most worth bringing into the service of religion) who do mind. Nor is that all. These latter object to many other things. They object to the professionally managed evangelistic and financial campaigns of the churches; their sense of religious values is offended at the excessive emphasis on all highly organized plans for money raising, even though it be for such altruistic objects as missionary funds; they are irritated at the professional patter of the field secretaries who manage the canvass; their reverence revolts at "selling religion" or (even worse) "selling Jesus Christ"; they do not want to think of God as a Magnified Rotarian, nor are they ever likely to be enamoured of a religion that has lost all sense of mystery, has no feeling of awe, is never hushed into solemn silence, substitutes for devotion a breezy familiarity with God and holy things, and goes about the business of salvation with an effrontery which is really indicative of spiritual poverty and an utter lack of appreciation of what St. Paul called "the mystery of godliness."

Although the worst of the "go-getters" are now leaving Christian pulpits for secretarial positions, the Church suffers none the less. They are busily engaged in torch-bearing in many directions. Some of them are agents of reform organizations; some are encamped in state capitals or at Washington; some content themselves with peripatetic engagements at women's clubs and business men's organizations; some are downing demons of drink and lust and indecency or inveighing against the manners and morals of youth—and in consequence are much more in evidence than their brethren who continue in a more localized service.

I was saying something like this to a group of sympathetic listeners the other day, when two of them, both college graduates, broke forth simultaneously upon me with their own objections. One of them was still agitated over Dayton and evolution—which led me to believe that he had not been indulging in much laborious intellectual effort during his first year out of college, else he would have known the general attitude of the clergy. The other was an older man, engaged since graduation in social and educational work. Both despised the men of the ministry because to the irritation of the first critic, they were (to quote) "hopelessly behind the age," "ignorant of the science they attack," and "uninterested or unintelligent as to modern problems, social, industrial, educational," according to the other; men who condemn books they have never read, criticize theories they have never examined, excoriate evils of which they have had no practical knowledge, soar into the blue empyræan and make the stars reverberate with "commonplace pronouncements" and "platitudinous praise of outworn beliefs." Here I held up my hands and humbly apologized for having opened the subject with any feeble protests of my own.

All of which, however, explains the feeling that occasionally moves me to travel incognito and conceal my ministerial occupation. For, honestly, I do not believe I am any of the things which this varied group abhor and with which I naturally dislike to be too closely identified. And I am equally sure that there is a saving remnant among the clergy who, just as certainly as myself, are caricatured by any such descriptions.

II

Of course it is absurd to be sensitive about it. It would be just as sensible to conceal the fact of one's Christian belief because others have failed to understand what Christianity is. For unquestionably they do fail to understand. I have talked with students in the enlightened precincts of Princeton and Yale who seem to think that ac-

ceptance of a creed gives precisely the same importance to the fact of the Resurrection and to certain theories about it—indeed, sometimes it appears that they regard the fact of the Resurrection and the recorded estimate of the cubic displacement of Noah's Ark as equally vital credal requirements in the ministry. There comes to my mind the remark of a presumably intelligent young student at Cornell whose thorough study of Christian truth had led him to reject it because, as he triumphantly declared, it was impossible that Joshua could have caused the sun to stand still. He listened in open-mouthed amazement when I told him that the statement was a quotation from a book of poetry and that poets had never yet been able to describe events in the humdrum language of everyday life. I have met other youthful members of the *intelligentsia* who still think that Christianity is invalidated by the story of Jonah's somewhat cramped living quarters, unaware that there are parables in the Old Testament as well as in the Gospels.

One would hardly believe that it could be possible in these days to find intelligent people harking back to Biblical difficulties which agitated men in the age of Ingersoll; nor is it easy to believe that the church-school teaching, which at least a few of these young people must have received, could leave them so hopelessly ignorant and out of date. Perhaps they were "stringing" the parson. Yet so uninformed is the average man as to the real content of the Christian faith, that he is astonished to be told that we also are "anxious not to be obscurantists, but to live in the light of modern knowledge," and that we are trying to disentangle religion from antiquated ideas. Most of us place our whole emphasis on the fact of Christ's own life and teaching. The core of Christianity is its belief that "the heart of God is as the heart of Jesus." We find in the life of Christ strength to hold fast our faith in God in spite of the cruelties of this machinelike world of ours, with all its seeming blind fatality. The critic does not know that some of us who have studied modern science and psychology feel that the universe is not a "closed mechanism." We have what George Tyrrell called "faith in long trousers" and have long since ceased to be contented with mere "faith in knickerbockers." We are trying to show the beauty of the gospel story of the Christ who brought God to men in the glory of a new discovery. A college pastor recently told me that any knowledge of the facts of Christianity was so rare among students that the supreme literary need in his work was a simple life of Christ, written in vivid form, that could be read in an hour.

Nor does the average man understand the essential spiritual qualities of Christian living. Dr. Maude Royden wrote recently of a conversation with a distinguished theologian to whom she exclaimed impulsively, "I hate religious people," to which he replied, "Shake hands! So do I." Then she explained with illuminating clearness that she does not actually dislike really religious people, but that Christian graces must be founded on everyday virtues, and were built on the basis of these natural virtues by Jesus Christ. What repels the modern world is the fact that so many Christians supposed to be living the life of grace do not first practice the everyday virtues of ordinarily decent people. The attractiveness of Christ's life and teaching arises out of the fact that He assumes the presence of these natural virtues before attempting to inculcate the higher ideals of holiness and devotion. "Christ had strength of character, courage of mind and body, great physical courage as well as great moral courage. In Him every Christian grace was founded upon the rock of honor and loyalty, courage and justice, a piercing vision, a great strength." Many people who criticize the Christian religion have never taken the pains to find out what it really is.

If the facts of Christianity are so little known, and the teaching of Christianity so little understood, that is no excuse for the Christian to conceal his own faith; it is a challenge to him to explain it, much more is it a challenge to try to live it, and by the attractiveness of his own life commend it to others.

Likewise, if the ministry is so often caricatured by those who have had unpleasant experiences of ministerial vices, is not that a challenge to fly one's own colors? Why not try to show that "there are others"? Indeed, why expect that all who profess and call themselves Christians are sure to be beautiful examples of the faith they are supposed to have accepted? If Christianity is so often misunderstood even by those who profess it, why expect that its ministers may not sometimes be blind leaders of the blind? If I am occasionally ashamed to be classed with some of the amazingly vulgar or amazingly ignorant preachers of the day, have I not often been a bit anxious lest I should be classed with some Americans? After a time, we all come to our senses and realize how unjust is the ready condemnation of a nation because of the unlovely characteristics of some of our compatriots. We groan or chuckle over American-drawn portraits of our Babbitts and are condescendingly superior in our judgments of the Main Streets of America, and then we remember that there are many fine characters living quietly and modestly in American homes not unlike those of Gopher Prairie, and many generous public-spirited men rendering community service with unselfish and even self-sacrificing devotion among the membership of the much despised luncheon clubs of America—men who are doing their level best, even though they wear name plates on their coat lapels, men who hate hypocrisy as heartily as the smart writers who criticize them, who may occasionally look silly in their clumsy efforts to satisfy their longings for comradeship and good-fellowship, and yet are no more absurd in their antics than their cynical critics; men who really believe in the worth of commonplace things, who are democratic at heart, free from affectation and snobbery and honestly anxious to give everybody a fair chance and a square deal. Away, then, with the hyper-critics! Why should we judge American business men by the occasional crudities of an Exchange Club orator or a guest of the Lions? And why judge the ministry by flowers of *Americana* plucked in obscure pastures? Some of the clerical gentlemen are rather poor specimens, but not many of them are as bad as some of them occasionally are.

III

Nevertheless, it cannot seriously be disputed that the ministry has fallen into public disregard and that the churches have decidedly lost prestige. Why?

Here in America for many reasons. Sect rivalry has given us numerous weak little congregations with a poorly equipped ministry. The possibility of effective service in these organizations is so small that the finest type of men are not often enough attracted to the clerical office and when they do come even the best of them sometimes grow discouraged and disheartened. This means an almost inevitable loss of ideals—the minister slips back intellectually, spiritually, even morally. Only the strongest can stand firm against the general downgrade tendency.

Sect rivalry, moreover, emphasizes certain doctrines and practices which were never essentials of the faith, and ministers spend their time inculcating teachings, upholding standards of social conduct, or defending ecclesiastical judgments which should have been abandoned long ago. The multitude of rival sects makes for a narrow denominationalism, in some places bigoted in the extreme.

Elsewhere, in the revulsion against the crudities and eccentricities of denominational teaching, there has developed a false liberality which has emasculated Christianity. In the days of the

Roman Empire, Chesterton reminds us, the world nearly died of broadmindedness. All gods were given recognition and none was given real devotion, so that the educated classes drifted into an amiable religious indifference which soon degenerated into laxity of morals and eventually ended in a degradation of character which brought the ancient civilization to its death agony.

In the country, then, the Church has lost prestige because of its narrowness, ignorance, and puritanical censoriousness. In the cities it has failed in influence because of its worldliness and indifference. The cultured congregation and its pastor lack spiritual power because nobody knows what they believe; the village or small-town minister and his people fail because they believe, or think they must declare their belief, in so many things that are not worth acceptance. No one who is not in constant contact with ministerial life can have the faintest idea how many good men in the ministry are eating out their hearts because they have tried to stem the tide of indifference or bigotry and feel that they have made no progress. Nor can one who does not know from the inside realize how many are slowly finding themselves and securing firm standing ground midway between what Dr. Joseph Fort Newton calls an arid liberalism and an acrid literalism. The task of these interpreters of religion in terms of modern thought is all the more difficult because their battle is a lonely one. The multitude of sects and the poverty of parishes have tempted church authorities to accept and encourage an uneducated ministry, poorly equipped to solve the problems of a new day; and the man who strives must keep on without intellectual or moral comradeship with many of his fellows.

If this is, perhaps, the peculiar difficulty of the small-town parson, the city clergy, on the other hand, are handicapped by the lack of time for concentrated thought. Many ministers are so overwhelmed in parochial organization that they have little opportunity for reading, much less for digesting what they have read. How many really strong preachers can be found in New York to-day? More often still, they are so entangled with those social elements which most deserve condemnation that they lose fineness of spiritual fiber. In some cases their entanglements are commercial, industrial, or economic, as well as social. The city parish is a huge financial enterprise; the men who support it are identified with the world of industry and finance, and it would be difficult to decide to how large an extent economic determinism may mold the thought, influence the preaching, and unconsciously regulate the practice of the spiritual leaders of large and important congregations. There are some of us, indeed, who suspect that "the activity of the clergy in every good work"—the energy with which they throw themselves into every movement of social and political reform, the readiness with which they are attached to new causes—is a symptom of their own restlessness and dissatisfaction, an effort to silence the call of a permanently troubled conscience; exactly as we suspect that many of the laity give way to a passion for moral reform as a refuge from "the tyranny of thought."

All of us, ministers and everybody, are living in a changing world, with new conditions developing daily, a world still war torn, witnessing new industrial developments, new national readjustments, clashing class interests. Those of us who are engaged in religious work feel the strain of this. And we have the added difficulty of adjusting our work to other conditions concomitant with these changes: the astounding growth of urban population, the development of apartment-house life, the breaking down of home influences and domestic traditions, the increase of comforts and luxuries, and the consequent removal of moral restraints and safeguards, the increasing opportunities for recreation. In the development of city life, with its quick changes in residential conditions,

have come problems arising from shifting populations, the removal of those whose contributions for church work were most generous and disinterested, the stranding of once prosperous churches in downtown business districts or deteriorating residential sections, the equally tragic abandonment of village churches and the weakening of small town parishes, and because of the loss of denominational enthusiasm—or, for that matter, church zeal and devotion—no corresponding increase of suburban growth. It is no unusual thing to hear the frank acknowledgment among church leaders that we must recognize the loss of one generation and prepare now to win the next. With the acknowledgment comes a ready recognition that the blame need not be placed upon the shoulders of churchmen of other days. They may have lacked vision, but so also was there lack of foresight in city planning, in community co-operation, in problems of government, in scores of other things wherein failure is now freely recognized and as freely excused.

IV

It is no wonder, then, that the Church has lost prestige; no wonder, indeed, that for several decades the ministry has not been attracting the keenest minds. The hope lies in the fact that we are beginning to diagnose our disease. As soon as enough of us discover that we are really sick, there will be physicians to effect a cure, or, if you like to put it in the language of the preacher (which thing I abhor) there will be prophetic voices to recall us to our task with a renewed spirit. Such voices are already heard, and in most theological schools there has been steady improvement in the quality of the student body and in the spirit of the faculty membership. Some are wrestling bravely with the problems the ministry must solve in the new generation.

How, then, shall the Church regain its prestige? Or, to put it in a better way, how may it become a stronger influence in the community, mold business and industrial life, improve social and political moralities? Is it possible for the clergy to become a positive force in public affairs? Can their influence really be an active one unless they enter politics in championship of particular legislative proposals? Let us agree that their real duty is the inculcation of right principles, yet how can they actually accomplish anything if they are to enunciate general principles without specific application of these principles in legislative enactment, or social, industrial, economic, and moral reforms? The Church, of course, cannot admit that moral questions of this sort are outside its province. Out of the disagreements and uncertainties as to how far the Church should go, perhaps this fundamental statement may be accepted: Wherever a moral question arises, it is the function of the Church to establish the principles upon which the question shall be determined. Beyond establishing principles the Church generally should not go; but individual members of the Church, acting in their capacity as citizens, often united in organizations, must see that right principles are duly expressed in specific reforms even though the exact line cannot be fixed between too much and too little reliance upon measures designed to carry moral principles into effect.

The point of divergence between this statement and the present trend of popular practice in the Protestant churches lies in the emphasis which it would put upon individual and associated action, rather than upon corporate action by the churches. An illustration in another field of moral endeavor may be taken from the educational world. Few men have exercised a more far-reaching influence in education than the beloved Dean Briggs of Harvard. He and his associates practically revolutionized the study of English. He "helped students to a right understanding of themselves, so that they could develop certain mental

qualities of their own"; he "trained men to look at the world with their own eyes." Then the men who were so trained went into other educational institutions all over the country, carrying with them the ideas and methods they had learned and, in turn, the students they trained went away from other colleges by the thousands, taking with them the same ideas. The result is seen in methods which have created a new literature in America. In the same way, religious progress comes through the conversion and enlightenment of individuals and groups who become "keen centers of recovered consciousness of the Church's true mission."

In the religious world Dean Hodges of Cambridge did a similar work. Week after week, year after year, he taught his students to judge moral problems with their own minds, meanwhile preaching the social gospel with homely effectiveness. These men in turn brought to the congregations in which they ministered a new sense of their social responsibility. Before he became dean of a theological school Doctor Hodges was a parish clergyman. He never identified himself with party movements; yet he quickened the consciences of his congregation to such an extent that an inefficient and corrupt local administration was turned out of office through their efforts—though, alas, the reform seems to have been only temporary.

Both men were chary of organization. Dean Briggs's strength lay in his intense interest in individuals, his real love of youth, his steady confidence in them, his ready trust in their essential goodness. Dean Hodges had the same confidence in human nature combined with a clear and unswerving faith in the social gospel which he taught. One transformed the spirit of the student body through his unremitting personal interest in individuals. The other was a powerful influence in transforming parochial life and making religion a saving power in the community for the redemption of society, rather than a spiritual medicine labeled, bottled, and prescribed for the strengthening of individual souls. Difficult as it may be to put this into words, the distinction is quite clear between such methods and the enthusiasm of the Protestant ministers and churches of the present decade who prescribe how we shall live and how we shall think, what we shall put on and put off, what we shall eat and what we shall drink. It seems to have been the method of Jesus Christ Himself, who always looked at life from above rather than from within, who did not issue His call to companies but addressed individuals, who never imposed an order of society but called men to a new way of life and so formed His kingdom by the conversion of men into subjects through their acceptance of The Way. He bids us now to make our lives a challenge and not a compromise and in fellowship with Him to gain power to think clearly and act bravely. The minister must follow this method.

The present tendency is to minimize the pervasive influence of ideas and to rely upon legislation to effect reform. The temptation is to adopt the cruder methods of political propaganda and import into religious effort the commercialized methods of modern organization. The result is a reliance on regulatory codes which hardens its advocates into pharisaical self-righteousness and puritanical severity. Worse than that, the ministers and the churches become singularly obtuse to moral values and ready to excuse actions which in other circumstances would be frankly condemned. Witness the unconscious revelations of religious lobbyists who see no wrong in fighting fire with fire, are indifferent to the moral obliquity of paying public officials to become lecturers in advocacy of measures upon which they must vote as legislators, glory in their success at obtaining evidence by methods which shame the consciences of those who are not of the company of the saints, and can write the history of the prohibition movement as a clever political campaign,

in complete obliviousness of the fact that it began as a moral revival and in this is its only possible excuse for continuance.

V

That brings us to another suggestion which may at first seem to be an anti-climax. To regain its prestige the Church must return to the conviction that it exists as a spiritual center of influence, a moral dynamic. Everything which weakens its spirituality lessens its real power. The protest against the up-and-coming methods of the day is not uttered merely as a plea for good taste or in disapproval of vulgar competition. Undoubtedly we need to get away from the stiff and starchy conventionalism of the past. The point is that these offenses against good taste destroy the spiritual appeal of the churches. Some one has said that Catholicism brings people to their knees in adoration, while Protestantism brings them to their feet in action. We need both. There must be service as well as sacrifice, work as well as worship. Yet it seems to many of us that the supreme need of to-day is a revival of the spirit of worship. The church which stands at the head of Wall Street, with open doors through which the distant altar may be seen, with groups of busy people entering for a few moments of prayer or silence, with services at convenient hours for busy people, with noon-day preaching of the simplest sort every day—such a church may mean more for the cause of real religion than a busy ecclesiastical organization whose minister spends his time with committees and clubs and in attendance upon outside organizations and points with pride to a peppy basket-ball team, a live-wire Bible class, eager red, white, and blue committees engaged in Sabbath-school attendance campaigns and all the complicated paraphernalia of community-house activity. Some of these things are good—in moderation—but the real need to-day is a recollection of the message of the prophet that in quietness and confidence is our strength. We live in a world of material progress. In America we have built up a great industrial and commercial system. Unless we can give it spiritual motivation it may become a huge Frankenstein monster suddenly endowed with power which we can no longer control, or a Juggernaut to grind us to powder.

So the Church will regain influence as it regains spirituality. Its spiritual strength will increase as its clergy are freed from the activities which now leave them little time for thought or devotion. The clergy themselves must return to the realization of the duty to feed their own spirits, that they may in turn be a source of strength to others. One soul all on fire with real faith is worth more than a whole city aroused and curious. Faith like this will trust in something finer than disciplinary codes. It will have sufficient belief in humanity to feel that in moral decisions the individual may be left free to choose for himself. For a people who value democracy and have been taught to believe in the worth of the individual it will be clear that, while mass discipline, fixed rules, stern regulation may build up, for a time, a machinelike morality, in the long run that Church will win respect which asks its people to decide for themselves, which even *compels* them to decide at the cost of honest mental and moral effort. Such a Church will have a self-respecting constituency respected by others. It need never worry about its prestige. It need not implore an acknowledgment of its position. It will without such apologia find its authority recognized and its opinions and judgments carrying weight.

VI

Finally: The Church will be restored to the confidence of the man outside when it gives more attention to the man outside. Too much effort is given now to coddling the "saints." When any effort is made at gaining others it is left

to the crude work of spasmodic evangelism, and the churches confess their own weakness by combining in campaigns under the direction of imported experts in soul saving. Such efforts are as mistaken in their motives as they are offensive in method. They show no understanding of what Donald Hankey called "the religion of the inarticulate." God has many unattached followers, men of religious feelings and convictions who are not enrolled anywhere as Christian believers—often the very men whom we need inside the churches, men who are doing Christ's work and yet have not the stimulus of fellowship in Christ's Church. That is our loss as well as theirs, and it is hard to say for which of us the loss is the more tragic. No effort can be successful which does not recognize this double loss.

Some things a ministry which is spiritually aroused will do; for it will necessarily be really interested in winning new disciples. It will be a studious ministry numbering men intensely interested in making Christian truth vital for the age. It must also be a teaching ministry, able to translate the truths of Christianity into terms of everyday life and express them, not in the language of dogma but in the language of the average man. Most churches have a cultural worship in highly developed form, or else free and easy evangelistic services devoid of reverence. Most sermons are either conventionally pious discourses or exasperating moral interpretations of current events, or half-baked social theorizing (a good bit of Bible slang; for "Ephraim was a cake not turned"), or fervid exhortations to sinners who usually are not there to hear the appeal. The average man has very simple ideas of religion. To him it means unselfishness, generosity, sincerity, cleanliness of soul, a genuineness and straightforward honesty that despises cant and is chary of religious professions, an abiding faith in goodness, a very real humility because of his own defects—which we are quite justified in calling penitence—a readiness, therefore, to forgive defects in others; with it all, a general consciousness of God, of whom he is rather vaguely aware though he finds it almost impossible to speak about Him easily and naturally. For such men there must be the simplest and most vivid preaching of the gospel story. We need clergymen the one passion of whose ministry will be to try to interpret the average man to himself and make him see that all the ideals of goodness he ever had are found in Jesus Christ. As for myself, I want to do more than that; I want to make men see that everything that Jesus Christ was God is. I want them to know that if there is a God He must be like Christ and I want them to believe that He is just that sort of a God in spite of all difficulties and in the face of all appearances to the contrary. I want them through Christ to be so certain of God that they will gladly give Him the undivided allegiance of their lives.

After all, that is what religion is. If we ministers are making this our task, we need never be ashamed of our calling. If men see that this is what we are trying to do, they will not long withhold their interest. If all the churches will make this their first aim, our miserable and inveterate divisions will be healed and the day of Christian unity will sooner dawn. This, indeed, is the real road to unity. When churches concentrate upon this common and essential service, denominational differences will fade: the weak will be united in strength; the common task will lead to common understanding; the Church will replace the churches. And the Church will be respected where churches are not.

THE REAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

AT THE moment there seems to be a lull in the feminist movement in so far as most external and vocal manifestations are concerned. For forty years and more the cries of women claiming their rights have resounded far and wide, and in most of the "progressive" countries men have heard them. Votes they now have, and seats in parliaments and even in cabinets, places on juries, and positions of authority. Women, in fact, have won all along the line and have suffered only minor or temporary defeats. What they have asked for they have received, although whether they, on their side, have rendered in return those special benefits that the less responsible suffragists—at least in England—promised humanity as a result of their concurrence in public affairs is altogether another matter, and one with which this paper does not deal.

Rather is it concerned with the problem of the kind of rights which women have chosen to demand and those which, for their own reasons, they have chosen to ignore. It has always seemed to me that in framing their rights, women have, so to speak, put the cart before the horse. They have concentrated with absolute unanimity and sometimes with violence—or, at least, those of them who were the voices of the feminist movement—on rights of citizenship, rights of economic independence, and, above all, on the right to give practical expression to their political opinions. That is to say, they have sought and been granted all manner of external rights. But of their rights as women, divorced entirely from those of citizen, taxpayer, and wage-earner, they have had but little to say; or what has been said has been muttered low among themselves and not cried out boldly through the channels of the press and the platform.

By the rights of women as women, I mean their rights to the open expression of their individuality as women absolutely untrammelled by all male preconceptions—and misconceptions—of what that individuality really is. For most assuredly if women ever possessed this right—and it is doubtful whether they ever did—it was lost away back in the mists of time. I think the German feminists have perhaps recognized this more clearly than others. "Woman," said the late August Bebel, in his celebrated book on feminism, "was the first human being that tasted bondage. Woman was a slave before the slave existed." Of course, this statement is not meant to convey the impression that woman has always existed in a state of physical slavery. Bebel meant that mainly through physical causes men had been able to impose on women their own ideas and ideals of what they should or should not be. That is to say, thousands of years ago they dictated to women as the ideal of womanhood the kind of creature whom they could handle with the least difficulty and who was likely to afford the male sex the maximum amount of comfort and satisfaction for the smallest expenditure from men of virtues similar to or identical with those imposed on women. (At this point, lest it be assumed that I take a maliciously vindictive attitude towards the age-long overlordship of men, let me hasten to

say that I believe their conduct to have been perfectly natural in view of their superior physical strength—the means by which they obtained this complete mastery over women—and, indeed, scarcely even reprehensible. Further, that I am convinced that women, in a reversed position, would have exercised over men a mastery ten times more tyrannical and infinitely more uncomfortable because probably more "pin-pricking" in character.)

Thus has arisen the legend that women are, or should be, gentle, soft-spoken, yielding (but only to their husbands), obedient, self-sacrificing, constant, dutiful, industrious, (except the courtesan who is all the more charming for being lazy and luxurious in her habits), and, above all, absolutely unselfish in all her relations to men. Indeed, it is not too much to say that self-sacrifice and unselfishness and constancy in love men rate as the very highest moral attributes of women. So much so that there is just a suspicion that they occasionally forget that, at least so far as the Christian religion is concerned, these virtues are held to be no less incumbent on men than on women.

Now, the foregoing virtues are unquestionably highly desirable; or perhaps it would be better to say that while they are considered highly desirable in practical form in women, they are only so considered in a very abstract sense in men. The question is: are they really more natural and exclusive to women than to men? If they are, then there is nothing more to be said and John Stuart Mill was wrong—hideously wrong; and so was Bebel when he asserted that woman was a slave even before the slave existed. But if, on the other hand, these virtues are no more natural and exclusive to women than to men, it may be urged with perfect fairness that, although the world has rolled on these tens of thousands of years, we do not yet possess any very accurate idea of the real personality of woman as a sex. Frau Rosa Mayreder, the famous German writer on feminism, put the matter very aptly when she said, "We shall be able to know what women are only when we no longer dictate to them what they should be."

Slaves have been known to hug their chains. And women, after uncounted generations of subserviency to the ideals of conduct imposed on them by men, have long since come to believe that these are perfectly natural to their sex. No doubt there are still large numbers of women who would be highly indignant with any person who ventured to question the reality of these ideals. And arising from this deep-seated belief in the natural possession of women to the qualities of devotion, self-sacrifice, self-denial, gentleness as opposed to male brutality, and morality as opposed to male immorality, we have had the spectacle of some European feminists even basing their demand for the vote to some extent on the alleged moral qualities of their sex. In England a few of the less responsible and more extravagant suffragists made absurd claims and antagonized many people by their markedly "anti-man" attitude—an attitude arising in part from an apparently firm belief not merely in the equality of women with men, but in their superiority to men. Happily, this unfortunate attitude has died a natural death and is heard of no more. But it remains no less true that women, as well as men, grew to believe that the personality men ordered them to assume was indeed their own and as natural to them as playfulness is to a kitten or ferocity to a tiger.

Reference has already been made to John Stuart Mill, the staunchest and most powerful champion that women, as a sex, have yet possessed. Mill, ordinarily polite and conciliating, could be, and was aroused to insolence when any man dared to question his premises and conclusions concerning women. Yet even he found it difficult to accept the legend of the naturally angelic nature of women if certain statements in his *Subjection of Women* may be assumed to

reflect his beliefs, as there is no reason they should not be. He was, as everyone knows, an impassioned believer in the intellectual equality of women with men; but his opinion concerning their alleged moral superiorities is significant and important enough to be quoted at some length: "As for moral differences, considered as distinguished from intellectual," he says, "the distinction commonly drawn is to the advantage of women. They are declared to be better than men; an empty compliment, which must provoke a bitter smile from every woman of spirit, since there is no other situation in life in which it is the established order, and considered quite natural and suitable, that the better should obey the worse."

He is even more direct in the following: "Women, it is said, seldomer fall under the penal law . . . than men. I doubt not that the same thing may be said, with the same truth, of negro slaves. Those who are under the control of others cannot often commit crimes. . . . I do not know a more signal instance of the blindness with which the world, including the herd of studious men, ignore and pass over the influence of social circumstances, than their silly depreciation of the intellectual, and silly panegyrics on the moral, nature of women."

Mill's profound conviction that the real nature of women is an unknown quantity leads him back to the subject again and again. "All women are brought up from the very earliest years in the belief that their ideal of character is the very opposite to that of men; not self-will, and government by self-control, but submission, and yielding to the control of others. All the moralities tell them that it is the duty of women, and all the current sentimentalities that it is their nature, to live for others; to make complete abnegation of themselves, and to have no life but in their affections. And by affections are meant the only ones they are allowed to have." Mill goes on to declare that scarcely any men have any knowledge of the "actually existing thoughts and feelings" of women. "Many a man thinks he perfectly understands women, because he has had amatory relations with several, perhaps with many of them. If he is a good observer, and his experience extends to quality as well as quantity, he may have learnt something of one narrow department of their nature—an important department, no doubt. But of all the rest of it, few persons are generally more ignorant, because there are few from whom it is so carefully hidden." And he points out that it is only of comparatively recent date that women, by means of literature, have been able to tell anything at all to the general public. But, he adds, "as yet very few of them dare tell anything which men, on whom their literary success depends, are unwilling to hear."

Have not the feminists in their public campaigns tended to exchange the substance for the shadow? Is it not of far more importance that a woman should be allowed to be herself than that she should mark a ballot paper or stand up in Congress and deliver herself on such subjects as the consolidation of railways or the future of Yap? But the fact remains that women have not first sought to be allowed to be themselves, and have preferred to demand their rights as taxpayers and wage-earners rather than their rights as women. Why?

I think that they have been dimly aware — indeed, in the case of the more clear-sighted women even acutely aware —that if their sex is to win the right to be itself and not merely what it has been ordered to be, it must come down from that curious structure known as its "pedestal." That is to say, it must repudiate its claim—assumed, as we have seen, at the dictation of men—to a virtual monopoly of the qualities of abnegation, devotion, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and self-denial, since it is manifestly absurd to pretend that any normal, average person, male or female,

if left absolutely free, will prefer to choose always, or even often, the hard and narrow path instead of a broader and easier route. Those who do choose the hard and narrow path of their own free will are martyrs; they are certainly not average, normal human beings with a full equipment of ordinary human nature. But if in America the claim of the suffragists to the rights of citizenship was based on the plea of justice, in England there was a tendency with certain of the more sentimental and less clear-headed women to base their claims in some degree on the legendary superiority of women in special moral qualities; to be precise, on those which the average man has never been over-anxious to indulge in himself. Women, these sentimentalists urged, would "purify" politics. And if American women were granted the vote as a measure of justice, I cannot help thinking that Englishwomen, who had to fight harder, and, consequently, to use a more varied assortment of arguments, won their battle because many people believed that women should vote because they were what tradition has invariably alleged them to be. Incidentally, suffragists had also become an intolerable nuisance to politicians. Therefore, the women were given their votes and their seats in parliaments and on juries and were granted all the rest of their demands.

These things, I repeat, are not the rights of women; they are only the rights of taxpayers. In making their claims women have chosen to demand to be citizens before they demanded the right to be themselves. But unquestionably they found themselves in a dilemma; for they probably realized that, difficult as was the fight for the rights of citizenship, it would be a veritable picnic in comparison with the fight for the right to be themselves. For it would be foolish to pretend that men would find the real woman as easy to handle as the model they dictated—not that the model was always easy. Slaves are easier to command than free men; but in the long run, free men are more satisfactory.

II

Occasionally there makes her entrance on the stage of life a woman who from first to last is determined to be herself irrespective of men, of convention, of tradition, and of all the accumulated teachings of the centuries. When such a woman appears the shock that she administers to men galvanizes them into the writing of endless biographies and histories. They pay convention the lip-service of disapproval of these women; but, strangely enough, they leave the biographies of the saintly women—those whose lives square with convention—to be written by other saintly women.

Take, for instance, the case of the notorious Ninon de l'Enclos. Here we have a woman, of good birth and sound education, who very early in life declared that she intended to have nothing to do with the "servitude" of marriage. She was as good as her word; she did not. She did, however, have an interminable succession of lovers. Many other women have had the same. But the point in Ninon's case which never fails to rouse her male biographers to excited comment is the fact that in every case she tired of her lovers before they tired of her. Not once did a lover ever leave Ninon de l'Enclos; not once did the lady fail to dismiss a lover to make place for a successor. And this state of affairs continued until Ninon was an elderly woman.

Men have told us that it is the nature of women to be unselfish, self-denying, submissive, and constant in love; and Ninon was none of these things. Hence, the endless comments of men on what they regard to be a particularly freakish phenomenon. If it is an impertinence on the part of a woman even once to tire of a man before he tires of her, then there are no words left to describe Ninon's conduct. Of course, the spectacle of male inconstancy causes no comment

whatever. On the contrary, it is male constancy to one woman which would arouse vivid interest. Therefore, when Ninon de l'Enclos chose to dismiss her lovers instead of politely waiting for them to dismiss her—which at least would have put her square with tradition—she became a fitting and favorite subject for biographers.

The truth is, that although women are not like Ninon, they are probably a good deal less constant than convention supposes them to be. Sometimes one becomes a little tired of what Mill has termed the "silly panegyrics on the moral nature of women," and one almost wishes that there were a few more Ninons in the world who would make a concerted—and successful—effort to destroy them. The truth is wounding to the vanity of men, and women are not yet strong enough economically to be able to afford unpleasant frankness. During the War European women certainly did something in this direction; but what are four or five years of inconstancy against thousands of years of traditional constancy? The fact that so many young widows in France and England showed but a slight disposition to remain faithful to the memory of the dead and even, indeed, considerable haste to replace their loss, seems to have made little impression on men. We still hear our male "authorities" on women proclaiming in the same confident tones that man's love is of man's life a thing apart, etc., meaning, of course, that the love which is woman's *whole existence* is and can be nothing but the self-sacrificing love of a monogamous union.

I have italicized Byron's monstrous words since if women are ever to enjoy the right to be themselves, it is essential that they should be given no external encouragement to immolate themselves to love. To train them to the idea that love is their whole existence and that no others can have any place in their lives is a shameful thing. Love can always be relied upon to take care of itself, both in men and women, and it is not any service to women artificially to increase a perfectly natural inclination to fall in love. Of all the injustices which women have ever suffered, perhaps this eagerness to urge them to a degree of self-immolation in love entirely unknown to any other living creature is on the whole the worst.

It is strange how the professional feminists have ignored this very legitimate grievance and have, instead, foisted on men the blame for all manner of things of which they are quite innocent. There is, for instance, that favorite plaint of the feminist of intellectual bent to the effect that men are jealous of women's work in art, literature, and science and lose no chance of belittling it on every possible occasion. The reverse is the truth. Whenever women have proved themselves possessed of unquestionable talent men have fostered it. It was certainly not women who lionized George Eliot; they were too busy pondering over the fact that she was living with a man to whom she was not married. It was men who lionized her, just as it was men who lionized Charlotte Brontë and Madame de Staël and George Sand—all plain women and consequently not made much of on account of their faces. There is, too, the savage feminist attitude in regard to the underpayment of women by men. The truth is that men generally pay their employees, male or female, as little as they can, and when a woman happens to find herself an employer she does the same. These complaints are examples of the stress which the feminists have laid on artificial rights as artists or workers while ignoring their human rights as women.

III

It is quite certain that both the higher education of women and their subsequent economic independence will do a very great deal to mitigate the tendency of women to immolate themselves to love. Fifty years from now men will repeat their eternal "man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole exist-

ence" in somewhat more faltering accents than they have done hitherto; for while vivid outside interests will not in the least affect a woman's power to love, they will certainly make her less inclined to immolate herself deliberately to the Moloch that men have made of love—for women. No blame is to be attached to men for their part in the encouragement of this self-immolation. After all, women at their mildest are not easy to handle; but they are undoubtedly easiest when they believe (and act accordingly) that their sole function in life is to devote themselves body and soul to the welfare of the man who is their husband, and that even the slightest deviation from this function is horrid and unnatural.

Therefore, it is probable that as time goes on the attitude of women towards men will take on a somewhat more casual character; which will possibly be less agreeable for men but much more satisfactory for women. It is even possible that a time will come when civilized men will have to exert themselves to make themselves more attractive to the female of the species. In this case the civilized world will witness a renaissance of polished manners, while the hideous clothes of modern males will give way to a costume that emphasizes, instead of diminishes, masculine good looks. At the same time there will occur a rapid decrease in the business done by beauty salons, costumiers, drapery establishments, and milliners, all of which lines of industry thrive and fatten on selling to women goods which women would not need if only men had to compete for their favor instead of expecting their own to be competed for by women. Naturally, any virile man resents the idea that he is the pursued and not the pursuer in love; but the very fact that women are brought up to believe that love is their whole existence, while men are not so brought up, surely proves that in all essentials, if not in externals, it is women, and not men, who are the competitors in so far as marriage is concerned.

If the right of women to be themselves did little more than bring about a revival of good manners and pleasing costume on the part of men, it would already have done much, since it would have made an important contribution to the art of living. But its effects might even be felt in the field of fiction writing. No one denies that it is women who form the body of novel readers, and that a novel, to be successful, must be pleasing to women. It has, therefore, always been incumbent on novelists who desired wide success to make their novels extremely "romantic," for, of course, everyone knew that love was woman's whole existence. In this way unfortunate girls were still further encouraged in the ancient superstition that it is the highest duty of women to immolate themselves on the altar of love. A vicious circle was created; the novelists thrived on the superstition by encouraging it and the feminine public, in its turn, became ever readier and more eager to immolate itself to its unnatural idea of womanly life.

The superstition has thus worked incalculable harm not only to literature as an art, but—and this is more serious—to women themselves. It has given them illusions of a nature which should have no place in the mind of any human being, and in nine cases out of ten they are shattered with a violence which occasionally works havoc with the happiness of women. If the first right of women is to be allowed to be themselves, then the next is the right to be told the truth, while still young, about their relations to men and life, even though the truth be less picturesque and "romantic" than the lies most of them have been fed on.

But the present lull in the feminist movement will not last forever. Strange rumblings may even now be heard on the horizon—sounds which have already roused sociologists, ministers of religion, teachers and novelists into a state of feverish vocal activity. And in the meantime women gather among themselves and talk. Perhaps men have not yet heard the things that they are saying, but I have heard them many a time.

HAVE FAITH IN INDIANA

BY ELMER DAVIS

MY UNWORTHY feet have lately trodden the sacred soil of the Hoosier state, where I was born and might be living yet if I had found anybody within its confines who would give me a job when I got out of college. Since the adventurous person who ultimately did give me a job lived in New York, I became a New Yorker. Years passed—quite a number of years when laid end to end as one usually finds them—and I became completely denationalized as a Hoosier; now I can eat spaghetti with one hand, but not fried chicken. Often my business took me across Indiana to Chicago, but I never went back home.

And of late years I became afraid to go back to Indiana. Strange tales came from what had once been the Earthly Paradise. (If you doubt the accuracy of that epithet, see any Indiana novel for confirmation.) The Happy Valley had been turned into a hotbed of hatred and suspicion. The moon was still fair along the Wabash, but almost everything else, according to returning voyagers, was unfair. Where once the Shawnee and Pottawatomie had terrorized the countryside, men and women now stood in dread of the Kleagle and the Kligrapp. Candle lights still gleamed through the sycamores, but their pallid flame was dimmed by the glare of the fiery cross.

Laws of fantastic ferocity had been imposed on the blameless Hoosier, whose native mildness hardly seemed to require such stringent repression; and the natural reaction had fomented wild and shameless orgies. Conservatives and intellectuals escaped from the state with the same kind of relief as other conservatives and intellectuals felt when they fled across the frontier of Soviet Russia. Worst of all, said scouts who had observed the decline and fall of Indiana, the Hoosiers had become afraid to talk. They no longer even talked politics. If this were true, then indeed the glory was departed.

Nevertheless I nerved myself last summer for a return to familiar scenes, a *recherche du temps perdu*, much in the mood of Regulus going back to Carthage. A visit to Indiana, if one could believe rumors, was an adventure fraught with bizarre perils. ("Don't drink anything in Indianapolis," a Hoosier refugee urged me as I left New York; "they have to put Coca-Cola in it to kill the taste.") But the perils, after all, could be evaded with circumspection; what could not be evaded was the arid disappointment in the return to what had once been a Garden Spot and was now little more than a Devastated District, the discovery that the old Hoosier salt had all been washed away by Coca-Cola and other beverages dear to the Anti-Saloon League, that the Hoosier gets his politics from the Dragon or the Titan instead of rolling his own.

All a mistake, friends. The decease of Indiana has been greatly exaggerated. I do not challenge the accuracy of various reporters who have brought these horrendous tales back to New York. At certain times and in certain places, no doubt all they said was true; in certain places much of it is true still. Indiana has changed in sixteen years and in some ways changed for the worse; but, so far

as I could gather, in the last few months it has changed for the better, and there is hope that the patient's improvement may be steady from now on. The organism was attacked by a violent disease, but it seems to be setting up a resistance, a reaction, that may ultimately give it immunity.

And the Hoosier essence is still there. Indiana has always been a more salient and individual commonwealth than most of its Middle-Western neighbors; it possesses what the eastern Europeans would call cultural autonomy. And that native culture seems to be, in the main, still intact. If the Hoosiers talk politics less than they used to (and I heard plenty of politics talked) it may be not so much that they are afraid of listening Klansmen as that the savage stringency of their state prohibition law has inevitably made liquor a topic of absorbing interest. "We think too much about liquor out here," an eminent Hoosier confessed to me, "and talk too much about it. It isn't that important. But when the state legislature declares that liquor or the prohibition of liquor is more than the Constitution and the ethics of a gentleman and everything else, everybody's sense of values is twisted a little out of focus. If we had a sane liquor law the topic might shrink to its proper size."

Yet I think I heard as much talk about automobiles as about liquor, and with good reason. Walking is a lost art in Indiana; whoever has to go farther than across the road takes an automobile; if there is any Hoosier so debased that he does not own an automobile (which I doubt) he is less than the dust beneath his neighbors' chariot wheels. The foreigner, rashly proposing to walk two blocks down the street, is regarded as a dangerous person of Bolshevist tendencies, attempting to corrupt Middle-Western purity by introduction of the un-American customs of the Atlantic seaboard. The colleges of the state might well add a new event to their track meets—the hundred-yard walk, if they could find anybody hardy enough to endure the strain.

If Darwin and his allied and associated evolutionists are right (this is one of the few topics on which the Indiana legislature has not yet laid down the law), legs in Indiana will presently become vestigial, and ultimately will drop off altogether. Some few ladies may retain them for purposes of ornament—not too many, it may be hoped—but for the rest of the population legs have already been replaced by the automobile. The Hoosier of to-day talks about engine trouble and tire mileage as much as his grandfather talked about his rheumatism, and for the same reason.

So I am not much impressed by this alleged decline of political conversation. Changes there have been; but the two great cottage industries that made the state famous—literature and politics—flourish as luxuriantly as ever. While these twin pillars stand the Hoosier temple is secure.

II

Outwardly the Indiana of to-day looks about the same as the Indiana of 1910, except a little more weatherbeaten; about the only additions to the architecture of the state are a couple of hundred thousand filling stations. This gives a curious sense of timelessness to the New Yorker who is used to seeing his home town pulled down and rebuilt before his eyes every few weeks; none the less, there is something to be said for the Hoosier theory of using a serviceable house till it wears out rather than squander all your savings on building another just a little better. That is, there would be something to be said for the theory if it were true.

But I am told that Hoosiers do not build houses because they spend all their money for automobiles; they wear out old clothes because the money that once bought clothes now buys gasoline. It does seem that houses which have been on the premises for several decades might at least be painted once in a while;

and I understand that a couple of years ago there was a general movement toward renovation. But just about that time the Florida boom came along, and the money which had been saved up to paint the house went to Florida and has not been seen since.

Carl Fisher of Indianapolis made countless millions in Florida; so did a few other Hoosiers who got in on the ground floor. But the rest of Indiana, the general sucker investor, got just about what the general sucker investor usually gets. It was a hard blow because it came at a time when the state, in common with the whole corn belt, was hard up. Many a farmer had counted on paying off the mortgage with his profit on the resale of those waterfront lots in Florida; and now, as the diplomats say, he is compelled to envisage a new situation.

Relatively, if not absolutely, Indiana is less prosperous to-day than it was in 1910, which may have something to do with the changes of temperament, of interest, of emphasis which have undoubtedly occurred. But in the main, of course, these alterations are traceable, directly or in reflex, to the Ku Klux Klan.

One finds it hard to imagine why the Klan has such a hold on Indiana. What has the nervous Protestant to be afraid of in a state which has hardly ten per cent of Catholics and one per cent of Jews? Well, he finds a good deal to be afraid of. One hears strange tales among Hoosiers—for instance, that the lease on the Vatican has expired, and the Pope, unable to pay the increased rent demanded by his landlord, is now living in disguise in Cincinnati, ready to cross the frontier the first dark night, seize Indiana by a *coup d'état*, and turn it into a papal satrapy. (His Holiness will find a lot of friends in Dearborn County, the border march adjacent to Cincinnati, which is undoubtedly a weak point in the Hoosier *cordon sanitaire*.) Just why, out of all the Protestant communities on this planet, the Pope should select Indiana as the object of his wicked desires, is not apparent to the foreigner; but to the Hoosier it is clear enough. Indiana is the most desirable spot on earth, and any potentate might reasonably covert it. (The *locus classicus* on this point in Hoosier literature is Mr. Tarkington's *The Man From Home*.) At any rate this theory seems to be widely held in the rural districts, and the Protestants are all on guard.

The intelligent people of Indiana (and despite emigration, forced and otherwise, the state is still probably well above the average in percentage of intelligent people) find it hard to understand how these abysmal depths of ignorance, bigotry, malice, and pure wrong-headedness can exist in a state which has long been noted for the excellence of its schools, which has probably produced more normal-school principals and professors of pedagogy than any other commonwealth in the country. But a report on the state schools, published a few years ago, after investigation by a local committee which could not be suspected of alien bias, throws some light on this topic. Indiana got its pedagogic reputation by an early start. About 1870 its schools were the best in the world, by the standards of 1870. They still are—by the standards of 1870; but states which give more attention to scholarship and less to basket ball show up a little better by the standards of 1926. (It may or may not be an accident, but the principal signer of this report moved to Chicago shortly after its publication.)

Possibly this willingness to stand on a reputation won long ago accounts for the spread of the Klan. It is well known that the Klan began to take hold of Indiana about the time it began to lose ground in the South. Perhaps it spread because it gave to persons of no importance a sense of consequence and an illusion of something to do. In Indiana it certainly owed much to the organizing ability of a Grand Dragon who, one was

told at the time, had "sold" the Klan in Indiana on the basis of love rather than hatred. That the gentleman's concept of love was somewhat violent is suggested by the fact that he was presently tried for rape and murder and is now serving a twenty-year sentence in the penitentiary; yet the argument has this much support, that the Klan in Indiana has carefully refrained from the local acts of violence common in other states where it flourished. In Indiana the Klan has done its work in politics; which proves that the Hoosier Klansmen, after all, are essentially Hoosiers, expressing themselves in politics as all Hoosiers will.

The 1924 election gave the Klan control of the state. First of all the Klan, with the Anti-Saloon League, got control of the Republican party. The Republican state ticket ran far behind Coolidge that year, but Coolidge pulled it through. Possibly he does not deserve all the credit; the Republican candidate for Governor, Major Ed Jackson, and the Democratic candidate, Colonel Carleton McCulloch, were both Nordic Protestants; but McCulloch had not made Nordic Protestantism a gainful occupation and he suffered the added handicap of being an intellectual. At any rate, the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League got control of the state and proceeded to cash in on it.

The state prohibition law which they passed—the "smell law"—is a marvellous document. One hears of legislators who staggered from a whiskey-laden table to vote for the law, and back to the whiskey-laden table; but Indiana is not the only state which lives by the great principle that it matters not how a legislator drinks so long as he votes right. Certainly, the statute which they put on the books is the culmination, in one way or another, of the process that started with Magna Carta; the Nordic genius for self-government never produced anything more remarkable.

To sell, possess, or give away liquor calls for a mandatory jail sentence of thirty days to six months (for a first offense); so does the display of a cocktail shaker in a drug-store window. One who is merely intoxicated in public may escape with a fine; one who drives an automobile while intoxicated—an offense which accounts for a good many traffic killings a year, in Indiana and elsewhere—goes to jail for from thirty days to six months. But one who transports even a spoonful of liquor in an automobile—unless he transports it in his own digestive system—is guilty of a felony and goes to jail for from one to two years; possession of a distilling apparatus is *prima facie* evidence of intention of unlawful use, and the possessor is a felon who spends from one to five years in a penitentiary.

If *any fluid* is poured out or carried away while the premises are being searched, it shall be held to be *prima facie* intoxicating liquor intended for unlawful use or sale. Proof of the possession of empty bottles that have contained intoxicating liquor shall be admissible as evidence—and the smell of the bottle is often sufficient. Also, if a bottle is found on your premises, though a passer-by may have thrown it over the fence, it is your bottle unless you can prove the contrary.

It only remains to add that this amiable enactment provides that "any citizen, organization, or association within this state" (which of course means the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League) may employ an attorney to assist the prosecutor; and that charges shall not be dismissed unless the reason for so doing is laid before this attorney for his inspection.

Surely this ought to enact virtue; if the citizens can be made righteous by the power of the secular arm, Indiana ought to be the Spotless Commonwealth. And what is the result? Why, one result I have already mentioned—that a young woman lately back from Indianapolis told me that they had to use Coca-Cola to kill the taste; and another refugee from Indianapolis told

me that they got drunk and rolled on the floor, lost to all sense of moderation.

III

But I gather that both the virtue and the iniquity of Indiana have been greatly exaggerated. (That is the penalty of spending as many years as I spent in the newspaper business; one discovers that everything has been greatly exaggerated.)

I did not see, in Indiana, anybody drunk and rolling on the floor; nor did I encounter anything the taste of which needed to be killed by Coca-Cola. I understand that among the lower classes, unable to pay the prices which the better element puts up for whisky brought in via Detroit, a favorite drink is Jamaica ginger diluted by Coca-Cola; and the prosecuting authorities have had much difficulty in breaking up this traffic because the state law merely forbids intoxicating liquor "and every other drink, mixture, or preparation of more than one half of one per cent of alcoholic content reasonably likely or intended to be used as a beverage." It had never occurred to anybody that Jamaica ginger was reasonably likely to be used as a beverage.

Those whose delicacy is affronted by Jamaica ginger are said to sate their unlawful desires by dropping a tablet of aspirin into a bottle of Coca-Cola. The effect is alleged to be powerful while it lasts; it wears off in half an hour or so, but then you procure another tablet of aspirin and another bottle of Coca-Cola. Maybe so; I am a middle-aged family man with no appetite for adventure; I didn't try it. Nor does it seem that anybody with friends in Indiana would need to try it; the prohibition law is said to be effective in the country districts, where there was never much drinking anyway; but, so far as I could gather, the percentage of humidity is as high in Indianapolis as anywhere in the country, except for New York and the East Coast of Florida.

Then is this majestic statute, this super-prohibition law, ineffective? Not a bit; but one gathers that it operates only against certain people. If somebody who stands well with the authorities is arrested, the case may be shifted to a lenient court; and if he stands well enough with the authorities he is not even arrested. One hears of delegates to a Republican convention drinking their fill in rooms protected by policemen, just as it is said to be done on the wicked Atlantic seaboard. But then the Republicans are the Klan party, the Anti-Saloon League party, the party of law enforcement, and naturally their delegates are privileged.

Some people undoubtedly have had bad luck. They tell a tale in Indianapolis of a burglar who broke into a house and was discovered by the householder. Dodging about in the cellar, with the police closing in on him outside, he had the good luck to find a couple of bottles of homemade wine, of the kind which is perfectly legitimate under the Volstead Act but obnoxious to the higher morality of Indiana. Clutching a bottle in each hand, the burglar walked gleefully out into the arms of the police; and the householder was forthwith arrested and sent to jail, while the burglar, so far as the story tells, was set free as a watchful and law-abiding citizen.

No Hoosier who has a treasured bottle anywhere around the house dares to fire his cook, or get into a dispute with the plumber. Plumbers, and carpenters, and readers of gas and electric meters are said to look for liquor with great diligence when they enter a house; if they can reach it they take some of it; if not they reserve their information in case there is any argument about the bill. In so far as the moral leaders of the United States are laboring to make this a country of spies, of sneaks, of snoopers, and informers (which is pretty far) Indiana undoubtedly has a good running start. When an automobile driver in the rural districts of the state is arrested

for speeding, his car is usually searched for liquor. The Supreme Court has held that this search is illegal, but in many counties it goes on just the same. There is a difference of opinion at present, among sheriffs and prosecutors, as to whether it is illegal to stop your car by the roadside, with all the lights on. A good many sheriffs hold that such conduct is *prima facie* evidence of immoral purposes; and when they seize a car thus stationary they are apt to search it, in the hope that a half-empty flask may let the occupants in for a year in the penitentiary.

All of this sounds as if Indiana were a dreadful place to live; but as usual, things are not so bad as they sound. Any Hoosier who has no influential friends may find himself in trouble at any moment; but not so many do. As with all laws whose ferocity far outruns public sentiment, the violence of this one is considerably mitigated in practise. Sensible prosecutors try to discriminate between men who sell liquor and those who possess it for their own use, between traveling bootleggers merchandising from their automobiles and tourists who happen to have brought a bottle up from Florida in a suitcase. Judges, too, are apt to make some effort to fit the penalty to the crime; jail sentences are mandatory but they can be suspended, and often are; and where judges and prosecutors fail, juries often—though not always—do the same.

It would be pleasing to report that this is the work of the old and famous Hoosier sense of humor, but apparently it is not. It is, to be sure, the work of the sense of proportion, of which the sense of humor is only a variant; but humor as such, so far as I can observe, is less common in Indiana than it used to be. At any rate, where the sense of humor fails, the sense of self-interest comes in. Chicago automobile clubs have advised all persons driving to Florida to dodge well round Indiana, since Indiana is full of sheriffs who delight in ripping apart every car that comes through in the hope of finding a spoonful of evidence which may send a felon away to the pen. This has resulted in a considerable loss of trade for Indiana hotels and filling stations; and human nature being what it is, that fact has registered on the minds of Hoosier authorities.

The prohibition law has undoubtedly promoted greater kindness to cooks and greater fraternity with plumbers; it has skilled Hoosiers in the Spartan virtues of caution and evasion; it has taught men to mistrust their friends, which, according to current American morality, is that much to the good. It has done a good deal, but I doubt if it has greatly reduced the volume of drinking, though it has certainly boosted the price of liquor. But then there is little evidence that any prohibition law is primarily intended to reduce the volume of drinking.

But even the transcendent purpose of prohibition laws, the cementing of the power of the Anti-Saloon League and its allies, seems to have been ill served by this inspired enactment. The State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League has had things his own way for some time. Once, with a group of friends he gestured at an Anheuser-Busch sign overhead. "Ain't it dreadful, boys, that that sign should be allowed to stand?" "But, Doctor," protested one of his hearers, "that sign advertises ginger ale." "I know," said the good doctor sadly, "but the very name makes people think of beer."

Lately, however, the worthy doctor has found himself in trouble. In his annual report he imprudently accused the state Supreme Court of "wet tendencies," and was in due course cited for contempt. At this writing the question is still under debate, but the defendant's attorneys have found it advisable to set up the defense that he was only exercising the inalienable right of every citizen to free thought and free speech.

When the Anti-Saloon League has to come out for free speech, it has lost its Hindenburg Line.

IV

The Klan, too, is apparently less powerful than it used to be, though still powerful enough. Two years ago it had most of the state press terrorized; the two old-established Indianapolis papers shook speechless in their boots, and the *Times*, which dared oppose the Klan in politics, found that its carriers were followed by Klansmen who stopped at every house where a *Times* was left and warned the householder that he had better stop reading the vile sheet. But of late various papers, if not exactly coming out against the Klan, have at least dared to admit that it is not necessarily a felony for citizens to hold opinions disapproved by the ruling oligarchy.

The conviction of the late Dragon seems partly responsible for this; he managed to run the state government from jail during his trial but seems to be less successful in running it from the remote penitentiary near the Michigan line. His removal dislocated the Klan leadership and, so far as the profane outsider can gather, it even set up two discordant parties among the sheeted paladins themselves, doubtless the pro-rape and anti-rape factions. A Grand Titan was lately fined for rape; and this behavior of Titans and Dragons suggests that perhaps the Klan's enthusiasm for female purity proceeds ultimately from a jealous cherishing of the *droit de seigneur*.

One great effect the Klan domination is having—the political solidification of most of the intelligent people of the state. For the Klan in Indiana is essentially a proletarian dictatorship. Like all proletarian movements, it includes a few astute individuals, themselves anything but proletarian, who control it and direct it in their own interests; but its membership is almost exclusively composed of the hill-billies, the Great Unteachables. And because the state is controlled by organized ignorance and malice, most of the intellectuals have been forced together for self-defense.

You find plenty of men and women in Indiana who tell you that they are Republicans but vote the Democratic ticket. Not that all the Klansmen are Republicans; but the majority of Democratic sentiment is against them, whereas the Republican party from Jim Watson down is only the tail to the Klan kite. In Indiana as elsewhere, the difference between Republicans and Democrats is little more than a hereditary tradition; but the tradition is still powerful.

If the Klan control of the Republican organization lasts long enough, there will be a real class distinction between the parties in Indiana. The Democrats will be the aristocrats, the party of intelligence; the Republican strength will lie in the unlettered masses and in the few rich men who find the unlettered masses useful in their business. Twenty years ago it was otherwise; the strength of Hoosier Democracy lay in the masses, the majority of the intellectuals were Republicans. But the Republicans, calling themselves the party of intelligence and morality, have visibly become in Indiana the party of ignorance and vicarious morality; there is no place for the intellectuals to go but over to the Democrats.

This division is hardly likely to last, of course; presently the Klan will lose the Republican organization and allegiances will return to the old home. Probably it should not last; for the alignment of all the intelligence of the state on one side tends to iron out temperamental differences and local differences which contribute a good deal to the salty variety of Hoosier culture. Here again, prohibition and the fanatical violence of its supporters have erected a paramount issue which throws all difference of opinion on minor matters into the shade. But this is only a tendency; a tendency powerful just now, but by no means solidified into an enduring state. Many things have happened to Indiana,

but much of the essential Hoosierism remains untouched.

For—I revert to my theme—the essence of Indiana is literature and politics; and in those basic key-industries Indiana is still there.

A year or two ago there was some little apprehension about the future of Indiana literature. The tall sycamores of Hoosier letters—Tarkington, Ade, Nicholson, McCutcheon—still towered above the forest, but they were beginning to be weary in well doing; and they had dominated the field for so long that they had discouraged competition. Ambitious young Hoosiers had developed the habit of going to Detroit to produce automobiles instead of settling down in Indianapolis to produce novels; and the most promising of the younger writers, Mr. Scoggins, chose to employ his talent on the alien scene of Latin America. Something had to be done in the way of planting the next crop if the romantic optimism of the Mid-Western corn belt were not to yield to the gloomy realism of the Northwestern wheat belt.

Hence the Indiana Literary Field Day, held at Culver Military Academy, one of the oldest and best-known schools in the Middle West, and promoted by a committee which hung up a series of prizes for the best essays, stories, poems, plays, and book illustrations by school and college students. The prizes included cash money, in sufficient amount to make the average student wonder if after all literature was not about as profitable as running a garage; and the conferring of the awards was made a ceremony more impressive, to the winners, than any university's bestowal of honorary LL.D.'s. In the way of literary pageantry there has been nothing to approach it since Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games, or Wolfram von Eschenbach won the poetry contest at the Wartburg.

The action takes place on a perfect spring day, on the shores of Lake Maxinkuckee, with a background of semi-military, semi-academic buildings and an overhead canopy of maples and elms. All around are seated the beauty and chivalry of Indianapolis and way stations, not forgetting a considerable delegation from Indiana's best known extramural extension, Chicago. For extra men and gentlemen of the chorus, several hundred cadets in full uniform, which is full enough to realize any schoolgirl's dream of military splendor.

On the platform in front of Memorial Hall are assembled as many as possible —which is a good many, Culver efficiency and Culver hospitality being equally well known—of Indiana authors, editors, publishers, publicists, and critics, pedestaled like the statues in the Siegesallee, that all aspiring young literati may have them pointed out—"This is what you too may become, if you only persevere." Leading up to this high altar of Pallas Athene a shaded walk, lined with smartly uniformed cadets standing at present arms; and above everything, on the steps of the Memorial Hall, the trooping of the colors, laureled banners of the schools and colleges to which the prize winners belong, that each young laureate may remember that he not only gets some money for himself but reflects glory on alma mater.

The prize winner's name is called; the cadet color bearer takes the proper banner down the walk; behind the banner the prize winner ascends to the High Place, escorted by a cadet aide, his tall helmet surmounted by a taller black plume, his gilt-buttoned uniform girt with a scarlet sash and a clanking sword; and with a roll of drums and flourish of trumpets the name and school and achievement of the prize winner is solemnly recited to the applauding crowd and the incipient author is welcomed into the goodly fellowship of Indiana literati.

Why, the ceremony has as much pomp, and as profound an emotional impact, as a presidential inauguration or a pontifical high mass. The romantic youth or day-dreaming girl who has been sniffed at by schoolfellows for always

writing poems when the gang wants to do something else, the ugly duckling of a scholastic community whose chief interest is probably centered on basketball, suddenly finds that he (or she) is being saluted as one whom Indiana delighteth to honor. At the impressionable age, the effect is terrific. If this idea had been put into practise twenty years ago the Younger Generation of Hoosier letters would not be so thin as it is now. Young writers need encouragement, and many a high-school teacher who grades themes when he would like to be writing poems, many a ruined real estate man sitting on the sandy shores of Biscayne Bay, wondering how he can raise carfare back to Kokomo, might have been turned in time to literature if in his day General Gignilliat of Culver had been playing Mæcenas as he does now, giving young writers not only cash, but the credit which (to writers below the age of thirty) is considerably more important.

This all-day festivity, as perfectly managed in every detail as a dress parade of the late Prussian Guard, ended late at night in a pageant covering most of the history of the world's literature. The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, the unassuming merit that is Indiana, were all depicted in successive tableaux; Shakespeare, Milton, Tarkington, Ade, Riley, Nicholson, had their turn on the stage; and then the grand climax, the one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves —the prize winners of the day grouped in the spotlight, the high point of literature to which Ade and Æschylus had been only guideposts pointing the way.

To what purpose? Why, to persuade these young people that Red Grange and Gloria Swanson have not monopolized all the glories of the universe; that a poet may reflect as much credit on his college as an All-Western quarterback; that merit is searched out and recognized outside the sports page—which is not such a bad thing to impress on college students. And the result? Well, such prize-winning pieces of literature as I saw were pretty good; they showed talent. Talent, perhaps, is not uncommon; but the years of unwearied practice that are needed before most writers can cash in on their talent are apt to come hard; many a writer, potentially as good as most of us who actually write, falls by the wayside and takes to selling used cars as the easiest way. None of these Culver prize winners is apt to do that; not with the feeling that Indiana has given them a slap on the back and shoved them along the right path, that the whole state is behind them, giving three cheers as they run cheerfully the race that is set before them.

To be sure, this pageant may have given the young people the idea that the life of letters is roses, roses all the way; which—*crede experto*—it is not. I could suggest certain tableaux which were omitted: an author's wife standing off the bill collector while her husband frantically telephones to the receiver of a bankrupt magazine, asking if there is any hope of getting that check two months overdue; a novelist sitting before his publisher's desk, receiving the news that the returns of copies of his latest book are in excess of sales; a scenarist learning from a film magnate that his works contain entirely too much Sex Appeal to get past Will Hays. But to have injected these into the Field Day would have been as indelicate as to put mention of married quarrels and crying children into a wedding ceremony—as indelicate and as injudicious. Indiana, like Nature, strives to trap her children into serving her purpose, and hopes that the radiant memories of the honeymoon may carry them through some of the realities to follow.

Incidentally, students from the Catholic schools of the state won about half of these prizes, which ought to reassure the Klansmen that Catholic Hoosiers are after all Hoosiers of purest ray serene. Perhaps it will; for Hoosier Catholicism contains one notable institution which never seems to have incurred the hos-

tility that frowns upon the Pope and his other works—the Notre Dame football team. I gather that few Klansmen are so embittered that they fail to give three cheers when this organization, the state's most powerful instrument of nation-wide publicity, wins another victory. To be sure, it is whispered that most of the squad are Protestants; that under Mr. Knute Rockne the Fighting Irish have become in great measure the Fighting Scandinavians. But this, if true, is only a symptom of the recrudescence of tolerance. The good fathers of Notre Dame are not so bigoted as to reject a triple-threat man because he happens to be a Lutheran; nor do the embattled Protestants down state fail to throw their hats in the air over the only Indiana football team that ever wins any notable victories, merely because it fights under the papal banner.

VI

After literature, politics—after it only in the temporal sense, before it in metaphysical preexistence; for politics in Indiana is alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. I went to a Democratic State Convention, and any doubts that might have survived as to the still-there-ness of Indiana were straightway dissipated. It didn't look like the state conventions I remembered from twenty years ago; among thirteen hundred delegates there were not half a dozen black frock coats and string ties, and women were as frequent on the floor as in the gallery. But they were the same old sort of people; what is more, they behaved in the same old way.

The business of the convention was the adoption of a platform, and the selection of a Senatorial candidate to oppose the Honorable and perennial James Eli Watson. There was a prospect of a fight on the floor over the platform; a belligerent faction wanted to demand the repeal of this famous state prohibition law. Now anybody knows what a Democratic national convention would have done in a situation like that—it would have fought all day and all night and gone home to vote for Coolidge. Not so in Indiana. Probably most of the delegates thought the prohibition law was outrageous, but they were not quite sure that most of the voters did; the movement to demand repeal, instead of dying with its boots on in full convention, was quietly asphyxiated in committee; and the convention unanimously adopted a platform which referred to prohibition only in opposing unlawful and unconstitutional searches and seizures. (When a Republican convention stands by the constitution it means it is for prohibition; when a Democratic convention stands by the constitution it means it is against prohibition.)

Then came the fight for the Senatorial nomination. There were half a dozen candidates between most of whom the differences were merely regional. There was to be sure one wet candidate; he stood for an issue, the paramount issue of the moment; he took his stand firmly and unequivocally on one side of that issue; he represented a Principle. Therefore, he ran sixth in a field of six on the first ballot and practically disappeared off the map on the second. Indiana knows that principles and politics don't mix.

For the rest, there was in the first place Mr. John E. Fredrick, who was supposed to have the favor of Mr. Thomas Taggart. One hears that Mr. Taggart had no favorite, but much of the old organization backed Fredrick. There was also the veteran William A. Cullop, strong in the southwestern part of the state but not much favored elsewhere; and there were three or four others, including a Mr. Stump.

Nobody knew much about this young Mr. Stump, except that he had a good war record and was much in demand as a speaker at high-school commencements. He had no strong political backing, and it did not occur to anybody (until the first ballot showed him run-

ning surprisingly well) that a high-school commencement orator makes a wide acquaintance which he can cash in on if he knows how. Mr. Stump knew how; on the second ballot he was second only to Fredrick; but on the third ballot Fredrick threw in his strength, he rose to within a few dozen votes of the six hundred and sixty necessary to a choice, it was perfectly plain that on the fourth ballot Fredrick would go over.

Then something happened. Fredrick had attacked Cullop on the ground that he was too old. Well, thought Cullop, Mr. Stump is young and looks younger; if they want a young man, let them have him. Before the result of the third ballot was announced one county after another began to change its vote, from Cullop to Stump. Cullop had only a hundred or two of votes left, but they were scattered in many counties. County by county, he threw them in—five votes here and seven there, a spoonful at a time but impressive in their cumulative effect. Well-instructed delegates began to shout; the band in the gallery began to play; a score of chairmen of county delegations clamored for the chair's attention to get a chance to change their votes.

Hasty and belated, the Fredrick managers tried to set a backfire; what little under-cover strength they had left was thrown in by the same method, the changing of county votes before the result of the ballot was announced. But already they had used almost everything they had, counting on natural momentum to put them over on the next ballot; and in politics as in war the last unbroken reserve turns the tide. Cullop had it—twenty-three votes in his home county which he threw to Stump when the Fredrick managers were just beginning to get up steam. That upset the equilibrium and from that time on it was only a question of who could get on the Stump band wagon first. In ten minutes, Mr. Fredrick had been pulled off the very steps of the throne and tumbled into the junk room.

I have seen a good many conventions, state and national, but I never saw anything so smoothly done as that. Military historians tell us that the Germans won the war of 1870 because while the French were figuring out what was the right thing to do the Germans were doing the right thing by pure reflex action. So is it in Indiana politics; in a crisis their muscles and their adrenal glands do most of their thinking for them. They have made a life work of it; they know how. But the end of a perfect day was still to come. There appeared on the speakers' stand Captain Albert Stump, the nominee of this convention, who forthwith addressed those who had become his constituents.

It was a trying moment for a young and inexperienced man; but evidently Mr. Stump also knew how. Not a word that could inflame aching wounds; not a word that did not make for peace, harmony, and optimism. What he said I do not remember; but I have a general impression that he spoke favorably of God and the flag, and he certainly said something agreeable about home and mother. When he had finished thirteen hundred Democrats went out with the comfortable feeling that they had picked the best possible candidate; a man who was every Democrat's friend and no Democrat's enemy, who would come as near as any man could to enabling every county leader to carry his county ticket.

Only one thought saddened us unterrified Democrats as we left that convention hall—the memory of the glorious opportunity that had been booted away at Madison Square Garden two years before. If only the national party could acquire something of the guile of Cullop and the tact of Stump— But nobody could who was not born and raised in Indiana.

So I came home feeling that despite kleagles and "smell laws" and hard times, the decline and fall of Hoosier culture was a myth unsupported by the evidence. Stands Indiana where she did? She does!

THE DESTINY OF MONSIEUR NOIZEUX

A STORY

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by Coburn Gilman

THE taxi stopped before a peaceful and respectable house on a quiet street in the district of Saint Sulpice. From it descended a gentleman, likewise peaceful and respectable in appearance, neither very old nor very young, his thin figure clothed in a correctly tailored overcoat, face clean shaven, graying hair beneath a black derby, timid eyes behind gold glasses. He paid the chauffeur. In the doorway of the house appeared the concierge, a large brunette about forty years old with a shiny face and tightly knotted hair.

"How do you do, Monsieur Noizeux. Did you have a good rest in the country? And what wretched weather it has been. Well, perhaps it is going to change. My dead husband always used to say,'When it rains in August, it's always fine in September.' Do you want me to take up your suitcases?"

"No, thank you, Madame Bertin, they are not heavy."

"Very well. You will find your place in good order. I gave everything a thorough cleaning-up yesterday when I learned that you were going to come home. But tell me, Monsieur Noizeux, have you heard the news? There has been a change in the house. Your floor neighbor, that poor Mademoiselle Ducler, died fifteen days ago. One morning her cleaning woman found her stone dead. You've certainly got to be prepared for it at her age."

Monsieur Noizeux was approaching the staircase, carrying his valises and followed by the everlastingly talkative concierge. At her last words he stopped short.

"Ah . . . that poor woman. And is her apartment vacant?"

"You wouldn't want it, Monsieur Noizeux. Mademoiselle Ducler's nephew moved everything out within five days, and new tenants moved in at once. The landlord rented it to them. I don't know them. They are a young couple. Ferliner they call themsleves. Can't say good or bad about them. The husband looks deceitful; the wife, giddy. . . . Well, you don't need me for anything, Monsieur Noizeux?"

"No, thank you, Madame Bertin."

Monsieur Noizeux climbed the stairway to the fourth floor which was the last in the house. On the landing were two similar doors. Before opening his own Monsieur glanced defiantly at the other. How would he be affected by these new neighbors who had taken the place of the feeble spinster who never disturbed him?

Monsieur Noizeux was worried. He prized quiet above everything. His life unrolled itself with an orderliness as perfect as the succession of the days and the months. His income was modest but sufficient for his simple tastes. Moreover, for the last twelve years he had been secretary to a rich and pious old man with a passion for historical work who lived in a maginficent and dilapidated old house in the Faubourg Saint Germain. Monsieur Noizeux walked

there every morning at ten o'clock and in a vast library filled with treasures he absorbed himself in researches which afforded him a quiet delight. He lunched with the solemn but affable old man, then resumed his work. At six o'clock he left, took an hour's walk for his health, dined at a decent family restaurant where he had his own table, took a glass of beer in a peaceful little café, and at ten o'clock returned home to his prim apartment which was cared for by his concierge who was careful to respect his whims. He would read for a while and then go to bed. In summer Monsieur Noizeux had his vacation; he went to spend the month of August with his brother who had settled down in a peaceful province. He went there from a sense of family duty and for the sake of his health. He returned joyfully to the solitary and regular life in which love held no place. There had been a sprinkling of insignificant adventures in his youth: he had forgotten them. Women did not attract him and he feared them. He was virtuous and without desires.

The catastrophe was sudden and happened about two months after Monsieur Noizeux's return. The noise of voices issuing from the neighboring apartment and the echoes of scenes of jealousy heard through the partitions had already made him uneasy. Once or twice he had encountered his neighbors on the stairway; the husband, morose and pale, seemed to him a solemn fellow; the wife, pretty and coquettish, seemed to him frivolous. One evening just after he had come in he heard an uproar, screams and cries for help. Despite his natural prudence and his horror of becoming involved in what did not concern him, Monsieur Noizeux could not restrain himself from rushing out on the landing. At the same moment the neighboring door opened, the young woman appeared, half dressed and shrieking, her husband in pursuit, brandishing a revolver. Doubtless Monsieur Noizeux was brave without knowing it: he leaped in front of this man to disarm him. The gun went off, the ball hit Monsieur Noizeux in the shoulder, he fell.

When he regained consciousness he was in a narrow iron bed and under the care of a nurse.

"Don't talk," the woman said. "It's nothing serious but you need rest. This is what happens to men who do not behave themselves."

"What does she mean?" Monsieur Noizeux asked himself feebly.

He found out exactly what she meant when, almost recovered, he was called upon to testify on the drama. Then he discovered that, along with a number of other men, he had been Madame Ferliner's lover. That at least was the husband's opinion. Blindly and fanatically jealous as he was, he perhaps believed it. At any rate he said it. The wife denied it, but she also denied the existence of her other lovers about whom there could be no doubt. No one believed what she said, nor, moreover, did anybody believe the vehement protestations of Monsieur Noizeux.

When the husband left the stand, Monsieur Noizeux was called. The judge treated him with severity and the attorney for the accused called him an aging Don Juan and a gray-haired Lovelace. Monsieur Noizeux was sick with indignation. But the story that he had been his neighbor's lover proved to be solidly established and he could not upset it. The gun-brandishing husband was acquitted and on the spot became reconciled with his wife whose love he had reconquered—for a time, at any rate—by his dramatic gesture. Both left Paris for a trip that resembled a second honeymoon. Monsieur Noizeux never saw them again.

Nor did he ever again see the old man whose secretary he had been for twelve years. This person of austere habits made known to him the impossibility of retaining in his employment a scandalous debauchee publically compromised in such a shameful affair.

As Monsieur Noizeux's whole life was

wrapped up in this work, he wrote to protest his innocence. He received no reply. Other letters, however, did reach him. Love letters, impassioned declarations. Unknown women, who gave their names and addresses, declared themselves ready to share their lives with so passionate a seducer whose ardent soul and volcanic temperament they could understand. Some even came to see him. The concierge sent them away.

"They are a pack of hysterical old fools, those women," she said to Monsieur Noizeux when she told him about the event. "They are not your kind, Monsieur Noizeux. A man like you who has been so successful with women can find better. Did you really think her so very nice, that doll on the fourth floor?"

She placed her hand upon his. With horror he perceived that she had bobbed and curled her hair, powdered and rouged her face, and that she was now smirking at him. He fled. The frightful irony of his adventure maddened him. He was ashamed of himself, ashamed of passing the tenants of his house, ashamed of meeting the habitués of his restaurant and café. He wanted to disappear for a while and be forgotten. He wrote to his brother, begging his hospitality for three months.

Two days later he received his reply:

My dear fellow:

What you ask is impossible. We must wait until the excitement about your affair has blown over. People will point you out; they will look at you as though you were a strange animal. You know what small towns are like. Think of my position. Already everybody is watching us simply because we are your relatives. Your sister-in-law is sick and very angry with you. You must excuse me, but I am obliged to tell you these things. . . . Nevertheless, I would not have thought you capable of such youthful pranks. . . . You certainly are a deep one . . . you old rake, you. . . .

On taking this letter from the hand of his concierge Monsieur Noizeux had opened it feverishly and read it at the foot of his staircase. He was overwhelmed. He, an old rake! He, up to youthful pranks! And all because he chanced to be shot by a crazy man. A debauchee, a seducer, that's what everybody thought him. . . . That was the label he had been given; he would never get rid of it. Rage seized him at the thought of the devastation of his comfortable existence.

"Is it bad news or another one of those hussies?" said his concierge drawing very close and speaking in that tender tone she now used with him. "You know that still another one came to-day. . . . I know that you have to replace the little one upstairs, but not with anybody of that kind. . . . A heart-breaker like you must do better."

She bent her bulky figure, shook the curls which were impregnated with cheap perfume, drew nearer still.

Monsieur Noizeux felt that he was overwhelmed by a fate stronger than himself and that he must yield to this fatality.

"Since it must be, come," he told that woman with restrained fury. . . . "Perhaps this will break the spell."

ON LEARNING CHINESE

BY HENRY C. EMERY

THE first impression that a beginner gets of the Chinese language is how easy it is. It is made up in such a simple way that within a few days one finds oneself using phrases quite correctly which seem to the beginner's own mind so simple as to be almost childish. For instance, you ask your Chinese boy, "*T'a k'wai lai-mo?*" This means literally "he quick come, eh?" To this the boy gravely replies, "*T'a k'wai lai,*" which literally means "he quick come." At first it seems almost a childish game and as if you were having great fun talking baby talk with your boy. But you suddenly find that you are speaking correct and refined Chinese and you will be almost inclined to look down on the language for its childishness. Then you become surprised at phrases which sound ridiculous and which you find are really phrases that we use in English day by day without thinking of them. For instance, I recall an early struggle to use the word "result." As my teacher always insisted that we should not refer to the dictionary (and this is the general rule of Chinese teachers) I had to think of some expression within my limited vocabulary which would give my idea, and ejaculated emphatically the words *chu lai*. Now *chu* means "out" and *lai* means "come." To my surprise my meaning became perfectly plain. I thought it rather absurd that a language should be so simple that the most obvious baby talk could receive approval, but in a moment I realized that the English word "outcome" means the same as "result," and even has the superiority of better usage.

Again, if one has been forced to learn the difference between an ordinary checking account and a savings account or time deposit, one is at first amused to find that a checking account for domestic purposes is known as a *lai wang* deposit, which means literally a "come go" deposit. But having once recognized its meaning, we realize that it is the same application of simple terms which we find in our own banking phrases, such as a "running" or "current" account. Then suppose one has learned the simple word *shang*, meaning in general "up" or "above," and the word "to pack," which is *pao*. You say instinctively to your boy, "Those things you can pack up," that is, "*pao shang,*" and you find to your surprise that you are using idiomatic Chinese. Again the phrase for "lock up" uses the same preposition and you say, "*So shang.*" Or if you wish your things packed up for a journey you again throw in the preposition and say, "*Chuang shang.*" The ordinary word for close is *kuan*, but if you wish to say that a commercial firm has "closed up" its business you again use the combination *kuan shang*. Anyone who has ever considered careful usage must have wondered why we English-speaking people say "pack up," "close up," "lock up," "wrap up." The Germans, for instance, are much more logical. They say *einpacken*, *zuschliessen*, and the like. There seems to be no logical "up-ness" to these many phrases in which we use that particular preposition. Finding it such an essential part of colloquial Chinese makes one wonder almost whether or not there is some subtle

psychological affinity between the Chinese and the English in their popular methods of expression.

There are other phrases which seem to run through most languages but strike the attention all the more when found in Chinese. For instance, the Chinese combination of syllables *li-hai* conveys an idea of terror. It is applied to dragons and wild beasts of special ferocity. Therefore when you first learn that it is a compliment to refer to a young girl as *hao k'an-ti li-hai*, which means "good-looking terror," you are somewhat amused. Of course you shortly realize that we say of a nice-looking girl at home that she is "terribly good looking," or the French would say of her that she is "*terriblement belle*," or the Germans might say that she is *fürchterlich schön*." We have become accustomed to associate the idea of terror half unconsciously as a mere superlative adjective. It is interesting to find that the Chinese do the same, and that you may thus literally translate all of our common phrases such as "I am terribly tired; I am terribly busy," and many others of the same kind.

II

Later one learns that Chinese is far from an easy language and that to learn it correctly involves arduous study. In saying this I am referring to the spoken language only and not to the peculiar difficulties in learning to read and write which result from the lack of an alphabet. However, it still remains true that in acquiring that smattering which is necessary to daily intercourse Chinese is an unusually easy language to learn. Beginners in most European countries usually have to wait a considerable time before they can twist their knowledge of root phrases into the right forms or the proper position to make them intelligible to, say, the ordinary shopkeeper or policeman. I am sure that one can get a quite remarkable knowledge of Chinese for what we may call tourist purposes more quickly than a similar knowledge can be acquired of French or German, or still more of Russian. This is perhaps particularly true of an English-speaking person, since in general the order of words in Chinese is very similar to that in English.

The ease with which this degree of knowledge can be picked up is largely due to the simplicity of, or rather the practical absence of, grammatical forms. Take Russian, for instance. The leading street in Petrograd is the Nevskie Prospekt, commonly called the Nevskie. Suppose you are trying to explain a street accident to a policeman: if you wish to say that you were walking along the Nevskie, you have to use the form Nevskomy; if you wish to say that you were crossing the Nevskie, you have to use the form Nevskovo, and if you wish to say that you had just reached the Nevskie, you use the form Nevskie. It is needless to add that there are particular prepositions and particular forms of the verb for each of these sentences. In Chinese a single form of the pronoun, and a single form of the proper verb, and a single form for the name of the street is all that is required.

But even in languages which do not have such elaborately inflected forms of their nouns and adjectives as the Russian, the difficulties of acquiring an adequate use for the ordinary affairs of life is greater than in Chinese. We who are accustomed to alphabetic languages think that in any case the Chinese written language is an almost insuperable obstacle to the foreigner; but in connection with the spoken language and limiting the requirements to what might be necessary for the uses of an intelligent coolie or servant, some very interesting experiments are now being carried out. On the basis of the results up to date, certain Chinese scholars who know their English perfectly are inclined to think that even the written language of China, for simple purposes, is more rapidly teachable than that of western nations. All that has been said refers

only to the beginner's use of the language. There is still no question but that to speak Chinese like a scholarly Chinese, having especial reference to the cadence and rhythm of the language, remains one of the most difficult of mental feats, while the foreigners who have ever been able to write a Chinese essay meeting all the requirements of a classical model could probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The great difficulty in gaining a good knowledge of Chinese is the second impression which one receives after having been beguiled into thinking it an easy language. No matter how simple it may be in its grammatical forms, the great number of meanings given to a single phonetic sound constitutes a difficulty of the highest order. As it happens, we English-speaking people are in a very poor position to laugh at a non-alphabetic language. Unlike the French or the Germans, we do not have a system of alphabetic writing which exactly expresses a phonetic sound. The Russians are about halfway between. According to their grammars they have a completely phonetic system, but in practice it is only the accented syllable which has to be pronounced exactly according to rule; and if the foreigner can get this out emphatically and correctly he can make almost any mumble-jumble of syllables round it and yet convey his meaning.

I speak of this here because of the very similar use of "tone" in the Chinese language. According to the *kwan hwa*, which is both the local dialect of Peking and the nearest to a national language of any of the spoken dialects, there are only four tones. These, to be sure, are very important, although much less important than many would-be fine Chinese scholars make them out to be. As a matter of fact, in practically every sentence where the tonal inflection is important there is only one word to which it is important to give the tone correctly. In fact, I have heard many foreigners who could read a list of thousands of Chinese characters with their correct tones become unintelligible to the average countryman because they attempted to give the correct tone in all cases.

Perhaps I can again best illustrate from the Russian. The Russian word for "fifteen" is made up of "five" and "ten," and according to all rules it should be pronounced *pyatdyecyat*. As a matter of fact, the crucial syllable in that word is the last one, which becomes accented, and the chances are that the ordinary shopper, giving full value to all these sounds, would not even be understood. The shopkeeper himself would probably say something like "pitdec*yat*." But if you began with a sharp *p* and mumbled anything in between, winding up with the correct syllable at the end, he would know perfectly well what you meant. The same thing is true of the four tones common to Chinese words. There are times when they are of the utmost importance and there are other times when they can be completely disregarded. Of course, the Chinese know by instinct just when it is important to make the tone of a phonetic syllable a telling part of the sentence. My own private opinion about foreigners speaking the language is that half of them give too little attention to tone and half of them give too much. In any case, none of them can master this problem unless born with a certain imitative sense for cadence, to which must be added long practical experience with the people themselves.

With these observations I am quite through with the subject of tones, except as they may be a reminder to the reader of limitations to what may be further said. We may remark in passing however, that there are certain simple phonetic sounds, such as *chi*, which have more than two hundred meanings, so that, even allowing for four tones, there would be at least an average of fifty meanings for exactly the same sound. Now a peculiarity of the Chinese is that they do not distribute these tones with much relation to practical use. The

word *chi* just referred to has among its two hundred meanings many that are not necessary to the ordinary man. But such a word as *shih* is used daily in most of its meanings. For instance, Hillier, in his admirable *The Chinese Language and How to Learn It* gives a list of one thousand characters that he considers most necessary—of course words of daily use. He gives eleven cases of the sound *shih*, meaning respectively, is, ten, time, affair, true, food, market, maple, similar, stone, and generation. He might well have added the meanings tongue, scholar, and others. An interesting thing is that all of them are pronounced in either the second or the fourth tone.

As a matter of fact these difficulties are more easily got over than one would imagine, but a good illustration of a case where the tone becomes very important is found, in such a common sentence as, *Yao pu yao?* This literally means "want not want?" or, as we would say it, "Do you want it?" In this sentence the word *yao* in both cases means "want," but exactly the same sound, pronounced in exactly the same tone, also means "medicine." Now if a man can speak Chinese well enough he can go to a drug clerk and say, "*Yao pu yao*," but by pronouncing the *pu* in the third tone instead of the fourth, which means that he gives it a kind of rising and almost querulous tone, he may make the clerk understand by the sentence alone that he wants an anticathartic medicine. The chances are, however, that even the Chinese would find this problem difficult and would adopt such roundabout methods as are to be explained.

In the first place it should be noted that on the whole the Chinese language, far better than any other language, has a written symbol which indicates a fairly exact meaning. There are Chinese characters that have several meanings, and of course when one of them comes into more general use this is bound to be the case, just as practically every preposition in a dictionary of two European languages has to be mutually translated by a multitude of different phrases. But I think it may be said in general that the Chinese character is much more anchored to a particular meaning than is the ordinary English word. Take for instance our word "train." We can say "a train of cars; the train of my lady's gown; to train soldiers," and so on with many other meanings. On the whole, although a Chinese sound may have manifold meanings, a Chinese character will usually have only one or else will have a meaning which can be translated by a number of synonyms. For instance, we have in the English language a sound which has probably at least a dozen meanings and which is given in the dictionary as a preposition, an adverb, a verb, and a noun. We get rid of some of the difficulties by spelling this sound in three different ways: "by," "bye," "buy." Imagine for a moment these to be not spellings of phonetic sounds but to be actual ideograms like the characters in Chinese writing. They would indicate to a slight degree how we English-speaking people try to get over the difficulties of the various meanings which we give to this sound.

In any case I think that the Chinese solution of this problem would be easier than ours. It is true that Europeans, who have a purely phonetic language and alphabet, can make claims of superiority against the Chinese which we cannot do. Our language is alphabetic but non-phonetic—which is perhaps the worst hybrid possible. We spell two words in the same way and pronounce them differently. We spell them differently and pronounce them the same. There is always the classical illustration of the German trying to learn English who, when he expressed his delight over certain red berries, was told that they were blackberries. When he protested that they were not black but red the reply he got was, "That is because they are green."

The difficulty of the great variety of meanings to single sounds in the spoken Chinese language certainly remains a severe obstacle, but their methods of getting over it are ingenious and quite practical. It is not possible to enumerate all of them. For nouns the use of about fifty classifiers, called by more learned grammarians numerary adjuncts, is a natural device, and in common use works very successfully. There is no reason why the system should seem strange to us whose language is English. We speak of "a slice of bread; a stick of candy; a piece of string; a brace of ducks; a pair of horses; a yoke of oxen." Here the words "slice, stick, piece, brace, and pair" are classifiers. Now in Chinese, one of many meanings of *shih* is "affair; business." If you simply use that sound in speaking, the hearer may easily think you are talking of a market or a certain period of time, but by saying *i-chien shih* you are using the classifier for "business," and your words mean a bit of business about which you wish to talk. Or instead of using one of these classifiers, two nouns can be combined that mean practically the same thing. For instance, the simple sound *chia* has many meanings but its most common meaning is "household." The simple sound *huo* also has many meanings but its most familiar meaning is "fire." It happens, however, that each of these words has the meaning of household furniture and either can be used correctly by itself in the written language (with a different character) to express this meaning, but in the spoken language it is very easy to join them together and say *chia huo*, which refers to your household articles in general.

III

When it comes to verbs, perhaps the most common method is a repetition of the same verb or a combination of two verbs meaning practically the same. A whole volume could be written on the uses of the Chinese verb *k'an*, which means "to look." Since this particular sound has many meanings, the custom has grown up of using the words *k'an-i-k'an*. This simply becomes the ordinary expression for looking. But again we come upon a somewhat subtle bit of psychology when we find that the Chinese make a careful distinction between the words *k'an-i-k'an* and the combination *k'an-chien*. This latter is used by all speakers of pidgeon English and is translated "look see." Either combination is convenient, in view of the great number of meanings to each sound, but the beginner is likely to mistake the sharp distinction between the two. Strictly, the word *k'an* means only "to look," regardless of whether you see anything or not, whereas the word *chien* means that you have seen the object in question.

If you are traveling and think there is a landmark on a certain hill you tell your guide to *k'an-i-k'an*. Shortly he reports, "*k'an chien*," which means that he has looked and seen. The combination of these words can be worked out to cover every meaning of looking and seeing. For instance, where in English we say, "Do you see it?" a Chinese says "*K'an-te-chien k'an-pu-chien?*" which is literally, "Look can see, look not see?"

One of the most confusing things to the beginner in regard to similarity of sounds is the fact that the words for "buy" and "sell" have the same phonetic. Each is *mai* (pronounced like the English "my"). Pronounced in one tone it means "buy" and in another tone it means "sell." One might almost suggest from the Chinese use of the same phonetic for both words a subtle logic in their language. After all, buying and selling constitute one transaction. Although we think of these transactions as opposite, each is of course the same transaction viewed from a particular angle. I do not mean to say that the Chinese definitely adopted a single phonetic sound for both phases of this transaction, but they are very likely derivatives of an earlier sound

having a more general meaning of "exchange." In that case the particular interest of either party to the transaction might naturally come to be expressed by an inflection or tone of voice without the aid of a second phonetic. However, in shopping in China one is not supposed to be too sudden in one's transactions. There are certain polite ceremonies to be gone through with. A newcomer frequently has the experience of seeming to find a dead wall of unintelligence confronting him from all the clerks. By beginning with a few polite remarks about the weather and the fine stock of goods of the proprietor, one can work to the point where one can pick up an object and ask, "*Mai-pu-mai?*" "Sell not sell?" This indicates that the visitor means business, and the proprietor promptly answers "*Mai*" in the descending tone, which means that he will sell. Then one can begin to talk about the price. In fact, except where tourist trade has brought about different customs, it is almost necessary in a Chinese shop to go through the preliminary ceremonials. It is bad form to rush in and ask the price of an article. The would-be purchaser may be a rival trader or a traveling economist curious about prices in general. It is necessary to work up to the real business gradually, and I have frequently found that the question whether or not the merchant would sell was a necessary preliminary to extracting the price from him. Without that question he might take me for a person asking for prices out of a mere insatiable curiosity.

This roundaboutness in approaching a subject is one of the best means of overcoming the difficulty of the many meanings of one sound. One can very easily save trouble by introducing the general subject in mind before shouting the name of a particular thing. For instance, the word *piao* has many meanings, and one of them happens to be "watch." The chances are that, even if you used the right classifier, you would find that a request to look at another man's watch was utterly unintelligible; but if you engaged him in a bit of conversation and remarked that you had lost track of the time, you would have no trouble in being allowed to compare your own watch with the other man's timepiece. In the same way when my knowledge of sound was extremely limited, I have asked for soap and been given a chair, but by remarking first that my face is dirty and I wish to wash and then asking for soap I can get it every time.

IV

It is well in learning any new language to recall sometimes what seem the absurdities of one's own, although these absurdities usually go back to some simple historical cause. We in English have single words that mean the exact opposite of each other, which must be extremely puzzling to the Chinese who attempts to learn our language and has been told that so advanced a language as English does not permit such absurd complexities. For instance we say in English that a man "unbends frequently." This carries a well-known meaning, and yet Macaulay spoke of the young Gladstone as "the last hope of the stern unbending Tories." This also carries a perfectly clear meaning, yet it would appear from the two phrases that an unbending man is a man who never unbends.

Another difficulty in Chinese that strikes the beginner is the complete absence of relative pronouns and relative clauses. The Chinese have the interrogative forms for who, when, what, which, etc., but get along perfectly easily without using these words in the relative sense. In fact, our use of them in a double sense must be a serious difficulty to a Chinese beginning English. The question, "Who came yesterday?" would be a literal translation of a similar Chinese question, except that a Chinese would say, "Who come yesterday?" But the phrase, "the man who came yesterday," would puzzle

him very much. If one wished to say in Chinese, "I want to see the man who came yesterday at breakfast time," he would say, "Yesterday at breakfast time come that man I want see." The sentence, "I want the book which is lying on the library table," would become "Book lie on library table, that book I want." Relative temporal clauses are expressed in a similar way. "When I was in the hospital I suffered very much" becomes "I in hospital time much suffer."

This lack of precision, as it may seem to foreigners, suggests a favorite theory of mine that the characteristics of different people are frequently found in what seem to beginners to be the most characteristic phrases of the language. The Chinese have a phrase, *cha-pu-to*, which means literally "less not much," or can be translated more liberally by the phrase "near enough." It seems to me that this phrase, so common in Chinese conversation, is also to a certain degree an expression of Chinese character. If a thing is only a little different it seems fussy to them to complain about it. The idea of exactness in time or measurement or resemblance seems to be largely absent from their make-up. For instance, the ordinary measure of distance on the road in China is the *li*. I once read an article by an Englishman in which he said that the *li* is not one-third of the English mile, as commonly supposed, but is really seventeen hundred and forty-eight feet. Anyone who has traveled in China knows that a *li* as locally referred to may be anything from one-fifth to four-fifths of a mile. They have no instruments of precision and no terms for exact measurements, except as they have been manufactured in recent years in the way of clumsy translations of foreign terms. If you take a Chinese house and wish to buy curtains, you have to measure each window separately, because no two are of the same size. However, the carpenter will tell you that they are *cha-pu-to* the same size.

Among the many fallacies regarding Chinese is the one that a Chinese can copy anything exactly. This is one of the things which are always being quoted at home. A favorite illustration is that if you give a Chinese tailor a suit to copy and there is a darn in the trousers, he will tear the new trousers in the same place and copy the darn. Nothing is farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, if you give a Chinese tailor a shirt to copy, the new one is almost certain to be either half an inch too small or half an inch too large in the neckband. But when you measure the two in his presence he will remark blandly that it is *cha-pu-to* and wonder at your being fretted by so small a discrepancy. When it comes to copying anything foreign—whether it is a foreign shirt or a foreign political constitution—it is this habit of being satisfied with having things nearly correct which is one of the most fatal defects of the Chinese character.

In the same way, to anyone accustomed to the highly inflected language of the West the first impression in learning Chinese is that one can only express one's meaning *cha-pu-to*. Thoroughly precise statements seem to be impossible. With certain limitations it may be said that there is no declension of nouns or pronouns and no conjugation of the verbs. There are no relative pronouns and no relative clauses. The single word *t'a* may mean he, she, it, him, or her. The two simple words *t'a kei*, taken by themselves, may mean "he gives" or "she will give" or "it is given."

However, one soon gets a corrective to this first impression. One begins to realize that for the purposes of the Chinese, the language does not work so badly after all. And of course one soon learns that the same thing is true about their work. At home it would be a dreadful nuisance to fit up a house in which no two windows were exactly the same size. We are accustomed to ordering so many dozen of anything by

mail and expect to know just what we are getting under a catalogue price. In China, on the other hand, there are plenty of carpenters, paper-hangers, or masons in the neighborhood, and one can always secure the needed mechanic at a moment's notice for each individual job. The principle of replaceable parts has not reached China, and no two carts or no two tables are made exactly alike. Each one is repaired when the time comes, according to its particular need. Some of the methods are cumbersome from our point of view, but they answer the purpose perfectly well once one accepts the system as a whole. The same adjustment to needs is found in the structure of the language.

V

There are also certain phrases in different languages which, without being peculiarly characteristic, are still interesting as indicating what words one first comes to use. These also throw some light on the habits of a people. For example, one of the interesting things about the Chinese is how completely they are guided by the compass. In almost any European language among the first words the foreigner has to learn are the words "right" and "left," or the phrases "to the right" and "to the left." Without these phrases one cannot receive the simplest direction as to how to reach a certain spot; one can't tell the driver which way to turn. And yet I would wager that among a hundred foreigners speaking really fluent Chinese fifty per cent would not know the words for right or left. The reason is that the Chinese don't think in terms of right and left; they think in terms of north, east, south, and west. You would never say to a 'ricksha coolie, "Go straight ahead and then take the first turn to the right." Instead you would say, "Go north, go east," and he at once understands that he is to take the first turn to the east. This is frequently very annoying to the foreigner who does not happen to have the compass sense, but every Chinese has this sense as a part of his nature. Even in moving a picture on the wall you do not tell him to move it a little more to the left; you tell him to move it a little more to the west. In fact, if you tried to tell him literally to move it to the left he very likely would not understand what your statement meant. I have frequently heard a farmer in the country shout to a dog, "*Wang tung*," when he meant the dog to go into the gate toward the east. And I have sometimes thought that even the dogs and the cattle understood these compass directions. I do not know that any connection regarding racial character or Chinese history can be drawn from this fact, although one might venture to associate it with the fact that their cities are all laid out four-square and enclosed in walls. Also in general there are ceremonial uses of the points of the compass. A proper house faces south, and in the old days the Mandarins who lived north of the Forbidden City used to be obliged to go several miles round in order to enter the Imperial compound. Even to-day in visiting an office and wishing to ask for the chief manager, one asks whether or not the *tung-chia* is at home. The literal meaning of *tung-chia* is "east house," but it is now the generic term for whoever may be the boss on the premises.

After all, however, it is in that bugbear of all learners of languages—namely, the verb—that we find the truest expression of national character. I sometimes think that the presence of irregular verbs in all languages is one of the most illuminating illustrations of that saying true of all life, "that there are peculiarities in the best families." All languages have them, but the most irregular people seem to have the larger number of irregular verbs. Note the difference between the French and English people and the French and English languages. On the whole the French are precise, logical, and direct,

while the English are in comparison slow, illogical, and extremely "irregular." The ponderous use of the divided German verb is as characteristic of their mental processes as is one of their great machines. In fact, it reminds one of Big Bertha shooting at Paris. It also seems to be the thing which is most embedded in their way of thinking. I knew a German who had lived forty years in America and had practically forgotten all of his German. But to the end of his days he would get off such an expression as this: "As long as I live in this town the more I find, by Jiminy Christmas, out," and that final "out" landed with all the force of a projectile which had been carefully aimed and had carried a long distance.

The Chinese have had their own way of doing things for many centuries, and although in all departments of life they sometimes seem queer to us, they have stood the ultimate test of durability. Compared with such a perfected language as the Greek, the Chinese language seems very cumbersome, but the Chinese character has been a very different thing from the Greek character during the highest period of its civilization. The fine precision of the Greek aorist might be held up as an illustration of that precision of mind which has characterized their art and their philosophy. But for the uses of a practical world, not too precise in its thinking or its habits, the Greek aorist seemed needless and was discarded. It still has a beauty of its own, to show perhaps how minds worked in a purer age; and if philologians have not written sonnets to it, it is probably due to their modesty in approaching such a theme.

I do not think it is purely fanciful to connect the conjugation of a verb with the character of a people. Anyone who studies Russian is at first very much puzzled by the Russian verb. To be sure it has some tenses, but it has no moods, and even when the Russians change the tense they are likely to change the word at the same time and use an entirely different verb! The use of the Russian verb is based on the idea of "aspects" rather than moods. There is the aspect of continued action and the aspect of completed action. It was always the despair of my Russian teacher when I tried to get him to express in Russian the difference between the past perfect, the past imperfect and, still further, the past pluperfect, whereas the idea of a subjunctive pluperfect made him hold up his hands in horror. He could only reply, "But the Russians wouldn't say that sort of thing." How characteristic all this is of the Russian people themselves! To them things are either happening or are not happening, a social function is either going on or it has stopped. If it is going on, one goes to it at any time between eight o'clock in the evening and four o'clock in the morning. If they make business engagements for ten o'clock in the morning they may mean any time before lunch. Such exact expressions of time as can state when a thing would have stopped in the past if something else hadn't happened, or when a thing will have come about in the future, are not in their way of thinking and do not appear in their language.

In the same manner the use of the Chinese verb is a fascinating illustration of how things can be done by methods which at first seem impossible to one trained in a different way of doing things. The Chinese verb is a single word for all its uses, without any conjugated forms. At first it might seem impossible to use it to express differences of tense or mood with any exactness, but there is hardly any idea of action which cannot be expressed as easily in the Chinese as in any European language. In fact, there is a simplicity and directness about the use of the Chinese verb which makes one wonder whether all our elaborate conjugated forms are necessary. The English in their practical tendency to get rid of all unnecessary tools have eliminated many of the more complicated forms of their language. If we

can consider this a general tendency toward the simplification of language, we might even maintain that the Chinese had from the beginning adopted the most simplified form to which other languages have been tending.

In the matter of the use of pronouns, for instance, there are all kinds of different usages in different modern languages. The most complete form and, seemingly, the most exact is to have six separate forms, representing the three genders in the singular and in the plural. But the English and the Germans have reduced these to four, three for the singular and one for the plural. We use "he," "she," and "it" in the singular, but find it more convenient to get along with "they" for all genders in the plural. The French, on the other hand, for language purposes have reduced their genders to two, but have a masculine and feminine plural as well as a masculine and feminine singular. When an Englishman expresses surprise that the Chinese should use the single word *t'a* to mean indiscriminately "he," "she," or "it," the educated Chinese naturally replies that if the English can get along with "they" for the plural why shouldn't the Chinese *t'a* be entirely adequate for the singular?

Coming back to the verb, we find that the Chinese have no difficulty in using the unconjugated form. To express the present, past, and future it is necessary only to indicate the time by some other clause. The Chinese word for "come" is *lai*, and remains *lai* for all expressions of the idea "to come." In English we say, "I came yesterday; I come now; I will come to-morrow." The Chinese simply say, "Yesterday I come; now I come; to-morrow I come." But the meaning is perfectly plain. To be sure they have a suffix *la* to express that a thing has been done, but this is rather an expression of a completed action than a conjugated form expressing time. For example, the world *laila* means "he has come"; but the suffix is never used if the idea of time is otherwise expressed in the sentence. Thus, in such phrases as "he came just after I left" or "I have come to inform you," the Chinese uses the single form *lai* because there is no possibility of misunderstanding. In one sense they have an auxiliary verb corresponding to our future auxiliary "will," namely, the word *yao*, which ordinarily means "to want"; but this again is not used if the time limit is already expressed. When one gets over the first feeling of queerness, this method seems as adequate as it is simple.

In the same way almost any of our conjugated forms expressing the different moods can be eliminated by the use of the simple phrases expressing the same idea. The Chinese have no form for "I may come," but the phrase "perhaps I come" answers the same purpose. Where we might say "if I should come" the Chinese would say only "if I come." And the fact that we so often use this simpler form ourselves would indicate that the subjunctive use is hardly necessary.

As soon as one gets used to the method it is possible to put what might seem very complicated grammatical sentences into the simpler form without any loss of exactness. Take for instance such an English sentence as the following: "Had I known yesterday that he had said that, I might not have acted as I did." Here we have complicated variations in the form of the verb giving a very exact idea. A Chinese has only the single words "know," "say," "act." But he would express the same idea as follows: "Yesterday I know he sometime say that, I perhaps not act same way." Translated literally, it does not sound to our ears like an elegant phrase, but that is only because of our limited experience. It would be difficult to point out any exactness of meaning in the English phrase just quoted which is not covered by the Chinese phrase. Because of the lack of tenses in the Chinese verb, the adverbial expressions of time become very important and the

Chinese language is rich in these. The time clause, consequently, usually appears at the beginning of a sentence, so the hearer will at once know what tense the verb expresses.

Furthermore, the Chinese, like every other language, is constantly developing, and always developing toward a directness and vividness of expression. There is a small and seemingly harmless Chinese syllable *pa* which has only in recent times come into wide use and the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. I heard a Chinese scholar refer to it as the great contribution of the Chinese to the science of language in modern times. Scholars dispute as to its exact meaning and as to which of the parts of speech it should be assigned. Some call it a preposition and some call it a verb. Some would translate it by the English verb "take." Dictionaries sometimes give it as a preposition marking the accusative case. It is unnecessary to give it a foreign name, but its function is fairly clear and is extremely interesting in view of the fact that other languages have to use various phrases to give the same vividness of idea. It does mark the important accusative of a sentence, or rather it marks the important object to be spoken about. It can be used in the simplest way and in the most complicated way. "I want *pa* that chair fixed." We should *pa* the whole crowd of Chinese politicians execute."

The significance and vividness of this small part of speech can be best illustrated by showing the various ways we use to give a similar emphasis. There is a great difference in emphasis between the two sentences, "See how you like that" and "*Take that* and see how you like it!" Or take the phrase, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" In these cases the English expressions used to give the emphasis are verbs. In other cases they are in the prepositional form. A man may say, "I cannot express my scorn for that man," but if he wishes to be emphatic he says, "as for that man, I cannot express my scorn!" All of these efforts at vividness are easily met in Chinese by the use of this word *pa*.

We come back then to the conclusion with which we started, that, as Kipling has so often pointed out, there are different ways of doing things and all of them may be right. The Chinese language, far from being the product of a dead civilization, is a living, growing language, full of interest and having many advantages of its own over the languages of other countries. There are many efforts to modernize and reform it. Missionaries tell us that the writing of the language can be reduced to an alphabetic system and that great success has attended the preliminary efforts. One cannot help asking, however, both whether the Westernizing of the language or the Westernizing or conversion of the inhabitants is what is now most needed.

In our own scientific assurance we have set up the test of survival as the best test of fitness. It may be that this test is wrong. In any case, however, the Chinese way of expressing ideas has done service for more than forty centuries and serves the purpose of more than four hundred million people. The scale on which the language has proved itself a success cannot be duplicated by any other language. To ridicule such an institution is silly; to attempt to change it requires a knowledge and a deep insight into the character of the people that can only be possessed by the profoundest scholars of the Chinese race.

THE RELATIVITY OF HUMAN NATURE

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

AN AGE which is filled to repletion, as ours has been, with action on a large scale is apt to be unconscious of its deeper contributions to the permanent wealth of the human spirit. Wars and political chaos and the many material inventions of peace intervals—these seem to us the chief events of our lives and, indeed, they have thrown us into a sort of hypnosis out of which we are only just beginning to emerge.

And yet the battlefields of France are already but the touchstone of sorrow and disillusion in our minds and will be even less, mere history, to our descendants; and the radio, and such inventions, though to us they have the thrill of novelty, will soon become nothing more than familiar necessities. In neither case is there permanence; nor will our successors find in our deeds, nor even in our mechanics, our chief claim to importance in human evolution.

But if we glance at the world of ideas, which outlasts the most colossal actions and the most valuable inventions, we shall find that, half unknown to ourselves, we are making very great contributions. Our generation is in fact the bridge between two continents of thought, which have little in common with one another.

In the first place we must consider the way in which the idea of relativity is altering the whole outlook of thoughtful people towards the problems of life and towards human nature itself, bringing with it a belief in the possibility, if not of progress, at least of radical change, in place of the fatalism which hitherto has tended to deny much elasticity to the desires and urges at the base of human behavior.

"As things have been, they remain," and "you cannot get away from human nature": these two platitudes, though they may still represent the outlook of most unimaginative folk, no longer have any meaning to people who have been impressed by the new philosophy of life arising out of relativity.

For relativity is not merely a doctrine of the higher physics and associated with the name of Einstein; it is a way of looking at things which is the very antithesis of the tradition underlying the past epochs of Western Civilization. That tradition is to a large extent Platonic, resting on a belief, unconscious at least, in absolute existences apart from time and space. But before we consider this side of our subject it will be as well to take a few concrete examples of the changed point of view towards human nature demanded by the spirit of our age.

The orthodox outlook on human nature—that thing from which you cannot get away—included a belief in the Economic Man. Men, we were told, were always selfish, nor could anybody be expected to work unless hunger and elementary needs forced him to work. And this idea has been used as a means of short-circuiting many generous hopes of changing social conditions for the better: such changes cannot be successful, for man is limited by his selfishness and laziness; "you cannot get away from human nature," competition is the breath of life. Such a theory was, and indeed still is, held as an article of faith

by most men, just as all medieval scientists believed that a spider surrounded by a circle of powdered unicorn's horn could not escape. The latter belief was exploded about 1650 by the Royal Society by the simple method of experiment; as the minutes of the meeting say: "a circle was made with the powder of a unicorn's horn and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out." In the same way the belief in the Economic Man can be proved correct or disproved only by experiment: does human nature everywhere satisfy the conditions by which such a belief is justified?

II

It is to the anthropologist that we owe the knowledge that the Economic Man is a fiction, for he is able to show us that many communities do not act as they should were he a reality.

To begin with, there is the idea that men will work only to gain their daily bread. Let us look at the behavior of a native of the Trobriand Islands. The Trobrianders are great cultivators of gardens in which they produce yams. The believer in the Economic Man will assume that in this task each man will cultivate the garden in the most labor-saving way known to him, that he will labor to produce only as much as he requires for his family to eat, that in order to do his work well he must have the inducement of enjoying the fruits of his labor, in short, that he works, rather than idles, from motives of enlightened self-interest.

In actual fact none of these assumptions is correct: the gardener spends much time on unnecessary labor, decorating his garden and using better quality materials than are needed for the proper growth of the plants; he grows far more yams than he can use, and cheerfully leaves half the harvest, if it is abundant, to rot; and, finally, he is content with a social convention which allows him only one-quarter of his harvest for his own use and makes him give away the rest chiefly to his relations-in-law. "The Trobriander," says Malinowski, "works in a roundabout way, to a large extent for the sake of the work itself, and puts a great deal of æsthetic polish on the arrangement and general appearance of his garden. He is not guided primarily by the desire to satisfy his wants, but by a very complex set of traditional forces, duties, and obligations, beliefs in magic, social ambitions, and vanities. He wants, if he is a man, to achieve social distinction as a good gardener and a good worker in general." In fact the Trobriander has got very far away from human nature as represented by the Economic Man.

Let us take another example: competition is, we are told, the breath of life, human nature must be given the chance of beating rivals or the motive for industry will be removed. In fact many people represent money making—which is what they mean by industry—as a great game. Now if there is one place in which we might expect competition to be an absolute necessity it is in sport: it is certainly human nature, we may assume, to want to win. Let us look for a moment, however, at the Nicobar Islanders and their sporting habits.

The Nicobarese delight in regattas, and an observer has described a race between two village crews and his conversation before the race with the chief of one of the competing villages. "I wanted to know which he considered the stronger team. 'They are both excellent,' he replied. In answer to my further inquiries I was told that there was no difference in skill between the two teams—neither party could be bettered. I also found out . . . that there is no starting-point and no winning-post; and that whilst they competed side by side, struggling for all they were worth, if one side begins to find that it is getting a little ahead of the other it will very soon slacken off a bit and let the others get ahead, that neither the hosts nor the guests may shame one another." There will be no disputing that human nature among the Nicobarese is different as far

as boat races are concerned from human nature in America or England; the activity is the same, but the motive has been changed beyond recognition.

A third example of the relativity of human nature on the economic plane will suffice us for the moment: when we desire to eat poultry we procure it at the least cost to ourselves in energy and money; not so the New Zealand Maori. Certain of these natives whose food is almost exclusively vegetarian become obsessed with a craving for flesh, and in consequence they organize bird-snaring expeditions; but again they do not behave like the Economic Man: the snares used to catch the birds are not made with the minimum of labor but are decorated with exquisite and laborious carving; when in the forest the Maori does not economize in time but spends hours gathering up and burying the least little feather; on his return it does not for a moment occur to him that his bag is his own, but all birds are placed together in a common heap and shared out according to convention among the whole populace. "It is clear," says Raymond Firth, "that self-interest alone is not the driving force in native industry, and that each man is also actuated to some degree by the wish to promote the welfare of the community of which he is a member."

Before we examine the importance of such examples as these to the new theory of life growing up among us, we shall take some cases of the relativity of other human motives. Next to enlightened self-interest showing itself in the economic sphere, nothing seems so absolute and unchanging as some of our reactions to our sex life. Jealousy, for example, is in every man's heart, we believe, and at least no one would dispute the statement that it is part of human nature for a man to desire his betrothed to be chaste, and for a woman to resent having to share her husband with another. Nor is this last supposition altered by our knowledge that polygamy has existed in many communities: that we attribute, not to the consent of the women, but to their more degraded state of subjection.

Human nature in Nigeria, however, does not seem to strengthen either of these convictions. Among some communities there, we are told, betrothed couples may live together, but far from it being disgraceful for the girl to have a child, such an event increases her value and the bridegroom has to pay an extra bride price. In other tribes if a girl betrothed to one man has a child by another, her betrothed does not break the engagement; far from it, he claims the infant as his own property into the bargain. In other cases "no stigma attaches to the girl who bears a child before her marriage. The child is claimed by the girl's family unless the father of the child was the girl's betrothed and had paid the bride price in full." As to the woman's point of view towards polygamy, the wealthy man has more than one wife, "nor does it appear that polygamy is distasteful to the women, for it is commonly the woman who incites her husband to add to the number of his wives, *no doubt with a view to lightening her domestic burdens.*" In other words, we are forced to assume that so basic a part of human nature as human jealousy is not absolute but relative to the accidents of particular circumstances.

Examples such as these could be multiplied, but we must proceed to the consideration of their general significance: it is that human nature *in vacuo* simply does not exist, that the term is meaningless without a context, that no motive, however deep, is really independent of a given time and a given place, that the legend of Proteus is an epitome of the nature of man.

Two important results follow the acceptance of this point of view: first that we can understand human nature only by studying the environment in which definite individuals grow up, and second that, since human nature has constantly changed in the past, it may be expected to change in the future.

For example: Why is the Trobriander

actuated by different motives from those which actuate the ordinary working man of to-day in England or America? Clearly because his social milieu calls forth a different set of responses. He can stamp his individuality upon his work, whereas an age of standardization deprives the worker of that possibility; and if we ask why the idea that man works for bread alone is more true with us to-day than with the Maori or Trobriander, the answer is to be found in the effect of our institutions upon human nature. Put the son of a bricklayer in infancy with the family of a Trobriand gardener, he will grow up with the traditional outlook toward yam culture of his foster parents. And from this it follows logically that a different set of institutions in the future may alter the human motives behind action and work just as they have been so frequently altered in the past.

Stated thus, the relativity of human nature will perhaps seem hackneyed and at least in no sense new. Indeed, like most ideas, the idea has always existed, and the change of thought is mainly a change of emphasis. Yet it is such a change of emphasis that it separates our generation from the whole of our past tradition, as we have said; and in order to understand why the facts which make the idea of relativity so evidently true have for the most part been unable to influence our general philosophy of life, we must examine the power of the opposite tradition.

That tradition came to us largely from two small Mediterranean countries, from Greece and from Palestine. From Greece we inherited the idea of an absolute truth, an absolute beauty, and an absolute good out of time and space; from Palestine the idea of the one God also out of time and space. So powerful was the tradition that even when every fact of experience ran counter to it, as with the case of an absolute beauty, we learned nothing from experience and maintained at least a lip service to the Platonic philosophy.

We can see this most clearly by considering the way in which we regard a beautiful woman in theory. By way of preface let us agree that no feeling is really a feeling unless it is articulate. The person who says, "I cannot tell you how much I love you," is speaking the truth in so much as the love is only as great as the poverty of his vocabulary. Let us further agree that for most of us our emotions are vicarious, for they are articulate only in the words of our favorite poets. We feel indeed towards A or B in the way we do because Shelley fell in love with a not very attractive lady named Emilia Viviani and wrote the superb "Epipsychidion." In short, Shelley and the other great poets, probably by way of middlemen of far less literary virtue, to-day dictate to most men their reactions to their beloved.

Now Shelley, like Plato and St. Paul and Browning and Beethoven, and, in consequence, our nineteenth-century fathers and mothers, all believed in the absolute, outside time and space. For that reason the ordinary man who may never have heard of any of those leaders of feeling and thought also believes in absolute beauty. He talks about seeking his ideal woman; he reads with approval about girls who claim to have all the measurements of the Venus of Milo; he is shocked if anyone says that his happy marriage was a matter of pure accident, and that he might have been just as happy with a totally different wife had he gone on that particular day to Atlantic City instead of Coney Island.

And all this will be true in spite of the fact that we know perfectly well that one man's meat is another man's poison, in other words that beauty is purely a matter of relativity, that what is beautiful to me is not beautiful to you: and that except with a few individuals like Shelley, doomed to perpetual disappointment, the pursuit of ideal beauty

> Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
> All that is insupportable in thee
> Of light and love and immortality.

is given up for the pursuit of a relatively satisfactory wife, who, we note philo-

sophically, would not be even relatively satisfactory to X or Y.

III

If, therefore, the Platonic tradition is so strong as this in the case of beauty where absolutism is so patently absurd, we need not be surprised that the relativity of human nature has hitherto not been seriously accepted as far as the more fundamental things are concerned.

But here as always the common philosophy of life keeps pace with the trend and temporary emphasis of science. Just as Galileo's assertion that the earth went round the sun, by weakening the anthropocentric bias of men's minds, was important far beyond the realms of astronomy, so too the reign of relativity is beginning in the everyday concerns of the man in the street. Before it swamps our consciousness it will have to be crystallized into poetry, for ideas are fertilized only by words. Shelley, dabbling with prisms in his Oxford study, prepared his mind to write:

> Life like a dome of many-coloured glass
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

But were he alive to-day and, as of course he would be, fascinated as ever by contemporary science; pondering upon relativity, he would use as a metaphor the fact that light is invisible unless it falls upon something, that the eternal is invisible and no white radiance, even if it exists, unless it is clothed in the accidents of actual time and material space.

Yet even without its final crystallization in poetry, relativity has, as we have said, produced the possibility of great changes. It has shattered for ever the idea that "you cannot get away from human nature"; it has made us suspect that when we find motives for human behavior which we think are eternal and unchanging, we are really only finding the motives which are called forth by the particular social milieu surrounding the particular people we are studying.

For example, jealousy in Nigeria is not the same as our jealousy, because in Africa the possession of children is an overpowering motive; the woman's outlook towards sharing her husband is different because in one case the sharing means a division of the assets of marriage, that is, the husband's income, and in the other case the division of the liabilities, that is, the manual labor of the primitive home.

The significance of this lies in the knowledge that if through some social change our women gained less and lost more through marriage—if, for example, servants became even less procurable, and labor-saving devices became a lost art—a thing so fundamental as jealousy would begin to change. For a few generations the new aspect of jealousy brought about by new economic conditions would struggle against the old aspect fortified by social convention; but in the end, other things being equal, a wife would welcome a second, just as one housemaid desires another. Of course this example grossly over-simplifies the process, but it reveals the general principle in spite of this defect!

Again, with regard to the Trobriander: it is clear that if men require to-day selfish motives as a stimulus to industry that is not because they are men but because their social milieu calls upon selfishness. The Trobriander is different because his social milieu calls upon a different set of motives. In short, man does not work by selfishness alone, but by every motive called out by his social milieu. We cannot therefore base our economic beliefs upon so static a psychological conception as the Economic Man, even if we ourselves in our industrialized and commercialized communities approximate toward that uninspiring type.

It follows from what has been said that when such an idea as that of the relativity of human nature is in the air, a rebellious and venturesome spirit is likely to abound. Great changes in the past were begotten by suitable philosophies out of discontent at unsatisfactory conditions; and what

Voltaire and Rousseau were to eighteenth century France, relativity is likely to be to twentieth-century Europe. For it provides an inspiration and a hope which belief in absolute and unalterable values destroyed. All things are possible provided the will to achieve is present: that is the inevitable reaction of our generation to the idea of relativity and, whether or not the reaction leads to action, at least it is a powerful stimulus to our imagination. After all, what man has made, his institutions, he can remake; and since it is these that largely fashion human nature, man can remake himself. Hitherto scientific romances of the future have dealt chiefly with the possibilities of mechanical invention, but what is a voyage to the moon compared with the possibilities immanent in the relativity of human nature? Since man can remake himself, indeed must remake himself with every change which he produces in his surroundings, why go to the moon or Mars?

And the same idea which we get from relativity comes to us from other sciences as well. The biochemist who teaches us that soon he will determine a person's character and temperament by altering the chemistry of his endocrine glands: the psychoanalyst who claims that he will take to pieces and rebuild, brick by brick, the mansions and cities of our thoughts—both of them reiterate that man is in a state of flux, that the potter is still molding the clay, and that clay and potter alike are man.

CHERRY STONES

BY A. A. MILNE

TINKER, Tailor,
Soldier, Sailor,
Rich Man, Poor Man,
Plowboy,
Thief—
And what about a Cowboy,
Policeman, Jailer,
Engine-driver,
Or Pirate Chief?
What about a Postman—or a Keeper at the Zoo?
What about the Circus Man who lets the people through?
And the man who takes the pennies for the roundabouts and swings?
Or the man who plays the organ, and the other man who sings?
What about a Conjuror with rabbits in his pockets?
What about a Rocket Man who's always making rockets?
Oh, there's such a lot of things to do and such a lot to be
That there's always lots of cherries on my little cherry tree!

The Lion's Mouth

GODS PROPOSE, MEN DISPOSE

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

FAMILIARITY blunts astonishment. Fishes do not marvel at water; they are too busy swimming in it. It is the same with us. We take our Western civilization for granted and find nothing intrinsically odd or incongruous in it. Before we can realize the strangeness of our surroundings, we must deliberately stop and think.

But moments come, when that strangeness is fairly forced upon our notice, moments when an anomaly, a contradiction, an immense incongruity is suddenly illumined by a light so glaring that we cannot fail to see it. Such a moment came to me as I was crossing the Pacific. It was the first morning out of Yokohama. Coming out of my cabin, I was handed the day's bulletin of wireless news. I unfolded the typewritten sheet and read: "Mrs. X, of Los Angeles, girl wife of Dr. X, aged 79, has been arrested for driving her automobile along the railroad track, whistling like a locomotive."

This piece of information had been transmitted through the ethereal holes between the molecules of air. From a broadcasting station more than five thousand miles away it had come to our ship in rather less time than it would have taken the sound of my voice to travel from one end of the promenade deck to the other. The labors of half a dozen men of genius, of hundreds of patient and talented investigators had gone to creating and perfecting the means for achieving this miracle. To what end? That the exploits of young Mrs. X, of Los Angeles, might be instantaneously known to every traveller on all the oceans of the globe. The ether reverberated with the name of Mrs. X. The wave that bore it broke against the moon and the planets, and rippled on towards the stars and the ultimate void. Faraday and Clerk Maxwell had not lived in vain.

The wise men of antiquity (so say the Indians) knew all that we have learned about nature and a great deal more besides. But they kept their science to themselves, or revealed it only in enigmas which cannot be interpreted except in the light of a previous knowledge of the answers. They were afraid that—men being what they are—their discoveries might be put to bad or futile uses. The ordinary man, they argued, is not to be trusted with the power which comes of knowledge. They withheld their science.

Being prejudiced in favor of the West and of the present, I have no great belief in the scientific attainments of the ancient sages of the Orient. But their wisdom is undeniable. The fruits of knowledge are abused and wasted; it is, alas, only too obvious. Disinterested men have given their lives to the search for truth, and we have turned their discoveries to the service of murder, or employed them to create a silly entertainment. The modern civilization of the West, which is the creation of perhaps a hundred men of genius, assisted by a few thousand intelligent and industrious disciples, exists for the millions,

whose minds are indistinguishable in quality from those of the average humans of the palæolithic age. The ideas of a handful of supermen are exploited so as to serve the profit and pleasure of the innumerable subter-men, or men *tout court*. The contemporary caveman listens in on instruments which he owes to the inspired labors of superior and, by comparison, divine intelligences. Negroid music shoots across the void into his ears, and the wisdom of such sages as Dr. Frank Crane; racing results, and bedtime stories, and the true tale of young Mrs. X, of Los Angeles. The fire of Prometheus is put to the strangest uses. Gods propose, men dispose. The world in which we live may not be the best of all possible worlds; it is certainly the most fantastic.

Not being a super-man myself, I took the liveliest interest in young Mrs. X. After being arrested for whistling like a locomotive—whether by means of an instrument or with the unaided vocal cords, was never made clear—she was bailed out of prison by her husband, the aged doctor. The time came for the hearing of her case. Mrs. X told the doctor that she proposed to forfeit her (or rather his) recognizances and run away. The doctor protested. Mrs. X then began to smash the furniture. The aged doctor telephoned for the police; they came, and Mrs. X was re-arrested on charges of assault.

We on the Pacific waited in a dreadful suspense. A few days later, as we were crossing the hundred and eightieth meridian, we learned to our profound relief that a reconciliation had taken place. Aged Dr. X had withdrawn his charge; the girl wife had gone home quietly. What happened about the whistling business we never learned. The anonymous powers which purvey wireless news are strangely capricious. The name of Mrs. X no longer rippled out towards Aldebaran and the spiral nebulæ. In the next morning's bulletin there was a little paragraph announcing the declaration of the English General Strike. And Bebe Daniels had fallen off her horse and received contusions.

THE HOUSE TERRIBLE

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

ARE you thinking of building a house? Or, on the other hand, are you not? In any case, I feel sure that this article will prove a precious boon to you. Written after a profound and protracted study of *The Lure of the Colonial*, *The Appeal of the Hip Roof*, *The Romance of Reinforced Concrete*, *The Garden Ridiculous*, and other standard works by our leading hack-writers, it assembles in convenient form all the wit and wisdom of the day on the problems of modern home-building. If after reading this article you still find any of your questions unanswered, I have nothing to suggest except that you write them out, inclose them with a self-addressed envelope, and drop them down the dust-chute.

Before we proceed any farther, it should be made clear that we live in a new age. Time was when people thought of a house merely as a place to eat and sleep and keep their galoshes in. But now the idea is beginning to get about that a house should be something more than this. It should express the owner's personality. Nothing could be in worse taste, for example, than for a short fat man with fallen arches to build for himself an imitation of the Woolworth Building; a moment's thought is enough to make it clear that the Woolworth Building is suitable only for an extremely tall man with an electric light in the peak of his hat. A half-timbered man should never select the Colonial type of cottage; a Gothic woman, with flying buttresses and a face like a gargoyle, should never use stucco . . . and

so on. A simple principle, you will agree; yet it is not always easily applied. If, for instance, you are building a house for a family of four and a maid, how are you going to express all their personalities? Suppose you had a Scotch maid when you drew up the plans, and then she demands ninety dollars a month and her place is taken by a Lithuanian?

Or again, suppose you want to remodel an old stable into a house, as is constantly done with the aid of chintz curtains. Just how much change is necessary to make a house express the personality of Mrs. Cecil R. Mudge of East Aurora, New York, rather than that of a horse? In fact, need any change be made at all? This is the sort of problem one must take to the architect.

The Architect

I am often asked if architects are necessary. Is it possible to dispense with them, and if so, how may this be done? Speaking as one who knows a large number of architects, I should say that roughly thirty per cent of them are unnecessary and should be done away with, painlessly if possible. There are a number of efficacious preparations on the market for their removal. The majority of architects, however, are nicely behaved citizens with very pretty neckties and socks and a harmless preference for blue collars, and it would be little short of madness to attempt any wholesale action.

Having secured an architect, the next question we face is, what sort of a house shall be built?

The Exterior of the Home

A particularly successful house, and one embodying many a useful hint to the home-builder, is the residence designed by Crabtree and Whiffletree for Ernest W. Goofus, Esquire, of Goofusville, New York, which is illustrated herewith (or would be if the pictures hadn't slipped down behind our desk and been swept up by the housemaid).

The secret of its success lies in the way in which the owner and architects took advantage of its location. Nothing is more essential than that the house should harmonize with its surroundings. Mr. Goofus' lot, for example, is on a point running out into Long Island Sound, with a pebbly beach beside it and the Central Congregational Church directly in the rear. The problem of the architects was to make the front of the house suggest Long Island Sound, the side of it look like a beach, and the rear of it take up and hammer the note of evangelical piety.

Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree's treatment of the problem was nothing short of daring. They painted the front of the house blue and flecked it with white, so that from a distance it looked exactly like a rather large wave; in fact, the triumph of their bold ruse was made clear the night that the Fall River Boat crashed head on into the house under the impression that it *was* a wave. "I must say I congratulate you," said the pilot to Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree at the coroner's inquest; "that house looked for all the world like a little bit of old Long Island Sound."

The side of the house the architects covered with soft plaster, after which they invited the owner and a group of friends to throw pebbles at it from the beach. The pebbles became embedded in the plaster, forming a pattern of delightful informality, and after the broken glass from the windows had been swept up, the party was voted a success by one and all. That side of the house now looks so much like a beach that girls in one-piece bathing suits are constantly trying to sun themselves on it, and Mr. Goofus is enthusiastic.

The rear of the house was treated by the architects somewhat more severely, with decorations suggesting Sabbath Observance and the Support of Foreign and Domestic Missions, with the result that for the past six months the parishioners of the Central Congregational

Church, entering into the spirit of the thing, have insisted on holding choir-practice every Thursday evening in Mr. Goofus' living room.

The Interior

The treatment of Mr. Goofus' interior —or to be more exact, the interior of his house—was equally noteworthy. Realizing that the time has gone by when the rooms of a house could be arranged all anyhow and the owner forced to adjust his life to the plan laid down for him, Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree went to the other extreme and arranged the house to suit Mr. Goofus. This involved making an extensive preliminary survey of Mr. Goofus himself. A commission of psychologists was sent to examine him and report on his basic needs. At length they brought in a report which stated that these needs might be summarized as follows: 1. Shelter. 2. Warmth. 3. Food. 4. Wine. 5. Women. 6. Song. The problem, then, was to design a house in which these needs might be fulfilled.

The next step taken by Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree was to construct a fireplace. And who shall say that they were wrong? Is not the fireplace, after all, the center of home life? What a picture the word conjures up: the firelight playing on ruddy faces, the young folks popping corn or dancing the gavotte, the old folks musing over old-time memories or reading *The Green Hat*, while the driftwood blazes on the hearth and contentment reigns? Is not this—but why go on? You've all read it dozens of times, and how often do you actually spend an evening by the fireside, you poor fish?

Mr. Goofus' living room, of which the fireplace is a feature, is Colonial in design and feeling. In the corner (near the radio) stands an oldtime harpsichord or spinet or one of those things (Mr. Goofus himself isn't sure which it is); there is a warming pan from a Madison Avenue shop, a spinning wheel from a Philadelphia auction, and a fine Early American chest made in Bayonne, New Jersey, in 1924 and knocked full of dents by a man burning with the zeal of Colonial craftsmanship. Everything, in short, except the radio and the electric lights and a few other things, convinces one that one is living in the good old days of stage-coaches and periwigs and Dolly Madison. And what days those were, to be sure! What men there were then, and gadzooks, what women! We could go on raving about them for pages, and many writers do; but let's not.

Then one steps out of Mr. Goofus' living room into his dining room and, presto! it is difficult to believe that one is not in the Alhambra, for the dining room is Spanish or Moorish or whatever the Alhambra is (Mr. Goofus has forgotten). In the pantry it is difficult to believe that one is not in an oldtime Andalusian *patio;* in the kitchen it is difficult to believe that one is not in an ancient wave-washed Venetian *palazzo;* in the kitchen closet it is difficult to believe that one is not in a sun-baked Egyptian *sarcophago;* and in the wine-cellar it is difficult to believe that one is not intoxicated—and so one probably is, for the wine-cellar is appropriately furnished, and Mr. Goofus makes the most of it. This is called the art of interior decoration. With equal attention to detail you too can make your home an earthly paradise.

The Contractor

The house having been designed—and it *is* designed by now, isn't it, or what have we been doing all this time?—one should select a contractor. There is some difference of opinion over the best type of contractor, but personally I prefer tall ones with dark hair and waxed mustaches. It is well, however, to examine the contractor in every detail. Be sure that he fits exactly the description of him given you by the architect, and called the Specifications. The grain should be straight and without a flaw, or the contractor may crack in cold weather. A good test is to tap

him lightly on the head with a hollow tile: if he cracks, it is a sign that he is defective. You should also be on the lookout for spots, especially pale whitish ones. If these break out on the contractor and cannot be removed with a damp sponge, you will know that the surface color has broken down and you should at once send for a substitute.

Financing the Home

The next step is to finance the building of the home.

A picturesque old institution, of interest to home-builders, is the debtors' prison. Debtors' prisons were not unknown among the Greeks and Romans, but did not reach their full development until the big French building boom in the time of Charlemagne the Great (752 A.D.) when a great many Merovingians couldn't meet their second mortgage payments and had to be put away. From this time on the debtors' prisons steadily increased in number and in refinements of torture until the nineteenth century, when they were done away with by popular indignation. As they have now disappeared and the delightful custom of lashing debtors with whips has gone out, there is practically no financial obstacle in the way of the home-builder. All he needs is nerve.

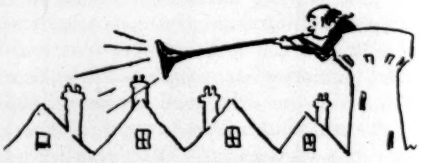
The House Under Construction

There are several stages in the building of a house, and the owner should familiarize himself with them. The first stage is the excavation, a term which needs no definition for those who have had dealings with dentists. The contractor's excavation when completed looks about as large as the dentist's feels, but costs a little more. The second stage is the rough timbering and, if the owner chances to stand within striking distance while it is going on, he will appreciate the aptness of the adjective. The third and final stage includes the finished plastering, finished woodwork, and finished owner.

It is a good plan to follow closely the construction of the house. The owner will be wise, however, to deal with the contractor only through the architect. If the contractor's spleen is aroused, he has the advantage of being surrounded by piles of heavy bricks, whereas the architect, situated as he is in a city office knee-deep in plans, is comparatively defenseless. It is usually quite safe to spend an hour or two a day suggesting to the architect changes and alterations and bright new ideas from your favorite home-planning magazine, especially if you carry a police-whistle. But never under any circumstances allow relations with your architect to become strained. If he throws a T-square at you, don't retaliate: depart and think up further alterations.

The Completed House

At last—say two and a half years later than you expected—the house will be completed. What a romantic prospect! Think of it—*your own!* Roof, fireplace, everything—*yours!* No more worry and fret—no more lines on your face—no more fist-fights with the landlord; instead of these will come SELF-RESPECT, PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP, and other nasty qualities. Will you not accept this priceless opportunity and build the house terrible?



THE MATTERHORN

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

IN English public schools there used to be a custom of setting once a year a General Knowledge Examination. It has probably fallen into disrepute now and its place been taken by some new-fangled device, by which to find a boy's intelligence quotient you multiply his blood pressure by his cranial index. If so, I for one mourn its passing. There

was much to be said for it. It stood boldly for the idea that information, just plain information on a variety of subjects, was interesting and valuable. Its supporters believed in the fine old ideal of the well stored mind. They made no concessions to the inspirationalist school of educators. And not least among its claims on our affections was its steady contribution to the annual harvest of howlers.

One of these I have particularly in mind. It was created by a first-form boy. (It is of such surpassing sublimity that I refuse to write "perpetrated.") These eyes have seen it. I was looking over the master's shoulder as he corrected the papers. The question was, "What is the Matterhorn?" And for answer the child had written: "The Matterhorn was a horn that used to be blowed when anything was the matter." That is it. It thrusts itself up into the serene air of commonplace utterances with an awful sublimity and an unconscious soaring audacity not unworthy of the mountain peak which in so devious a way called it into being.

And as one returns to gaze on the original Matterhorn so I go back often to let my imagination play upon the thought of that Horn which used to be blowed when anything was the matter. The language is scriptural. It is like, "And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." No style less lofty could match the vast cosmic emptiness of that scene. In the immensity of Space, troubled anon by some mysterious Matter, there is a Horn. That is all. There is something terrifying in such complete abstraction from the particularities of time, place, and person. The mind craves definiteness and tries to fill the void. Questions will not down. Among what forgotten tribe of men did this practice prevail? At what crises was the Horn blowed? Who was its custodian, and what wild note did he sound? And the Horn itself. What was it like? What was its shape, and of what was it made?

Sometimes I seem to see a people dwelling in a long valley that pitches steeply up to a pass through the mountains. They are an outpost of civilization, for over the pass and beyond the mountains stretches unknown country and the home of the Barbarians. Again and again the wild hordes have tried to storm the pass, and because the inhabitants of the valley live in constant fear high up above the pass they have built a stone tower. Day and night a watcher is posted there to scan the wide plain below, so that if he discern some moving cloud of dust or the sun glancing from spearheads he may seize the great Horn from its place on the wall and, standing on his rocky ledge, send the alarm resounding down the valley. Thus the pass will be manned in time.

Or sometimes I form a different picture in which the use of the Horn is ceremonial. It is a day of religious festival. In the spacious outer court of the Temple stands a priest in starred purple vestments, wearing a strange head-dress like a silver casque. He makes an invocation, and then two attendants hand him the great curved ivory horn of immemorial antiquity. He sets it to his lips and blows, and the breathless crowd without knows that the Great Sacrifice is about to begin.

Yet, on the whole, I like to believe that the Horn, the real Horn, was for a purpose neither so sinister nor so solemn as those I have mentioned, that it was designed for occasions joyful, even playful. It is a long slender horn of silver. The keeper of it takes up his stand on a special tower that overlooks the city. It would be a nice city to live in, for nearly all the inhabitants are still young enough in heart to run to a fire. They never want to miss a fire and they will quit their work or leave their beds at any time to attend one. The duty of the keeper of the Horn is to see that they never miss one, and so when a fire breaks out he rouses the music of his horn and the whole population comes tumbling into the streets to find the fun.

These are but dim visions, yet you must feel, as I do, that even so they make too precise and definite what is better left undefined. They make romance literal and so destroy it. They rob the Horn of its unutterable suggestiveness. Let us rest content with the sublimely simple utterance of that unknown genius of the first form, whose intuition told him that to force the Horn to yield up its secret would be to deprive it of its mysterious hold upon us.

"The Matterhorn was a horn that used to be blowed when anything was the matter."

"EDUCATION"

BY LEE WILSON DODD

(*A group of Old Grads are all talking at once*)

BUT what I say is—

Hey, wait! You're off the point—

Sure he is!

Sure! What th'hell good is it for a boy to study about Socialism! Socialism's wrong—

Yeh, but—

That's just it! You can't keep a boy ignorant about such things, can you? He's bound to run up against 'em in business—

All right. Let him. He'll be out hustling for himself by then and have some common sense about things. But you take these professors—what practical knowledge of life have they got? Half of 'em are parlor Bolsheviks—

Sure. It's all theory with them—

That's right. And it's the same all down the line. Now you take my kid, Minnie. She's the youngest—only eight, see? Well, she can't even read yet—

Same here with my boy. It's a damned outrage. His mother insists on sending him to one of these nut modern schools—

Yeh. Mine too. Don't I know 'em! Nothin' but actin' plays and visitin' the Zoo—

Just flummery—

Oh you're all so damned conservative! Those schools have got hold of the right idea. Now you take psychology—

Yeh? Hell. Give 'em a good time at dad's expense—that's the only idea they've got! But how's a boy goin' to make the grade if he can't even tell time, good or bad, till he's past fourteen! What I say is—

Coddling, that's all it is!

And here's another thing. We've lost the Commencement Game again—

I'll say so!

Well, that don't help much, believe *me!*

Say not! Old spirit's all gone plumb—

No fight in 'em any more—

You can blather all you please, but when boys begin to make jokes about God an' College Spirit and such things—

You've hit it this time!

Yeh! And it all comes back to the things they're taught and the books and magazines they read—

Well, at least they read, don't they? You guys never did. And they do their own thinking—

Thinking, hell! Why, they—

Sure. Lis'n—What d'y' think young Bill Crane said to me yesterday. Jim's boy, *you* know. Passed him on the street here, see? Gave him the glad hand. "How's the team?" I asked. And what d'y' think he said! "Which team?" he said. "Hell," I said. "There's a game on, I've been told. Have I made a mistake? I supposed I'd come on to see a game."

Yeh? That got him, eh?

Yeh? Like hell. What d'y' think he said! "Oh, really? How amusing of you. I thought perhaps you'd come on for the Greek Play." Just like that!

There's education for you!

Yeh, sure—

Whole country's goin' plumb to, if you ask me.

But see here now. After all—

O dry up, Sweezey! You always were a damned radical—

Yeh! Poor old Sweezey!

Sure! Used to write things himself—for the *Courant* wasn't it?

Remember?

O gee—don't I!

Goin' on to the Boat Race—?

Yeh—

(*And presently they are lauding Coolidge and Mussolini*)

THE MODEL MARRIAGE

BY MCCREADY HUSTON

SITTING in the rear seat of our new car, listening to my wife buzzing the starter and killing the engine, I realized that the novelists who dissect modern marriage really do not know what they are talking about. She was a new driver; I had a right to tell her what was wrong; and I regretted the destruction of good machinery and the exhaustion of the battery. But I knew that any remark or suggestion at such a time would infuriate her with a sense of what she imagines to be my sense of superiority. So I smoked a cigarette, admired the upholstery, and looked over the Owner's Manual.

"I can start it in a minute, if she'll only ask me," I thought, "but I cannot volunteer. She must have tried that starter a hundred times. I am glad I can hold my masculine advantage in leash and not even betray any irritation. She must love me for my gentleness and consideration. She knows I believe in equality; that I think she has as much right to run down a battery as I have."

Presently she called me from my pleasant musings.

"Do you suppose you can do anything with this car?" she asked. "It doesn't even respond to the starter now."

"She has finished the battery," I said to myself, "but I'll not let on."

"If you want me to try, I will," I said politely. Of course, I wouldn't sit down and start it right away. It would be too cruel to show her up that way. To be tactful, I must let on for a minute or two that the engine has me puzzled; then, if there is one more kick left in the battery, I must start it very slowly and gently. So when I took the wheel I didn't expect to start it at once. And I didn't. I didn't start it at all.

It was worse than when she had it. She had played a loud tune on the machinery before the engine would die; but I couldn't produce more than a feeble rattle. I don't know what she was thinking, but since we follow the same plan for an ideal marriage, I dare say she was centering her mind on pleasant things outside the car.

While I was wrestling with it, unable to make the motor take hold even for an instant, I saw out of a reddened eye my neighbor Patterson who had come across the street. I detest Patterson. He bullies his wife terribly and is arrogant with everybody. He can't appreciate the ideal married state. But I had to recognize the big bully. I said:

"Patterson, what do you suppose ails the car? My wife can't start it."

"*I* can't start it?" My wife spoke rather more sharply than was necessary. "You mean *you* can't. I am sure Mr. Patterson can do it."

The ruffian didn't even take his pipe out of his mouth. "It will start if you turn the ignition switch," he said. "It has been pushed down."

We had been driving for some miles when my wife, who was now at the wheel again, turned to me and said:

"I just love fine, big direct men like Mr. Patterson, don't you?"

I nodded. It is a good rule for a man not to dampen his wife's ardor at such moments.

"I should think Mrs. Patterson would be so happy to have a husband like that," my wife added. "I just thrilled at the way he set you right."

TO PYRAMUS, ON GETTING MARRIED

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

I TAKE it for granted, Pyramus, that you are in love with Thisbe. That much is implied by your purpose to marry her. And yet possibly you may *not* be in love with her yet, and are going to marry her because you think her a desirable young woman, likely to be a good wife to you, and willing to marry you.

This last consideration is important. Some marriages are made, as the doctors say, by the first intention, but most of them are not. Not a large proportion, I judge. You see, when you come to the susceptible age you fall in love with the whole female sex, or so much of it as is in sight and somewhere near your own age, and then, from time to time, your inclinations or admirations gather for a time about some individual, who can have you if she wants you and discovers it soon enough. Usually if you are pleasant, and light on your feet, she will play with you, for that is part of her business at her age, and she will doubtless like it as much as you do. But unless you are what matchmakers call "eligible" which means prematurely rich or by some means in possession of an income that will support a marriage, you will probably fly from flower to flower like the diligent bee until either you have learned to make a decent living, or find a girl whom you want to marry and who can afford to marry you.

Such girls do exist, Pyramus, and some of them make exceedingly valuable wives. So do some of the other girls who rely mainly on their husbands to support them. Nowadays there is still a third kind of girl, born of these astonishing times, who has learned the trick of self-support and expects to keep right on turning it after marriage. I see it being done, and working, apparently, very well, and of course some of these self-supporting women also make very valuable wives. If a man is of that engrossing temperament as to want a whole woman to himself, he will be apt to make what effort he can to swell his own income enough to relieve his wife at least of the necessity of earning money. But even if he can't do that, the marriage may go very well, if the necessary adjustments can be made, and if she has learned how to earn money she may wish to keep on whether she needs to or not.

And indeed it may be necessary to her happiness, and incidentally to yours if you are married to her, to have some sort of career of her own outside of domestic life. That depends on a good many things as, whether the family income is ample or needs enlargement; how many children she has; what she is particularly good at—an art of some kind, or just the direction of human affairs. If a woman is inclined to raise a family—which in these times is a complicated, protracted and expensive job—and can afford to have as many children as she wants, her work is cut out for her for a long time ahead, but if two or three children are all she can afford, she will presently have time for something else and will need to

spend it in some fashion that will ease her mind. But these are all secondary matters, and so are the adjustments I spoke of. The vital matter is the kind of stuff you and Thisbe are made of, and the notions you have of the ends of marriage and of human existence generally.

Marriage is a pretty old institution. Do not imagine, Pyramus, because you propose to confer on it your distinguished patronage, that you invented it. It would be nearer truth to say that it invented you. You are taking to it not so much from choice, as I suppose you imagine, as from destiny. Of course you have a measure of free will about it, and could go on a celibate if nature had so elected for you, or you had made up your mind to it, but the influences, needs, instincts, and considerations that drive you into marriage are tremendous, and I see you on your way to church as a ship moving with the tide. It ought to support your mind in this great adventure to feel that you are going the way of men, a way still crowded and popular after thousands of years of human experience, and, for all that, some people fall down in it. To get married is the rule. All the celibates are the exceptions and are compassionately regarded by their fellows who think themselves more fortunate, though it is true that this would not be even so good a world as it is if there had not been celibates who lived and died for it. You then being a creature of destiny and going the way of men, what does Destiny expect of you in this adventure of getting married?

I'LL tell you, Pyramus, but don't be scared. Destiny expects you to put everything you have got into it. Nothing less will do. It isn't quite a fable that man and wife are one, nor yet that man is the natural head of the family. It seems to me families go better when the man is the head because he is, on the average, the milder, more rational, long suffering and patient member of the combination. Whether he is the abler is just a toss-up, but as a male creature he seems to have faculties that, as compared to the corresponding female qualities, qualify him for headship. If he is a better servant than the woman, that would explain it, for what we want of headship, wherever it has to be, is service. What we want of bosses is to get things done, to make things go smoothly, and to keep the hands contented.

The details of life, Pyramus, belong mostly to women. For some things, such as the care and training of young children, they are indispensable. For a lot of other things, such as the care of houses, they usually have greater aptitude than men, but that may be merely because they usually have more training than men in those employments. You can teach man almost anything if he is responsive to instruction. He makes beds well and is proficient, when caught and taught, in all parlor-maid and chamber-maid duties and in waiting on table. And of course he can cook and wash—and iron and clean house, but in our still considerably simple American life all these concerns are mainly in the hands of women, and certainly, Pyramus, they will be in your establishment.

Advice is little worth to persons starting on an adventure which involves all they have and are and know, but still there are some suggestions that the experience and possible regrets of other persons may make to you. It is a help to happiness in this world to be first with someone. Marriage should at least provide that, and no ideal of marriage fails to include it. I am sure, Pyramus, that as you look forward to life with Thisbe you think of her happiness, her peace of mind, as something inextricably implicated with your own. You cannot be happy in the married state unless she is happy, nor can she be happy unless you are. All that is implied in the familiar assertion that man and wife are one flesh and shall cleave to one another irrespective of all other human ties.

Men like to have their wives dependent on them, not necessarily for

support and certainly not for that alone. Provided there is the means of support lawfully come by, it does not matter vitally which partner it comes by. A really valuable man who does not have to drudge too hard to support his family may have time for work that is more interesting and may even be more important, and time especially to spend on his wife. There is much more in life than food and clothing. So, then, as you expect to be dependent on Thisbe, you will wish her to be dependent on you. So all men wish who marry in the right spirit, but they are too apt to feel that economic dependence is the important thing, and that if they are good providers they meet the main claim their wives have on them.

Not so. Of course it is important to support one's family, but a wife cannot live on bread alone. She needs that and much besides; companionship, appreciation, constant evidence that she is her husband's first care and greatest treasure.

See that she gets it, Pyramus. You need not practice to make her dependent on you. She will depend on you all she can, as you will on her. That you should both support one another is the great end of marriage. Be as generous as you can in your assurances of affection. Tell Thisbe that you love her. Tell her often. If she is reasonably pleased with you, she never will get tired of hearing it. Some men are much better at that than others. It is not a question of love but of expressing it.

WILL you be a good husband? Oh, no. I don't think any husband ever accomplishes his destiny in that particular more than imperfectly. But as husbands go you may hope to be good and hope also to be preferred by Thisbe to any other man whatever. What saves marriages is, that one likes one's own and practices to be pleased with it. Marriage is just a part of life. One hopes to know more at the end than at the beginning. Call no man good, said a Character in Scripture. On the same principle call no husband good, but hope always that marriage will better him and that life generally will. If it does, that is success.

Leave her her kingdom, Pyramus, and all the power and glory that belongs to it. Shun to invade her sovereignty in that kingdom. In whatever her word is law respect that law. Where the hitch may come about that may be with children. You may want to indulge them more, especially the girls, than their mother's judgment approves. As to that, say your prayers. As to all difficult matters say your prayers. Mere judgment isn't enough, you must have celestial leading, and of course you must have love.

In these times there is a disposition to the opinion that marriage is a contract just like any other contract, but, Pyramus, that is all stuff. It is in a way a contract, but it is quite unlike any other contract. Contracts have to do with money and service and all kinds of property. Marriage touches on those things but its main concern is something that cannot be bought or sold, nor bargained for nor insured. It is love, Pyramus; no less.

Something might be said of divorce, but if I thought you were contemplating the possibility of divorce I should not bother with you at all. Yet I read in the paper that some of the young people of this generation do that very thing and get themselves married with a clear apprehension that they can get out of it presently if they do not like it. Well, let them! I never could see much advantage in holding people fast to matrimony when both of them would prefer to escape from it, unless indeed there are children whose rights and dues complicate the situation.

Like everything else in this world at this date, marriage is changing. Let us hope it is improving, but as for you and Thisbe, if you can hit it off according to the old plan you will not be losers.

Personal and Otherwise

THERE are those who relish poking fun at the "good men" of traditional morality yet seem to have nothing better to offer in place of traditional morality than a doctrine of do as you please regardless of the consequences to the bystanders. Not so ***Bertrand Russell.*** A member of one of the greatest families of the English aristocracy (he is the heir to the Earl Russell) he has persistently sacrificed self-interest to his convictions concerning the public welfare, and fought for socialistic principles abhorrent to the conservatives of his class. During the war his pacifism put him into jail and lost him his fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. Even those who disagree with him most strenuously acknowledge that his ardor for the common good is as undeniable as his courage. In addition to his writings on behalf of socialism and internationalism (*Why Men Fight, Proposed Roads to Freedom,* etc.) he has distinguished himself as mathematician and philosopher and as a popularizer of recent scientific discoveries (*The A.B.C. of Atoms, The A.B.C. of Relativity,* etc.). His most recent book is *Education and the Good Life,* of which a chapter appeared in HARPER'S last April under the title, "What Shall We Educate For?"

Clarence Darrow, another advocate of unpopular causes, has been for a generation one of the most prominent Chicago lawyers. He was chief counsel for the anthracite miners in the coal strike of 1902, counsel in the Debs strike case, and for the McNamara brothers in the *Los Angeles Times* dynamite case in 1911. Long interested in the causes and prevention of crime, he focused national attention upon them two years ago in his defense of Leopold and Loeb. Last year he took a leading part in the Dayton trial. In his first HARPER article he now questions the existence of a crime wave, and produces evidence to back his contention that we have accepted our ominous criminal statistics too eagerly.

A little less than two years ago, ***Ada Jack Carver*** (Mrs. J. B. Snell) of Minden, Louisiana, then completely unknown to us, won one of our short story contests with an exquisite story called "Redbone." Since then she has written two other HARPER stories, "Treeshy" (February, 1926) and "Maudie" (June, 1926), and the Shreveport Players have taken second prize in the Belasco Cup competition with a playlet of hers. Her present story, like her others, is full of the atmosphere of the picturesque region in which she lives.

A few months ago not one intelligent American reader in a hundred had ever heard of ***Will Durant.*** He had been brought up as a Catholic in North Adams, Massachusetts, had gone to a Catholic college in New Jersey, had nearly entered the priesthood, had then turned socialist for a time, later had taught philosophy at Columbia, and finally had come (through lecturing on various philosophers at Labor Temple in New York) to the directorship of the Labor Temple School. This latter undertaking was a significant experiment in adult education, but the public at large knew little of it or of him. Then, last spring, he published *The Story of Philosophy.* The book immediately became a best seller and went through edition after edition; it is one of the deserved successes of the year. We are glad to welcome Doctor Durant as a contributor. A second article by him will appear shortly.

Another newcomer to the Magazine appears in the person of ***Philip Gregory Nordell,*** who graduated from Dartmouth in 1916, has been engaged since the war in manufacturing a food product in New York, and in his spare time manufactures food for thought such as "Cotton Mather in Love" and other articles dealing with the Puritan fathers.

Louise Saunders of New Canaan, Connecticut, author of *The Knave of Hearts* and

Magic Lanterns, is the wife of Maxwell E. Perkins of the editorial staff of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Thomas Van Trees was fifteen years out last June. This is his first appearance in the Magazine. His Alma Mater is one of the leading American universities.

The information concerning the working of the Dawes plan contained in ***Edgar A. Mowrer's*** article may be accepted as authoritative. Mr. Mowrer is chief of the *Chicago Daily News* bureau in Berlin; during the war he was correspondent for the same paper in France and Belgium, at the Italian front, and in Rome. His elder brother, Paul Mowrer, is also a well-known foreign correspondent.

Bishop Charles Fiske of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Central New York (rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, 1910–15, consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Central New York in 1915, succeeded to the office of Bishop in 1924) is accustomed to speaking plainly. Last May his article entitled "The Church and the Law: A Protest" attracted attention throughout the country. Now he answers for us the question, Why has the Church lost prestige in recent years, and what should it learn from the loss?

We have heard much recently in the Magazine from the feminists who want to see woman achieve economic and political independence, get a job and a career whether she has children or not. They are all barking up the wrong tree, says ***R. le Clerc Phillips***. Miss Phillips, an Englishwoman by birth, is now living in New York. She has written frequently for the *American Mercury*. We shall publish shortly another article which we suspect will draw the fire of many a feminine college graduate.

To refresh the memory of HARPER readers concerning ***Elmer Davis***, we report that after leaving Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, he was for several years on the staff of the *New York Times*. More recently he has written three amusing novels. He also wrote the "Portrait of a Cleric" (Bishop Manning) in our June issue, "The White Horse of Sam Parks" in our July issue, and the story, "Bride of Quietness" which we published last month. Indiana is his native state.

Frédéric Boutet, one of the ablest French fiction-writers of the day and a regular contributor to *Le Journal*, made his first appearance in HARPER'S last July with "The Two Sapphires."

"On Learning Chinese" is a hitherto unpublished paper by the late ***Henry C. Emery***, Yale economist and one-time chairman of the United States Tariff Board, who lived for some time in China as manager of the Asia Banking Corporation.

The young British author of *The New Age of Faith*, ***John Langdon-Davies***, is another new contributor. He finished recently a successful lecture-tour in the United States.

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There is only one poet this month: *A. A.* ***Milne***, who contributes another Christopher Robin poem of his new series. (Everybody knows the first series, collected in *When We Were Very Young*.) The versatile Mr. Milne has also written several volumes of humorous essays (*The Day's Play*, *The Holiday Round*, etc.), several plays (*The Dover Road*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, etc.), and a detective story (*The Red House Mystery*).

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The Lion's Mouth, on the other hand, has more contributors than usual. They include ***Aldous Huxley***, grandson of Thomas Huxley, brother of Julian Huxley, and author of *Antic Hay*, *Two or Three Graces*, and other unusual books; ***Charles E. Bennett***, associate professor of philosophy at Yale; ***Lee Wilson Dodd*** of New Haven, the dramatist; ***McCready Huston*** of South Bend, Indiana, author of many magazine stories and articles; and ***Frederick L. Allen*** of the HARPER editorial staff.

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The autumnal frontispiece is reproduced from a painting by ***Jonas Lie***, who came to this country from Norway at the age of thirteen and has become one of the leading American artists. Mr. Lie was elected an Academician last year. Last December we reproduced one of his brilliant winter landscapes.

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Among many letters commenting on the anonymous article, "Fear in Small Town

Life," which appeared in the August issue, we select two for publication here. The first is from a frequent contributor to the magazine:

To the Editor of HARPER'S:

Your anonymous contributor who writes about fear in small-town life has told some plain and salutary truths. Fear is always an ugly thing and many of us share your contributor's yearning for a world in which it had been abolished, even if (as he concedes) that might entail an increase in "crimes, murders, and atrocities." To me that price would seem cheap—unless, of course, I happened to be the victim of one of the crimes or atrocities, in which case I might view the matter differently. Your contributor, however, seems to be a man of principle; even as he fell beneath the gunman's bullet he would probably thank God that the gunman was not in bondage to fear.

He is a tough-minded person, dispassionate enough to be calm about the "necessary terrors and passions" of the Russian revolution (though not quite so calm about the "cruelties and infamies" of the Czarist government). I personally am able to take a broadly historical view of both, but if my wife and children had been executed by agents either of the Czar or of the late M. Dzherzhinsky I might be less complacent. But then I am a man of expediency, not of principle; and I merely remark in passing that one reason there is so much fear in the world today is that there are abroad so many persons of principle. They may be rid of fear themselves but they stir up a lot of it, and with reason, in other people.

However, this is getting away from the small town, where there is certainly too much fear. Perhaps the small-towners have their eyes fixed too much on results, whereas your contributor is apparently concerned only with impulses. In New York, he tells us, he and his friends wanted to live dangerously and love perfectly, worthy aspirations both, even if it is given to few to attain them to entire satisfaction. We have all of us known people who in their endeavor to love perfectly once have merely succeeded in loving imperfectly seventeen times; and in each of the seventeen cases another person was concerned, voluntarily or involuntarily, another person who may not have been so deeply impressed with the necessity which impelled the party of the first part to seek perfect love even if he or she had to keep on seeking indefinitely. To live dangerously is also a noble ideal; but experience seems to show that people who try to live dangerously are apt to live dangerously for other people as well as for themselves. Consider Gerald Chapman, or Leopold and Loeb. It is ignoble, but intelligible, if people who are compelled to be near these dangerous livers show a little fear, and sometimes even some tendency to aggressive prevention.

Perhaps this explains the timidity of the small town. Your contributor complains because there is not enough frank sexual pursuit. Well, he may perhaps have observed near a power house a structure bearing the sign: "Danger—High Current—Keep Away." Whatever his principles, he evidently did keep away, otherwise he would not be writing magazine articles now. Sex is similarly a dangerous high current. I am not arguing that everybody should keep away from it, only that it should be approached with reasonable caution and by people who have real business there. If this be fear, make the most of it. Small-towners see a good deal of each other; they have all observed the consequences, not only to the principals but to innocent bystanders, of high-spirited endeavors to live dangerously and love perfectly. No wonder they seem a little nervous.

There is less of such fear in New York, I agree; and also that that is why New York is a more agreeable place of residence than a small town. But why is there less fear? Because New York is so big that after the explosion has occurred onlookers can get away from the scene and need not be harrowed by watching the efforts to clean up the wreckage. In New York, you may live three blocks away from the Spaniard who blighted your life for twenty years, and never see him. In a small town, you would meet him on the courthouse square every day; so no wonder if to some of those narrowed minds it seems that it would have been simpler to keep him from blighting your life in the first place. There are a dozen men who owe me money in New York; but neither of us is ever aggrieved by being reminded of the obligation because New York is so big we never meet. In a small town we would constantly be running into each other at the country club or at church and there would be another day spoiled.

I can understand, of course, that a small town would be hard on your high-spirited contributor; but maybe he is also hard on the small town. He is justifiably bitter about the small-town insistence that all people must act, and think, and feel alike. But he seems to be irritated because some of his neighbors do not want to read books which he enjoys, but which they, having heard something about them, think they would not enjoy. I am unable to perceive the duty of reading a book which seems likely to be dull—to me, even if it amuses others of other tastes. Is that fear? I am not afraid to go to Philadelphia; but I do not want to go to Philadelphia because I have no reason to suppose it would be worth the trouble. The analogy falls,

perhaps, in that I have been to Philadelphia; but I cannot remember that it ever was worth the trouble.

However, with your contributor's general argument that there is too much fear, especially in small towns, I am in entire agreement. Only two things I cannot help wondering: Does he let his young children play in the street, or does he inculcate in them some fear of the traffic? And why does such a resolute enemy of fear embody his attack in an anonymous article? I can understand, having lived in a small town myself, that he had plausible reasons for concealing his identity. But perhaps if he would re-examine the evidence he would find that his neighbors have at least plausible reasons for some of their fears.

ELMER DAVIS.

The other letter (from C. T. Pennoyer of New York) acknowledges the existence of fear in the small town but declares that it is as nothing beside the dominating fear of a host of New Yorkers.

For their fear [says this correspondent] is personal and acute, the fear simply of not being able to continue to have enough to live decently. Not comfortably, just decently.

I wonder if Anonymous has forgotten this fear? I have known and do know some of the interesting, quick thinking, open-minded, appreciative people he misses so in a small city, but those that I know are fearful after they have been here awhile.

Ever and again it crops out in their conversation, the fear that some day they will be in want. My immediate circle consists chiefly of young college graduates who have come to the city within say the past five years.

When they came they had the high-hearted courage of youth, untried, therefore unafraid. Already their lives have begun to narrow because they find themselves compelled to devote more and more time and thought to the confines of their jobs. Because their jobs are growing more important? Possibly; but I will venture a guess that the more effective reason is that their jobs are growing so important to them that they dare not chance the ever present specter of dismissal.

Incompetents? Well, one of them was discharged from two newspapers. Last year he published a book which, judging from sales and critics' reports, was one of the three or four best first books of the year. I heard only yesterday that he had lost his third newspaper job.

Another is one of the rising young commercial photographers of the city. Not long ago he said, "At school I heard vaguely that people somewhere or other were starving to death but somehow they were never the kind of people I knew. But here in New York I know some who are uncomfortably close to starvation and the Hell of it is I have found out they are our kind."

Another, a young advertising man, was almost completely wiped out three months ago when within the course of a single week three accounts owing him between $25,000 and $30,000 failed. Failures? Incompetents? But the fear has entered into their being and they are growing ever closer to their jobs and further from their earlier interests in the arts which must enter into every well-rounded existence.

But these you say are young men. Ah, only today in my capacity of news reporter working in the credit field I attended a creditors' meeting in which a man worth $1,200,000 in 1922 was compelled to trustee his assets over to creditors who will be lucky to get 30 cents on the dollar and his liabilities today run only $89,000.

But why go on? This should be enough to give you an idea of why I think fear is much more the central factor in city life, big city life, I mean. I grant that it throttles social interchange in smaller communities but it does not throttle the joy of life so effectively as it does here.